



THE BOY'S BOOK OF REDSKINS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

The Secret of the Shining Mountain
Tank Tales (with "Tank Major")
The Boy Scouts' Roll of Honour
The Boy's Book of Buccaneers
The Boy's Book of Battles
The Boy's Book of Pioneers
The Boy's Book of Adventure
Every Boy's Book of the Sea
Every Boy's Book of Heroes
The Boy's Book of the Open Air.
 Edited by Eric Wood.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF REDSKINS

**BY
ERIC WOOD**

WITH FOUR COLOUR PLATES

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PREFACE

EVERY boy delights in stories of Red Indians, but not every boy realises that the most thrilling fiction ever written about the red men is tame compared with the real things that happened—tame and mild. Perhaps it would be impossible to find a people so consistently cruel and delighting in cruelty—always devising new methods of torture ; while, on the other hand, it would be difficult to find a race more courageous, more capable of enduring pain. Fiends in human form, the uncivilised red men had yet the saving grace of not squealing when their own turn came.

Naturally the arrival of the white men in America, and their evident intention of staying there, aroused opposition of a people primitive, savage and till then free to roam where they would ; and so opened a chapter in the world's history little like any other. Yet, although it took many years, the red men had to give way to the palefaces. It must be said that very often the palefaces did not show to advantage against their red foes, and that many an erstwhile peaceful tribe, content to live by the chase or by tilling the soil, turned fighters because they saw what the coming of the white men meant to other tribes, who had accepted the weapons and the strong drink that the strange men had brought with them.

In the pages that follow, some stories of Indian exploits are given. Naturally, a large number of these con-

cern the varying relationships between red men and white, and often the central character is a paleface ; yet, nevertheless, all the stories in some form or another, exhibit the Indian character, either in war or in peace. Some of the stories are grim—but even the grimmest is true ; and whether we like it or not, many of them would not have had to be told had not the white strangers set in train the events with which they deal.

That the red man of to-day, though few his numbers are, is still a bold warrior, and that in his veins still runs the blood of the rugged braves who fought to hold what was after all their own, is proved by the gallant conduct of those who answered the call of the palefaces across the sea and visited Europe—whence had come the white men who had taken from them their country !—and joined the great brotherhood, to which they are to-day proud to belong, in the fight against the forces that would keep alive the same spirit of oppression that has driven the natives of America from their hunting grounds. Why should the red man fight for the white ? Why ? The red man looks out upon the great prairies of his native land, sees the cities teeming with palefaces, sees what they have done for the land that his fathers loved, and he knows that out of all the seas of blood and the enmity of long ago, there has arisen a great nation to which he belongs ; and he knows that the ways of the white man who rules and yet whose rule brings pleasure and gives freedom, are the best ways. So he came, a free man, to take part in the great fight for liberty : and proved himself a blood-brother of the palefaces.

ERIC WOOD

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THE BOY'S BOOK OF REDSKINS

THE WAYS OF THE RED MEN

Some Warlike and other Customs of the Indians

TO call the natives of the New World Indians is, of course, altogether wrong; one might as well call the natives of India "Americans." However, since Columbus stumbled upon the New World in his search for India—and believed he had reached India!—we have followed him in his designation of the people he met there. So Indians is the name given to the aboriginal dwellers on the Continent of America when speaking of them generally.

The people are, however, divided up into scores of different tribes, each of which has its distinctive name; in many cases their habits are different, their mode of living and their customs differ, though there are numerous points of affinity. However, readers of this book will not thank me for trying to give them a disquisition upon the redskins as a race, and so we will pass that over and look at them as men, noting certain characteristics before we go on to the stories of their prowess in battles, their cunning in trading, their ferocity in vengeance, and a thousand and one other things that go to make up the grim story of the red man.

Briefly, one may say that the Indian in his wild state was a scheming rascal, an ungrateful fellow, a treacherous

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friend, and a terrible enemy. A severe verdict, but proved time and again in the history of the red men ! It has been said of him that when an Indian met another person his first thought was, " How can I deceive this man ? " And his second, " How can I prevent him from doing me some injury ? " So he was always seeking trouble—and often enough finding it !

Generally speaking, the red men did not know the meaning of gratitude ; a man might tend him in sickness and he would come back later and take his friend's scalp—and glory in the achievement. It goes without saying that a man who would do such a thing was not likely to forget an injury, and would nurse his grievance for years, finally taking a grim and terrible revenge when his opportunity came. There are some stories told in this book that illustrate all these various traits, and they speak for themselves. It says much for the perseverance of the white men that they held on when once they had obtained a footing, and finally subdued the red men, who to-day are law-abiding citizens and brothers of the palefaces, having discovered a conscience in things wider than their own immediate life—as witness the wholeheartedness of their support of the great war of the Allies against the Central Empires. But if in general the red man was ungrateful, there were among them men who stood out above their fellows, and who, implacable in their hatred, ruthless in their vengeance, were strong to the point of sacrifice in their friendships, and often went to the point of danger in their gratitude, even when it was one who ought to have been regarded as an enemy whom they befriended.

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Thus Shin-ga-was-sa the Osage. He had crossed the path of a great Osage chief when on a hunting trip. In those days the Kansas and Osages were at peace, and the Kansas ought to have been ashamed of himself for having behaved as he did to a man who was really his host: he had indeed played him a very bad trick. Nevertheless, when the Osage, quite rightly from his point of view, stood up in open council and denounced Shin-ga-was-sa, demanding his scalp, the Kansas knew that he was in a fine pickle, with little chance of getting out.

Then something happened to change the whole aspect of things. A young Osage, with whom he had become great friends, and whose name was Pa-ton-seeh, set to work, procured a horse, created a diversion, gave Shin-ga-was-sa the hint, and assisted him to escape.

Curtain to scene one: and the curtain did not rise on scene two for many years. When it did it showed a grim, red field of battle with Kansas and Osages engaged against one another. Older now, and famed in war, and with many scalps to their credit, both Shin-ga-was-sa and Pa-ton-seeh were there, though neither knew of the other's presence until the battle had been going on for some time. Then, Shin-ga-was-sa saw the man who years before had saved his life, and purposely he avoided getting anywhere near him lest their tomahawks clashed. Presently, however, in the heat of the scrap, Shin-ga-was-sa saw that which sent him sprinting across the littered field; a Kansas bullet had struck down Pa-ton-seeh, and the triumphant brave was bearing down upon the stricken Osage, his already dripping tomahawk ready to finish the work. It was a race—a race, on the part of Shin-ga-was-sa, for

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the life of a friend who was an enemy. He won, too, by a breathing space of time, reaching Pa-ton-seeh's side just as the Osage did so ; the descending tomahawk was knocked aside, and the astounded wielder of it was thrust away by the chief, whom he thought bereft of his senses. A few hurried words and the situation was made clear. Shin-ga-was-sa won the life of his friend.

And here is another little story of Indian gratitude. Sha-won-ga-seeh, a young Kansas brave, had more than once been befriended by a certain Pawnee—a strange enough thing in itself, since the Pawnees were continually preying upon the Kansas people. However that may be, and whatever were the occasions (I do not know them), Sha-won-ga-seeh proved himself not ungrateful to the Pawnee, who, having been a thorn in the side of the Kansas for a considerable time, was eventually captured—to the no small pleasure of his enemies. At the council that was held it was decreed that the Pawnee should be put to the torture—as bad torture as could be devised, and, since he was securely bound, it seemed to the prisoner that the end had come ; he was to pay for all the injuries he had caused to the Kansas people.

He forgot Sha-won-ga-seeh, however.

That worthy held a secret council with some of his friends, young bucks who were ready to do anything that promised a spice of dare-devilry ; some of them knew, and those who did not were soon made to know, that Sha-won-ga-seeh was in debt to the Pawnee, and that the debt was one that ought to be paid. They agreed ; and cajoled their brains for means to effect the escape of the prisoner. At last they found the means ; while

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they cunningly let slip the horses of their friends, Sha-won-ga-seeh was deputed to have one animal ready for the Pawnee. That being done, the band of brave riotously broke into the circle of frenzied Kansas who were dancing madly around the staked Pawnee; and they caused a diversion great enough by their rowdyism to enable Sha-won-ga-seeh to slip in and slash the bonds of the captive, whispering in his ear as he did so directions to follow him instantly. Nothing loath, though a little astonished, the released captive sprang to his feet and dashed after his liberator, who led the way towards where the horse was waiting.

Despite the disturbance kicked up by the bucks the prisoner's escape was noticed, and after the first shock of surprise scores of warriors sprang after him. He had sufficient start, however, to enable him to reach the horse, and, with scarcely time for the grateful thanks due to Sha-won-ga-seeh, he vaulted on to its back, dug in his heels, and the half-wild beast went careering off into the night. The Pawnee fully expected that the Kansas braves would follow him, and he drove his steed hard for mile after mile, wondering why he caught no sounds of pursuit. He did not know—how could he?—that the roysterers had so disposed of their friends' horses, that by the time they had been caught the warriors knew that the fugitive had so good a start as to render it fruitless to follow him.

There were rowdy scenes in the Kansas camp when the plot was discovered; Sha-won-ga-seeh was howled at and execrated; he was dragged before the council of wise men, denounced as a traitor to his people, and sen-

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tenced to death. Sha-won-ga-seeh had many friends however. These, when he boldly told his story, explaining why he had done what seemed so contrary to the dictates of patriotism, rallied to his defence, and put up so plausible a plea for him that the "court" was not only satisfied that the buck had done well, but that there was little else that he could have done; in fact, they commended the man who but a few moments before they had sentenced to death. Still, Sha-won-ga-seeh had a narrow escape, and he knew it; though since he had paid the debt of honour he was satisfied.

It is, as will be seen, dangerous to generalise even about the redskins; although the body of opinion among the men who lived with them, traded with them, and fought with them is to the effect that they were men untrustworthy. Yet, as the story just told proves, there were exceptions, whilst the adventure of Audubon, the naturalist, exhibits the same almost unnatural difference of conduct they have towards one of the hated palefaces.

"On my return from the Upper Mississippi," wrote Audubon, "I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine; all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of Nature. My knapsack, my gun, and my dog were all I had for baggage and company. The track that I followed was an old Indian track; and as darkness overshadowed the prairie I felt some desire to reach at least a copse in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form

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their food, and the distant howlings of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodland.

"I did so; and almost at the same instant a firelight attracted my eye. I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken. I discovered by its glare that it was from the hut of a small log-cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

"I reached the spot, and, presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire.

"The next object that attracted my attention was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three raccoon-skins lay at his feet. He moved not—he apparently breathed not.

"Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilised strangers (a circumstance which in some countries is considered to evince the apathy of their character), I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighbourhood.

"He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was that

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about an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it for ever.

"Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine timepiece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake.

"But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it from around my neck and presented it to her. She was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put my chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her.

"Thoughtless, and as I fancied myself in so retired a spot secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

"The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him; his eye met mine, but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He

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again seated himself, drew his butcher's knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

"Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not one of their number. I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and, returning to the hut, gave a favourable account of my observations. I took a few bearskins, made a pallet of them, and, calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was to all appearance fast asleep.

"A short time had elapsed when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and, asking for whisky, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother—for so she proved to be—bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required

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little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently ; he moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

" The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such condition that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat* ; and the frequent visits of the whisky bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife and go to the grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said, ' There, that'll soon settle him. Boys, kill you him, and then for the watch ! '

" I turned cocked my gunlocks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first that might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready ; the infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of dispatching me whilst her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot : but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout

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travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and, making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken men were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives."

"They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all their skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded well pleased towards the settlements.

"During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow-creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travellers run in the United States that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road; and I can only account for the occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans."

Cruel though he was, and a terrible fighter, the red man was proud. You might steal his pony—if you could—and your punishment would not be half so severe as that

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you would receive if he imagined you had slighted his dignity. It was this pride of himself and his race that kept alive his animosity to the paleface invaders, and made the task of subduing him so long and so terrible, which was no fault, but a virtue—in white as in red.

Generally speaking the Indian was no worker. A few tribes, it is true, were tillers of the soil, but the majority lived from hand to mouth, preferring work that had the flavour of pleasure in it to the grinding toil. In this, of course, he was no different from other native tribes who had not developed the industrial and commercial sense. Give him the opportunity of hunting for his food supplies and the Indian would enter into the spirit of it; but set him to till the ground and sow seed, only to wait for the harvest, and he lost all interest in it. Besides which, the exigencies of war and of a hundred different things might send him far away from the spot before harvest time came round. Therefore, why worry? Such was the philosophy of many tribes, and the few who did prefer the more ordered and settled life paid the penalty by having enemies fall upon them when harvest came round—that being a simple if dangerous way of getting in supplies for the winter months.

When the white men arrived, and after the Indians had recovered from their first shock and fear of the firearms they brought with them, the redskins were not slow to appreciate the advantage of possessing such weapons; the firesticks of the white men would make war easier and safer for them, and also enable them to have more successful big game huntings. The discovery that the whites were keen on skins and were willing to exchange firearms

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for pelts led to a commercial instinct ; the red men would spend their winters trapping and hunting for furs ; when the thaw came they would sweep down the rivers in their large canoes carrying rich cargoes of the coveted pelts.

The bartering of these for firearms and ammunition naturally made the existence of the palefaces more precarious than it would otherwise have been, and many efforts were made to restrict the exchange, other trade goods being substituted whenever possible. The Indians, however, were as wily as the whites, and very often would simply pack up their pelts and leave a trading post in disgust when the firearms were not forthcoming. In the end the palefaces would break their own laws and make a rod for their own backs by handing over the weapons in order that they might send to Europe furs to bedeck the women who did not care a fig for the hardships of the wilds, but who might have shivered a little o' nights if they had known the real price of those rich furs that kept them warm in winter !

Besides being a good fighter and a keen trader the Indian was a hard gambler. He would stake himself very often when he imagined that he had a chance of winning. As for making his squaw a stake, that was often but a minor affair ! Horses, canoes, and arms he would pit against the throw of a dice without hesitation. Dice was a popular gambling game with them, and they also learned to delight in card-playing—proving themselves very frequently as adept in sharpening as the unscrupulous palefaces who taught them !

One of their best-loved amusements was horse-racing, and some of them would have made good marks on the turf in Europe. More often than not they rode bare

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back—and the horse-Indians were undoubtedly as fine horsemen as could be found anywhere. Sometimes they did have saddles, but these were crude affairs made of wood ; while their bridles were simply cords of horse-hair twisted round on the lower jaw of their steed.

Dancing was an amusement that entered into many phases of their life. They danced merely for pleasure ; they danced before they went to war, they danced when they came back victorious, or, if they were defeated, danced in memory of their dead ; they danced, too, before they went a-hunting, and often enough organised dances when they put their foes to death. A favourite dance was as follows : a captive would be led into the circle of dancers, all of whom would be naked. The prisoner's arms were tied behind him with long cords, the ends of which would be held, like reins, by other natives, who drew him about the arena while the dancers made a hullabaloo with bear-skin drums and wooden dishes, thus accompanying themselves as they chanted a weird chorus. Suddenly the chief would appear, and, awaiting his opportunity, thrust a knife into the back of the captive as he ran like a tamed horse. Again and again the blow struck, and blood run down the victim's back—and the more blood that flowed the greater the excitement grew. When finally the captive dropped exhausted to earth he was removed, taken to a spring and washed, and then placed in his blanket. After which he would come to life again ! The whole thing was merely acting, the blood being simply a mixture of resin, red gum and oil. A grim sort of pleasure indeed !

These sham death-dances, however, were only resorted to when there were no captives to be finished off, and

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more often than not there were unfortunate fellows to be dealt with in that way. Which brings us to a brief account of Indian warfare and customs of war. First of all, however, it is well to glance at the red man's system of government, out of which their wars often arose.

Generally speaking, the father was king over his family, but, nevertheless, the tribes had chiefs who governed them and whose sons succeeded to the position. The tribes held their own tracts of land, and jealously guarded them, the fishing grounds and hunting grounds being highly prized. More wars were caused through the violation of rights there than through anything else. It was not a case of title-deeds, but merely of possession, and woe betide the tribe of marauding bands who dared to invade the fishing and hunting grounds of another tribe. It was this jealous regard for their hunting grounds that made the red men so hostile to the railway. Therefore the throwing of the steel backbone across the American Continent involved much more work than the quite sufficiently difficult task of making railways; it called for constant fighting against marauding Indians, who, justifiably perhaps, saw in the railway an enemy in that it would force them farther into the depths of the wilds, restrict their bloodthirsty liberty, and deprive them of their hunting grounds. The surveyors, mapping out the steel route, went armed; the labourers carried weapons other than picks and spades and the whatnot of the engineer's equipment; and the ever-changing railheads were in a constant state of defence. For the red men were as likely to fall upon a working gang as they were upon a prospecting company. Anything that would obstruct the railroad men they tried;

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sometimes they were vigorously offensive, at others they were seemingly passive in their resistance to the encroachments of the palefaces. The tale of Lodge Pole Creek shows the kind of thing that was constantly happening. A little band of surveyors, peacefully pursuing their pioneering, were suddenly attacked by a large force of Indians who swooped to the attack, and, in the first few volleys, took toll of one or two of the white men. The survivors, seeing there was no chance of successfully withstanding the attack where they were, made a dash for the refuge of a dense thicket of sage brush. Three or four feet high, and with a diameter of about a hundred and fifty yards, the thicket afforded very good cover, despite the fact that a fair-sized bluff commanded it. The white men were more than pleased with the position, especially as, with the exception of the bluff, there was no cover for the attackers, who would, they told themselves, be exposed to fire if they made any movement.

Perhaps. Perhaps not.

The palefaces had entered the thicket on the side nearest the bluff, and the red men, having been unable to get up close enough to cut them off, remained in the shelter of the bluff—for a while. The surveyors waited, and for a time it seemed that the Indians were content with the mischief they had done. But they weren't. Suddenly, from behind the bluff, there came a pony, urged on to its highest speed by one of the two men on its back.

"What's the game?" rapped one of the whites, as he saw the pony pelting across the open towards the farther side of the thicket—a seemingly foolhardy and foolish procedure.

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There was no time for anyone to give answer, for each man there was firing at the speeding pony, only to miss, and, as the animal raced by the thicket one of the riders dropped off its back. At first the white men imagined they had got a bull's eye, but they had no chance to verify or even to wonder, except whether they had got home or not, for another pony, double-burdened as the first one, slipped from behind the bluff; and the same tactics were pursued.

Again the concealed men fired rapidly, but the speed was too great for sure shooting, besides which they did not dare expose themselves in order to take good aim, because by this time several red men had clambered to the top of the bluff, and, spread flat on the ground, were potting away into the thicket, evidently with the purpose of keeping the white men busily engaged while the stratagem was carried to completion. Time and time again ponies dashed out, and now the white men discovered the meaning of it all; no sooner did they fire at the animals than shots came speeding both from the bluff and from the thicket into which the men who had tumbled off the ponies had crawled, by this means surrounding the little band on three sides.

They were anxious hours now that the white men lived through, or such of them as lived at all. The least movement on the part of any one of them brought a volley from one direction or another; if so much as the raised barrel of a rifle glinted in the sun it was the signal for a hot fire, and all the time they, less skilled in the craft of war than their foes, saw nothing at which to fire.

Eight men there were who took refuge in that thicket, leaving two of their comrades lying in the sun; and when

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night fell, there were but three, one of them wounded. These, taking their fate in both hands, slipped from the sage brush and stole like shadows into the darkness, their hearts in their mouths, and but one cartridge each left with which to make an end of things if they were discovered. But, as has happened in so many cases, the Indian dread of darkness stood the white men well, for the survivors were unmolested, and, hurrying, as soon as they were out of earshot, succeeded in reaching the nearest post.

Incidentally, this story illustrates Indian cunning and, also, the unwisdom of the tenderfoot in thinking that cover is a good defensive position against the red men. Neither thickets nor rocks, nor the deep gulleys of the wilds, are safe when the foes are Indians. The red men were brought up to know all the devious ways by which a man may steal, unseen and unheard, upon a hiding foe; and no matter how deeply one might burrow into a thicket, except it to be very large—and not always then was one safe—the Indians would find means of tracking one down.

The law of the red man said: "A life for a life!"—and it must be obeyed lest the injured party should be looked upon as dishonoured and weak and cowardly. If a man's brother were killed, it was the duty of the living to go seek the murderer and wreak full vengeance; often it happened that tribal wars lasting many, many moons began in that way. Sometimes, indeed, a state of war lasting from generation to generation arose as the result of a personal vendetta between rival tribal chiefs. All too frequently the chief of a tribe would decide to go

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to war without any apparent reason ; perhaps, indeed, it was merely petty spite or for the sake of excitement, though generally intrusion into the fishing grounds or a cutting off a few defenceless people by a marauding band was at the back of the affair. Whatever the cause the chief would set about his elaborate preparations, unless, indeed, it was a case for swift and sudden action. In the former case he would proceed to "dream" about the matter. This was very essential, and there was a good deal of craft in the idea ! The chief did not just go to bed and wait for dreams to come ; instead, he isolated himself from his family, living hermit-like in a solitary lodge built for the purpose. Through long evenings he would chant mysterious songs of magic, beat drums, mutter and wail ; see visions of relatives who had been killed by his foes and who appeared before him to incite him to take vengeance.

After this kind of thing had been going on for some time and the beating of the drum had impressed his people, someone would come along and, sitting down by his side, inquire the meaning of the lamentation. Whereupon the chief would answer that the spirit of his father's brother, who had been scalped some years before by their foes, had come to him demanding vengeance. Also, he would inform the inquirer that in his dreams he had seen great victory awaiting him ; all that was necessary was for the people to gather around him.

After listening to the story the chief's friend, if he were favourably inclined to the proposition—which he generally was if it promised good fighting and much loot !—would promise to do what he could, and

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thereupon the chief appointed him his second-in-command. Thereafter they sat together for months, smoked their pipes, beat the drum, muttered magic, and worked out their plan of campaign ready for the day of attack. Also, if the operations were to be on a large scale, they would intrigue to obtain the assistance of other chiefs, arousing their cupidity by promises of booty, and provide for them sufficient reasons to go to war. It was indeed a case of a round robin, and as time went on the numbers of tribes pledged to take part in the war increased until the prime mover considered he had sufficient for his purpose.

Then, when spring arrived—mostly these long drawn out "negotiations" were conducted during the winter because warfare was not at all easy when the ice-bound rivers were impassable by canoe—a great war-dance was arranged to which all the intending participators in the coming war were invited. The squaws attended as well as the warriors, and were painted black like them. There were hideous scenes at the dance, and the night was made horrible by howling war-whoops raised as the red folk surged around their camp fires and in and out among their wigwams. In addition to this general dance each warrior would have his own little "festivity" in his lodge, and after all these preliminaries were brought to a finish the braves set out from their various villages to rendezvous at the appointed place.

If the war were very important the bands of braves would each have a squaw of sacrifice accompanying them—a young maiden usually dressed in white. The manner in which this devoted person went into battle depended

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upon the character of the expedition and the tribe to which she belonged. In some tribes, such as the prairie Indians, the Blackfeet for example, she would lead a horse by the bridle, and the steed would carry a medicine-bag and a gaily decorated pipe; among the Ojibways, however, who had no horses and travelled in canoes, the squaw of sacrifice was given a canoe to herself.

In full war-paint, and chanting their death-song, the braves then took the trail or the river to the rendezvous, and during the journey observed many queer customs. It was taboo to sit under a tree, or to scratch their heads with their fingers; they could do it to their hearts' content with a comb or a piece of wood! The young braves who had not previously been on the warpath were prohibited from sucking the marrow from the bones of game killed on the way—the red men, incidentally, travelled light on their war expeditions, and took little or no food with them, living upon the land, and, indeed, thinking it a virtue almost to starve themselves. The canoeing Indians, also, would not for anything have wetted their feet in getting out of their craft lest ill-fortune attend their arms.

And no brave went to war without his medicine-bag in which he kept his magic spells and pieces of paper with invocations to the spirits to protect and send good fortune in war. These medicine-bags were all important and were as much looked after as the white man looks after his weapons. Implicit faith did the Indians place in them, and there are weird stories among them of what the medicine-bags have wrought! There is, for instance, the tale of the young Ojibway whose mundeoo, or medicine-bag, saved

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him and his companions when they were in a serious situation: A missionary amongst them tells the story thus:—

"A canoe manned with warriors was once pursued by a number of others, all filled with their enemies. They endeavoured to escape, paddling with all their might, but the enemy still gained upon them; then the old warrior began to call for assistance of those things they had dreamt of during their fast-days. One man's mundeoo was a sturgeon, which being invoked, their speed was soon equal to that of this fish, leaving the enemy far behind; but the sturgeon being short-winded was soon tired, and the enemy again advanced rapidly upon them. The rest of the warriors, with the exception of one young man who, from his mean and ragged appearance, was considered a fool, called the assistance of their gods, which for a time enabled them to keep in advance. At length, having exhausted the strength of all their mundeos, they were beginning to give themselves up for lost, the other canoes being now so near as to turn to head them, when just at this critical moment the foolish young man thought of his medicine-bag, which in their flight he had taken off from his side and laid in the canoe. He called out 'Where is my medicine-bag?' The warriors told him to be quiet; what did he want with his medicine-bag at this perilous time? He still shouted, 'Where is my medicine-bag?' They again told him to paddle and not trouble them about his medicine-bag. As he persisted in his cry, 'Where is my medicine-bag?' one of the warriors seeing it by his side took it up and threw it to him. He, putting his hand into it, pulled out an old pouch made of the skin of a saw-

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mill, a species of duck. This he held by the neck to the water. Immediately the canoe began to glide swiftly at the usual speed of a saw-mill, and after being propelled for a short time by this wonderful power, they looked back and found they were far beyond the reach of the enemy, who had now given up the chase. Surely this Indian deserved a patent for his wonderful propelling power, which would have superseded the use of the jarring and thumping steamboats, now the wonder and admiration of the American Indian. The young man then took up his pouch, wrung the water out of it, and replaced it in his bag; telling the Indians that he had not worn his medicine-bag about his person for nothing, that in his fast he had dreamt of this fowl, and was told that in all dangers it would deliver him, and that he should possess the speed and untiring nature of the saw-mill duck. The old warriors were astonished at the power of the young man whom they had looked upon almost as an idiot, and were taught by him a lesson, never to form a mean opinion of any persons from their outward appearance."

In other places in this book there are accounts of the manner in which the Indians conducted their warfare—fiendish, cruel, neither asking nor giving quarter except on very rare occasions; and yet, withal brave to the point of folly. To die fighting was a virtue and an honour; to suffer pain uncomplainingly, even disdainfully and taunting their enemies, was the usual thing. An instance of such grim heroism is that of War Cloud, a chief of the Chippeways who had led his warriors against the Sioux villages on the Minnesota. There was many a grim scrap in which scores of Sioux scalps were lifted, before the

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Chippeways tumbled into an ambush. The crack of fire-arms gave them the first hint of danger—and laid several of them low. War Cloud got a bullet through his leg, which was broken, and he dropped to earth heavily. His companions, despite the confusion into which they were thrown, kept their heads sufficiently to lay hold of him and try to drag him away during the lull in the firing rendered necessary by the hidden foes having to reload. They endeavoured to make the shelter of a thicket some distance away, from behind which they hoped to be able to make a stand. War Cloud urged them to hurry, and not to trouble about him; indeed, he commanded that they leave him where they were.

"I will show the Sioux how a Chippeway can die!" he cried, and then made his men place him on a log, with his back against a tree.

So they left him, painting his face and chanting his death song. His companions succeeded in reaching the thicket, and when the last one had disappeared, the Sioux issued from their concealment, bent on taking prisoner the chief who was certain to fall easy prey to them. As they came, War Cloud lifted up his voice and sang his song of death in even louder tones than before, which was the only sign he gave that he had seen them or heard them. When they drew quite close to him and surged about him, shaking their scalping knives in his face and telling him in exulting tones the fate that awaited him, War Cloud simply went on singing, taking no notice of them. His conduct aroused the fury of his foes who suddenly rushed upon him and lifted his scalp from him. War Cloud sang on!

The Sioux were angrier than ever and showed it in their

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own fiendish way. Withdrawing a short distance they turned War Cloud into a living target, shooting arrows at him with deliberate intent to cause him as much pain as possible. Some merely grazed him, others passed right through his limbs, yet others pinned him by ears and neck and arms to the tree against which he leant in coming death; and always, the arrows were shot so that they should not touch a vital part. Bleeding like a stuck pig, War Cloud sang, defiantly now and for all the notice he took of his foes they might have been a hundred miles away. At last one of them dashed forward, tomahawk in hand, flourished it before him, made several passes as though to give the finishing stroke, then drew back again and again; trying by this means to make the dying man flinch and cry for mercy. But War Cloud only sang on. Then—the end, by the swift, sudden flash of the tomahawk: and War Cloud had gone out, singing still, showing the Sioux how a Chippeway could die!

And, no doubt, War Cloud's scalp was a treasured trophy among the Sioux for many a moon afterwards. Scalp lifting, by the way, was what one might call taking heads by proxy. Head-hunting seems to have been a pastime with most primitive peoples, and villages were adorned with the hideous trophies. Among certain tribes of the Indians, however—those which roamed the prairies—the scalp was taken instead, because of the inconvenience of carrying whole heads strung at the saddle-bows. The red men were expert in the dread art of "hair-lifting." It is told of them that they would hold competitions in the art, practising upon their captives, and there is at least one

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well authenticated case of a fiend during such a match actually flaying a complete body !

The trouble taken and the dangers risked in order to get a scalp were amazing, as the following story, told by the gentleman who was the chief actor in it, will show. The red man in this case was an Ojibway, who, when telling the story, pointed with pride to a scalp hanging in his lodge.

" This scalp I nailed separately because I took it under curious circumstances and like to recall it to my memory. I went on the war trail just ten years ago against the Sioux band of the chief Wabasha. There were eighty of us Ojibways, and we went down the Chippeway River in canoes. When we found ourselves close to the enemy we turned into an arm of water which we thought was the main channel ; but it was only a bayou which lost itself in swamp and rushes, and on attempting to push through all our canoes stuck in the mud. The Sioux fleet was coming up to cut us off in our hole, and we left our canoes and went on foot. The Sioux fired on us from the water, and we replied from land ; but the distance was too great, and no one was wounded. One of the boldest and bravest of the Sioux, however, pushed on far in advance in order to cut us off. He came too near the bank and was shot by one of our men, and he fell back in his canoe which began drifting down the stream. His body hung over the side of the boat into the water. I saw this, and feeling desirous to have his scalp I leaped into the water and swam after the canoe. There was plenty of risk, for the other Sioux were now paddling up ; besides, it was not at all certain the man was really dead. I did not care though, but swam on, seized the canoe and the man,

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and had his scalp with a couple of cuts. Ha, ha ! I waved it once to the Sioux, pushed the canoe with the half-dead, quivering fellow towards them, and soon joined my party again. We all escaped, and only our enemies had cause to lament. He was their best warrior, and so I nailed his scalp, the only one taken that time, here on my hatchet which I carry about with me."

But enough, for the present at any rate, of the grim red terrors of Indian war customs ! The red men were not always at war. They hunted and fished, and, therefore, had to make for themselves nets and canoes and arrows for the sport. To most boys the mention of red men serves to conjure up a picture of them sweeping down some cataract in a bark canoe, and among some of the tribes the canoe was as important as the horse was to others. These Indians were adepts at canoe-building—that is to say, the women were, for to the women fell the greater portion of such work, as, indeed was the case when there was work of any kind to be done. The attitude of the red man to his women folk was summed up by one of them to Samuel Hearne, the man who discovered the Coppermine River. Matonabi, a Chippewayan, it was who thus expounded the Indian creed regarding women : " He attributed all our misfortunes," said Hearne, who had had a run of ill-luck on an expedition of discovery, " to the misconduct of my guides and the plan we pursued in not taking any women with us on this journey was, he said, the principal thing that occasioned our wants. ' For,' he said, ' when all the men are heavy laden they can neither hunt nor travel to any considerable distance ; and in case they meet with success in hunting, who is to carry the produce of their

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labour? Women were made for labour; one of them can carry, or haul, as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing, and, in fact, there is no such thing as travelling any considerable distance or for any length of time in this country without their assistance.'"

Which exhibits a due appreciation of the value of woman that may commend itself to some ultra-modern females of highly civilised states!

But to get back to canoes. The red man's craft was built out of bark—the bark of the birch-tree. The Indians selected the largest and smoothest trees because they thus obtained large pieces of bark and so avoided too much sewing. Having stripped off the bark, the men scraped the inner side and then handed the pieces over to the women to sew together while they themselves, sometimes, prepared the skeleton of it. This was made of cedar, as a rule. "They have," says a man who lived among them, "usually a sort of model, or a frame of the figure and size of the canoe, round which the branches are bent. In the centre the arches are large, growing smaller towards either end. These ribs are peeled wonderfully thin, because lightness and easy carriage are the chief qualities of a canoe"—for the reason that on so many rivers there were cataracts where portages were necessary and the canoes had to be carried along the banks until the smoother water was reached. "Between the upper ends of the ribs a thin cross-piece is fastened to keep them in a horizontal position. This is for the purpose of giving strength to the sides." The canoes had no keel, but the ribs and cross-pieces were tied to a piece of wood at the top.

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The women having sewed the bark with cords and strings, obtained sometimes from the cedar and sometimes from the spruce, the skin was spread over the framework, and turned down over the edges, then being firmly bound together. After that the interior of the canoe was lined with thin boards made out of cedar, used because of its lightness and elasticity. Seeing that these boards were so thin it would appear astonishing that they were so serviceable were it not remembered that the red men was not boot-clad as the white whose heavy footwear would soon have broken the thin strips; but the moccasin covered feet of the Indian did no damage.

When finished the canoe was sharp at the back and front, with the ends standing up a little, and often gaudily decorated, especially when going into battle. Before the canoe was ready for use, however, it had to be dried and caulked. This latter work was done with resin from the pine or fir.

There were, of course, various types of canoe, some of them light, some heavier, some large and some small. It was quite a usual thing for a canoe to be large enough to carry a whole family of twenty, together with their goods and chattels. Such craft were very serviceable, and could cover hundreds of miles without needing repairing--unless they cannoned into some hidden rock or had the misfortune to be drawn over a cataract.

Talking about family circles, by the way, reminds us that the red man was not always content with one wife. Samuel Hearne, for instance, tells how Mr. Matonabi, the gentleman who enlightened him as to the value of ladies, seemed to make a hobby of collecting wives. While on the

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expedition with Hearne, Matonabi acquired his seventh wife in a way that astonished Hearne, but was nevertheless quite according to custom. Matonabi, incidentally, chose his consorts for their strength and their "housewifery," rather than for their beauty.

This seventh wife of the chief was acquired by the simple process of stealing her from a man who already reckoned her among his belongings. Which little affair caused a great deal of trouble later on when the expedition pitched camp at a certain place where there were some Indians. One of those Indians was the gentleman who had lost his wife, and, recognising Matonabi, ventured to suggest the unseemliness of the chief's behaviour. Matonabi grew quite angry, but he concealed his feelings very well—for a time. When he got into his tent, however, he extracted a knife from a bundle belonging to another of his wives, and, going outside, made a dash for the unfortunate husband of the woman whose possession was in dispute. That man wellnigh lost his life, would have done, indeed, but for the interference of some other red men who expostulated with Matonabi. The chief after having inflicted three nasty wounds on the man, shrugged his shoulders as much as to say that the fellow had asked for what he had got by having dared to dispute his right to the lady; and then went back to his tent, lighted his pipe, and asked Hearne whether he did not think he had been quite justified in his action!

What could Hearne say? He had lived long enough among the Indians to know that obtaining wives by stealing and by wrestling contests was quite a usual thing.

"It has ever been the custom among those people," says Hearne, "for the men to wrestle for any woman to whom

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they are attached ; and, of course, the strongest party always carries off the prize. A weak man, unless he be a good hunter and well beloved, is seldom permitted to keep a wife that a stronger man thinks worth his notice, for, at any time when the wives of those strong wrestlers are heavy laden, either with furs or provisions, they make no scruple of tearing any other man's wife from his bosom and making her bear a part of his luggage. This custom prevails throughout all their tribes, and causes a great spirit of emulation among their youth, who are, upon all occasions, from their childhood, trying their strength and skill in wrestling. This enables them to protect their property, and particularly their wives, from the hands of those powerful ravishers, some of whom make almost a livelihood by taking what they please from the weaker parties without making them any return. Indeed, it is represented as an act of generosity if they condescend to make an unequal exchange, as, in general, abuse and insult are the only return for the loss which is sustained.

" The way in which they tear their women and other property from one another, though it has the appearance of the greatest brutality, can scarcely be called fighting. I never knew any of them receive the least hurt in these rencontres ; the whole business consists in hauling each other about by the hair of the head ; they are seldom known either to strike or kick one another. It is not uncommon for one of them to cut off his hair and to grease his ears immediately before the contest begins. This, however, is done privately, and it is sometimes truly laughable to see one of the parties strutting about with an air of great importance, and calling out : ' Where is he ? Why does he

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not come out ? " when the other will bolt out with a clean-shorn head and greased ears, rush on his antagonist, seize him by the hair, and, though perhaps a much weaker man, soon drag him to the ground, while the stronger is not able to lay hold of him. It is very frequent on those occasions for each party to have spies to watch the other's motions, which put them more on a footing of equality. For want of hair to pull they seize each other about the waist, with legs wide extended, and try their strength by endeavouring to vie who can first throw the other down."

One might almost be tempted to say that the red man's wives were his slaves! Speaking of slaves reminds us that the Indians had the institution of slavery. The slaves were generally prisoners of war, and they were not so badly treated. A mark of their condition was cropped hair; they were worth anything from a hundred and twenty down to a score of blankets, and amongst some tribes they provided sacrifices on the death of a great chief! Altogether, the slaves were of many uses. For one thing, a red man suffering under a wrong would think himself quite entitled to kill his enemy's slaves; and, for another, a slave was often used by his master to get rid of an enemy—a very convenient and safe way of paying off a score.

War was the means for gathering slaves, who were the wherewithal to purchase blankets, in which the red man counted his wealth. A singular characteristic of the North-West Indian was that they would for many years hoard large numbers of blankets—only to give them away at the greatest feast in their calendar, namely, the "pot-latch." This feast, sometimes given by the chiefs of small

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tribes as peace offerings to stronger tribes, was an occasion on which the red men showed their generosity and gratified their vanity as givers of free gifts—no matter if the next day they went to war and seized by force of arms what they had given willingly and with pleasure the night before.

The red men were as grim in their dealings with their own families as they were with their foes; they had no compunction in nipping in the bud the child who was born deformed, and they allowed weak, sickly children to die off without much attempt at nurturing them. The wild life of the prairies and the hills had no room for the weak, who went to the wall unwanted and unmourned. To the casual white man it would seem that the Indians had more veneration for the dead than for the living, considering the care they took of the former. Actually, however, all their care was designed to get rid of the body quickly, for the red men had a great dread of corpses. Their burial customs were varied and peculiar. Sometimes the dead would be sent down river in a canoe; at others, they would be burned, while some tribes placed the dead in a box inside a small house or tent, with trinkets and household goods for company. This latter custom, by the way, died out soon after the palefaces reached the land and learned that they could obtain booty by visiting Indian sepulchres.

From the day of his birth the Indian's life was one struggle for existence, and most of his customs had something to do with that struggle. The result of such a mode of life was that the redskins were a hardy race, and hard in heart. It was the very nature of their existence which made them such good fighters and so distrustful of all

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except themselves, and if we had space to touch upon more of their customs, we should find that they had a good deal to do with his mode of living, his methods of fighting, and his grim fearlessness of death. It is time, however, that we went on to some of the stories that show the red men in action, living out the grim faith that was in him, relieved sometimes by a display of emotion and high-mindedness not far behind his more civilised paleface brother.

SINGLE COMBAT

A Yarn of Two Rival Heroes

IN Mahtotopa the Mandan tribe had a better chief than they deserved, for Mahtotopa was a man who feared nothing, while the Mandans—well, this is the sort of thing they could do. The Cheyennes to the number of a hundred and fifty, invaded Mahtotopa's territory, and made things very uncomfortable from the point of view of security of tenure. Mahtotopa, as soon as he heard the news, gathered a crowd of his people together, whipped them up into something like enthusiasm, and set off to track down the invaders. In due course he found them, and the Mandans, because they were outnumbered hung back. Mahtotopa saw red; he did all he could to induce his warriors to follow him into the battle, but they would not. The Chief, however, was determined that the Cheyennes should not go back with the tale of the "old women" of the Mandan tribe being afraid to fight, and, dashing out, even as the Cheyennes swung round on their half-wild mustangs, to charge the reluctant Mandans, drove his spear into the ground. He drew his own mount to a standstill, and remained motionless beside the spear, waiting to meet the onrush of the enemy. The piece of red stuff that ornamented the spear flaunted as saucily in the breeze as the feathered headdress of the Chief who sat, upright and fearless, holding his musket ready. The Cheyennes, at first imagining that this meant that the Mandans were after all going to take their gruel, raised a

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war-cry of exultation—and then, as they saw that none of the Chief's followers had ridden out with him, but were clustered in a group far behind, they eased up as their own Chief gave them a signal.

Off went the Cheyenne Chief at a mad gallop, to pull up several yards in front of the imperturbable Mahtotopa.

"Who are you that alone defy the Cheyennes?" the Chief demanded.

"It is Mahtotopa, second chief of the brave and valiant Mandans!" Mahtotopa told him, impassively.

"I have often heard him spoken of," said the Cheyenne, chivalrously. "He is a great warrior. But would he dare to advance and give fight against me alone while our warriors look on?"

"Is it a Chief who speaks to Mahtotopa?" the Mandan asked pointedly, and the Cheyenne, pointing to his horse's mouth, said:

"See the scalp hanging from the bit of my horse, and the lance ornamented with the fur of the ermine and the feather of the eagle of war!"

"It is enough!" cried Mahtotopa.

Without another word the Cheyenne dashed forward and planted his own spear in the ground beside that of the Mandan, thereby accepting the challenge. The men of both sides knew what was happening, although they were too far away to hear what was being said; and, as of one accord, they spread themselves out, forming a great circle, almost forgetting that they were enemies in the excitement of the moment.

No time was lost by the duellists who, as soon as the arena, as it were, was laid out, rode their horses away,

and then, turning simultaneously, charged down at each other in all the glory of war paint and fine feathers. They fired, each of them, a shot as they rode: and Mahtotopa had his powder flask emptied for him by a ball which bored a hole right through and scattered the powder. Like lightning, Mahtotopa, as he could not load for want of powder, jerked the flask from his belt, waved it above his head as he sped past the Cheyenne, and then pitched his now useless musket away, seizing his last arrow in its place.

Mahtotopa evidently knew that he had a valiant opponent, for the Cheyenne, without hesitation, hurled his gun from him and slipped an arrow into his bow. The two arrows sang past each other as the warriors sped by, though neither found a mark. Then the duellists, circling round and round in ever narrowing circles, fired arrows as rapidly as they would and whenever an opportunity presented itself, in the shape of a leg even, unwarily left exposed as its owner cuddled up almost beneath his mustang.

Luck seemed dead against Mahtotopa, for after a few minutes, his horse, pierced by an arrow, tumbled to the ground, rolled over and over, and almost succeeded in crushing the Mandan beneath it. By amazing skill, however, Mahtotopa managed to extricate himself before his enemy could arrive on the spot; and, ere the Cheyenne did arrive, arrows were speeding at him from the bow of Mahtotopa. Once again the Cheyenne showed of what stuff he was made, and, springing from his horse, sent it galloping off.

The two men now raced about the living arena, not trying to get to close quarters but contenting themselves with shooting their arrows and dodging with miraculous

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agility to avoid being hit. The spectators, growing more excited at each phase of the combat, shouted themselves hoarse, each side cheering its champion or, to vary the tune, boo-ing him in North American Indian for being such a bad shot as to miss his opponent so often. The more clamorous were the onlookers the more vigorous became the fighters, but neither man succeeded in getting home the arrow that should put an end to the fight.

For so long did they fight this manoeuvre round each other that they became wellnigh exhausted. Yet, they were resolved to see the thing through, and the Cheyenne, knowing that would be impossible while they remained at a distance, drew his knife and brandished it in the air.

It was a sign for getting to close grips, and the Mandan, who understood it, shouted out an almost inarticulate defiance, though he did not let the Cheyenne know that he had, by an unpardonable folly in a warrior, left his weapon in his cabin away back in the village.

Both men now divested themselves of their shields and quivers; the Cheyenne pitched his bow from him, but Mahtotopa, retaining his, rushed forward to meet his adversary, whose knife gleamed in the sunlight. They met, with a crash of wood upon iron, as Mahtotopa's bow struck the uplifted knife of his rival. This time the Cheyenne did not place himself upon equal terms with his enemy—there is a limit to that sort of thing when there is such serious work in hand! Actually, indeed, Mahtotopa was not at such a disadvantage inasmuch as the long stretch of bow gave him some privilege that the Cheyenne did not possess.

The Cheyenne discovered this to his cost, for, each time he slipped in with intent to finish off his enemy, the bow

whizzed down and slashed him viciously. Mahtotopa was not concerned with wounding his enemy about the body so much as trying to make him drop his knife. The Cheyenne realised this and knew that unless he could force the pace he stood a good chance of being worsted. He therefore drove in past the whirling wood, and several times succeeded in getting a thrust home that brought blood flowing from Mahtotopa, who, however, set his teeth, and edging away, swathed his bow round like a sickle. The Cheyenne tried to grab it, but the Mandan prevented this, and suddenly, assuming the offensive, went swooping in, slashing vigorously, and like a hurricane the blows fell upon the Cheyenne, forcing him at last to drop the knife which fell, dripping with blood, between the two men.

With a bound Mahtotopa pounced for it, hurling his bow from him; but, before he could reach the knife, the Cheyenne too had pounced—upon the Mandan. Down to the ground the two men went, wrestling like mad beasts for the possession of the knife. They swirled about the ploughed-up ground, rolling over and over, each trying to get within reach of the knife and to prevent the other from doing so. Time and again the knife was seized, now by one and now by the other, and in the scramble that ensued many a thrust was got home before once more it was wrenched from the grasping hand, to be fought for again.

And then, the Cheyenne dropped it for the last time, and Mahtotopa, after a mad, wild fight, found it with a groping hand, more by luck than anything else, for he could not see it because of the blood that streamed from a wound in his head. The Cheyenne, weak now, tried in vain to

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wrest the precious weapon from his foe, but Mahtotopa, putting forth every ounce of his remaining strength, drove the knife home, and the Cheyenne sagged in his grip and dropped to the ground.

Mahtotopa withdrew the red blade from the heart of his opponent, stood erect over him for a moment or so, listening to the music of his followers' cheers, and the din of his enemies' howls of rage. Then, stooping, he scalped the Cheyenne and held the poor scrap of hair and skin aloft—token of triumph.

Then he dropped beside his foe, exhausted, while the Cheyennes, realising that the victory had gone against them, galloped off, and for a while left the Mandans in peaceful possession of their own property.

SNATCHED FROM THE BURNING

The Tale of a Red Man's Unwonted Humanity

THE Pawnees trooped through the woods, heading for their town. They had gone out to give battle to the Iteans, had fallen upon their foes and smitten them mightily, and now were returning, the chant of victory upon their lips, many scalps hanging from their belts, much booty weighing them down, and one terrified captive in their midst—an Itean maid who could scarcely keep up with her captors because of the fear that paralysed her.

The Pawnees made no secret of their intentions: she was to be tortured and burnt at the stake.

One man of all that blood-stained band of raiders was against the practice—Petalesharoo, son of Old Knife, chief of the Pawnees. By his prowess in war he had become known as "the bravest of the braves," and was held in high repute by all his fellows, yet not so high that they would listen to his counsel not to ill-treat the wretched girl-captive.

Still, his very presence in the victory-maddened throng saved the girl from many an indignity during that march home, and many a Pawnee, about to strike her with his spear, fell away before the look in the eyes of the young brave.

Squaws and papooses came out to meet the returning

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victors, and the feast began immediately, during which the chiefs and braves sang of their doings in the battle. He who had captured the Itean maid sprang to his feet to tell his part and to whip into frenzy his listeners as he promised them the thrilling spectacle of torture and painful death.

"See!" he cried. "She is there, ready at the stake, and the wood heaped about her!"

And Petalesharoo, standing in the fringe of the trees, outside the circle of light cast by the blazing fire, set his mouth firmly and smiled grimly as he thought of the thing that he was about to do.

With a rush the Pawnees crowded about the girl, whose fear-filled eyes pleaded with them when her lips could not speak.

Suddenly a man darted forward, a flaming torch in his hand. He thrust it among the dried twigs surrounding the victim, a flare uprose in the night, and the smoke wafted down upon the girl, whose screams were drowned in the frenzied yelling of the monsters gloating over their work.

Round and round they danced, flinging on wood when the fire slackened, and each armful sent the pile nearer and nearer the girl.

A few more armfuls and then——

Then something happened—something that staggered the maddened Indians, that made them cease their wild dancing, caused their throaty yells to die on their lips. Through the circling throng had darted a man knife in hand, and, before they realised it, he had leaped the band of flames and was slashing at the bonds that held the girl

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to the stake She dropped into his arms ; lifting her up he sprang back over the fire with her and was gone through into the night like a wraith.

It had all happened so suddenly that Petalesharoo had disappeared in the forest belt before his fellows recovered from their astonishment, before they realised that they had been balked of their dreadful spectacle.

" Petalesharoo ! " they cried then, and, rushing to where they had left their weapons, they seized them, tore off to the horse corral and leaped on to the bare backs of their steeds.

Those few minutes' respite had been all that Petalesharoo needed. Some distance away from the village he had two swift horses tethered, and, the moment he entered the trees, he set the girl on her feet and urged her to run like the wind. Hardly able to believe the miracle that had happened to snatch her from the burning, the Itean 'maid needed no second bidding, and, clutching the hand that had severed her bonds, she tore with him through the night. Pantingly they reached the horses ; hastily Petalesharoo hoisted her on to the back of one, sprang on to the other, and then, like the wind, the animals sped off.

Silent, grim, Petalesharoo sat his steed, now and then looking behind to where, through the trees, the ruddy glow of the fire showed. His ears, trained to catch the least sound, heard the thudding of hoofs behind, and knew that the Pawnees were in pursuit. He had chosen his beasts carefully, however, and knew that they were safe if they had no accident.

On and on and on the horses went : gradually the sounds

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in the rear grew fainter and fainter, and at last died away altogether.

Even then Petalesharoo did not draw rein ; he urged the animals on the blood coursing wildly through his veins as he thought of that which he had done. He was under no delusion as to what might happen when he returned, as he meant to do ; not even the influence of his father Old Knife, would be able to prevent his people taking vengeance on him. But the young brave cared not for that.

A danger that worried him more was that it was not at all unlikely that the Iteans—he himself marvelled at the wildness of his scheme—the Iteans to whom he was taking this girl, after having assisted in capturing her, might fall upon him and hew him to pieces ; and yet the Pawnee would not go back.

As for the girl, she asked no questions ; she was content to know that this enemy, who was a friend, had at least saved her life, and that she need fear no evil at his hands. Where he was taking her she did not know, scarcely cared, and it was only when the night gave place to morning twilight that she began to recognise the country, and realised that her saviour was taking her home !

The wonder of it sank into her primitive soul ; this was something altogether new to her. Enemies did not do such things as this. But then, enemies did not do such things as rescue victims from death under the very noses of the torturers ! And yet they did, some of them, for this man—who had protected her as well as he could during that dreadful march to the Pawnee village—had done it, and

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the fact that he should be taking her back to her own people was nothing beside it.

She looked at him in the gathering light, and caught the reassuring smile that wreathed his stern young mouth ; whereat she did not ask the question that had been on her lips to ask. She knew he *was* taking her home.

" My people——" she said significantly.

Petalesharoo nodded.

" I know," he answered, but he did not draw rein ; he went on, on for several miles farther until, at last, the girl refused to allow him to continue. She pulled up her horse, and, pointing to where the smoke of her burning village still wreathed up towards heaven, she said :

" Now shall I be safe ! Danger awaits you there, for not even this that you have done may stop my people from taking vengeance ! "

And Petalesharoo, who knew how truly she spoke, turned his horse about ; he knew that the girl would now find her way and that the Pawnees could not catch her. Then, before the girl could murmur her thanks, he was speeding back the way he had come as fast as his jaded horse could carry him. Not a look behind did he give ; he had done what he had set out to do. The girl was nothing to him—nothing except a woman of his enemies.

Petalesharoo rode back into his village while the triumphant feast was still in progress ; he expected his people would fall upon him ; expected that, at least, they would surge about him in protest. One man he knew he would have with him, and that was his father, for Old Knife had for a long time been trying to stop

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the barbarous custom of burning prisoners. But whether Old Knife would be able to protect him, Petalesharoo did not know.

There was no reason, however, for Old Knife to intervene; the very courage of Petalesharoo was his protection!

For the Pawnees, despite their primitive barbarity, knew courage when they saw it, and, to the young brave's astonishment, they offered him no harm, and not one of them reproached him with having robbed them of their victim!

THE MEDICINE FIGHT OF THE SIOUX AND CHEYENNES

One of the Greatest Battles in the Red Men's History

ON July 31st, 1867, there was a great battle between the United States troops and the Sioux and Cheyennes, in which the Government men used, for the first time in Indian warfare, the quick-firing breech-loader; and it was the breech-loader that defeated the red men. It is said that some time afterwards a general met one of the white men—an old trapper—who had taken part in the battle, and asked him several questions, thus :

GENERAL : How many Indians were there in the attack ?

TRAPPER : Waal, Gin'r'l, I can't say fer sartin, but I think there was nigh on three thousand of 'em.

GENERAL : How many killed and wounded ?

TRAPPER : Waal, Gin'r'l, I can't say fer sartin, but I think there was nigh on a thousand of 'em hit.

GENERAL : How many did you kill ? "

TRAPPER : Waal, Gin'r'l, I can't say fer sartin, but gi'me a dead rest, I kin hit a dollar at fifty yards, and I fired with a dead rest at more'n fifty of them varmits inside o' fifty yards.

GENERAL : For Heaven's sake, how many times did you fire ?

TRAPPER : Waal, Gin'r'l, I can't say fer sartin, but I

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kept eight guns going pretty well het up fer mor'n three hours !

It was, indeed, some scrap, and one that Red Cloud, the chief, who had collected three thousand of the worst spirits of Sioux and Cheyennes about him, would not have set going had he but known of the new " bad medicine " that the palefaces had had given them.

In December, 1866, Red Cloud had instigated the massacre of a whole white garrison near Fort Phil. Kearney. There were infantry and cavalry among the palefaces, but the Indians, besides outnumbering them by scores, also had the advantage of weapons, inasmuch as while the white cavalry had Spencer carbines and revolvers, and the infantry only the old muzzle-loading rifled musket, the Indians had mostly Spencers and Winchesters ; with the result that the palefaces, caught by surprise and surrounded, were utterly annihilated—though not without making the red men pay heavily for the " victory." Nearly five times the number of red men were killed and wounded as compared with the whites, and when the story became known the indignation and wrath of the people at the crime were mingled with admiration for the gallant men who had sold their lives so dearly in doing their duty.

Reprisal measures were determined upon by the War Department of the United States, but the special department entrusted with Indian affairs thought that a much better way of getting over the difficulty was by winning the red men to peace by merciful means. Therefore, the Indian Department sent out a Commission, whose duty it was to fix up a peace treaty. The Indians won—by stipulating that the Government posts on the Montana road

should be abandoned (which, of course, they had wanted for a long time and could not get by fighting !) and the handing over of a great store of presents.

All of which was very nice while it lasted, but, unfortunately, it did not last long ; there was something of the Hun about the red man in that you had to punch him hard and knock him to his knees before he realised that you meant what you said and that you really did not like the things he did. Thus it happened that while the head chiefs, thinking they had accomplished something clever, were elated at the success of their demands, the lesser fry, including Red Cloud, who was but a sub-chief at that time, were seething with discontent ; they wanted war to the knife and meant to have it. Red Cloud, therefore, set himself up as the Champion of Indian Rights, and raised his war whoop, which went ringing through the land, calling to him every red man eager to fight the hated paleface. So strong did Red Cloud become, and so popular was his cry, that even the head chiefs had to acknowledge him. Tribes of every name sent their quota to him, and he became a real thorn in the Government side ; a new Sioux War had broken out.

With such a large following as he possessed Red Cloud naturally was able to play the deuce with the ordered state of things, and the lines of communications between outposts of civilisation were constantly being cut, columns of troops moving from place to place were continually being attacked, and supply trains more often than not found their way to the haunts of the Indians than to their proper destination. Red Cloud's campaign of harassing was so successful, indeed, that he got swelled head—and, having

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swollen numbers (it is always as well for the two to go together) he decided to wipe out all the garrisons.

He chose Fort Phil. Kearney for his first attentions on a big scale, and, not being in a hurry, laid his plans well. He whipped up more red rascals the while he kept the fort under constant watch. No man could go in but what he was seen ; no stores could be taken in but what they were noted by the lurking Indians, and, whenever any of the garrison were foraging in the forest, maybe merely to cut wood, Red Cloud's hordes were there, often to join issue. Gory scraps took place, sometimes the palefaces won, sometimes the red men, but whatever else happened, the watch on the post was kept up and at last the place was in a state of siege.

Something, however, the white men received in the way of war stores escaped the eyes of the Sioux, and that was a consignment of breech-loaders, the long range and accuracy of which, combined with the rapidity of fire hitherto unequalled, made them formidable weapons ; as Red Cloud and his hosts were to find. The Indians were caught napping when, the time seeming to have arrived, they decided to make the great attack.

It happened thus.

On July 31st, 1867, Major Powell, of the 27th Infantry, was detailed by Major Smith, commanding the post, for the duty of protecting a wood felling and wood hauling contracting party away at Piney Island, about five miles from the fort. He went out with fifty-one troopers and a lieutenant. " Upon arrival," he reported, " I found the train (that is, the contracting party) divided ; one part encamped on a plateau, and, with one exception, the position

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well selected for defence, and the best security that the country afforded for the stock ; the other was encamped about one mile distant in a south-westerly direction, on a commanding point across the Little Piney Creek, at the foot of the mountains. My details consisted in sending twelve men to protect the working portion of both trains, and thirteen men as escort to the trains when coming into the post."

Although from the point of view of efficiency of working the division of the band into two encampments was quite satisfactory, from the military point of view Major Powell saw immediately that it would be fatal to try to defend both against attack, and so finally concentrated his defence upon the encampment on the plateau.

Owing to the continual fighting resulting from every attempt to do work, transport wagons were protected by having the bodies made out of boiler iron strong enough to flatten rifle bullets, and, as the stay might be a fairly long one, Major Powell had these bodies lifted from the wheels and formed into a corral, circular shape, with the unavoidable gaps filled in with anything that was usable for the purpose ; chains, logs, grain-filled sacks, and what not. Further to strengthen the position from attack by horsemen on one side, the Major had some of the wagons, wheels and all, arranged as a first line of defence, designed not only to prevent the enemy from dashing right up on horseback, but also to enable the defenders to fire from underneath. These preparations, together with the fact that Major Powell had arms and ammunition sufficient to supply all the workmen, made the position a very strong one.

All was ready for any attack that might be made, and

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by no means too soon, for on August 2nd, things began to happen. Red Cloud started off in grand style. His scouts had reported to him the disposition of the enemy, and he decided to make two attacks simultaneously. The smaller attack, made by two hundred Indians, swooped suddenly upon the men taking care of the stock, driving them off, unable to put anything like a decent defence in their position. The other attack, with five hundred men to make it, broke furiously upon the train at the foot of the mountain, and so vigorously was it pushed that the workmen and their small guard were cut off from the main body and compelled to clamber up the mountain. Beneath them, their train was set alight, and the blaze and the smoke of it seemed to leap up in angry tongues and cloaking billows—for the latter they were not a little thankful, no doubt, as it served to conceal them for a while.

Over at the corral thirty men lay waiting for their turn, which they knew would come very soon. It came, indeed—came in the shape of eight hundred yelling, firing Indians, all mounted on half-wild animals which they rode at a gallop for the corral. They came—and went, as surprised as they had ever been in their lives. They knew just how many men Powell had in the fortification, and yet such a tremendous fire swathed them that they could scarcely believe their own eyes and ears. Dozens of them tumbled to earth, some pitching off their horses, others going down in struggling heaps with their mounts and being crushed to death. Many, indeed, escaped that first slash of fire, and pressed forward, hoping to get to grips with the foe, not a man of whom they could see, because all were lying in the bodies of the wagons, firing through

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loopholes in the iron. Powell and his men knew what they were up against—they knew that Red Cloud's hosts outnumbered them by thousands, and they knew, too, that defeat—if defeat meant capture—would end in their experiencing the pleasantries of Indian torture. Therefore, they were stiff-lipped, resolute men, determined to die where they lay rather than surrender.

Perhaps the most amazing thing about that first attack was that there were thousands of red men looking on, lining the low hills that cupped the plateau on which the fight was taking place; they were the reserves of Red Cloud's army—reserves who never expected they would be needed, any more than the chief himself anticipated having to call upon them. He was relying upon his eight hundred gallant horsemen—and found he was relying upon a broken reed, for after valiant endeavour to reach the corral, they scattered in confused dismay and raced helter skelter for the shelter of the hills.

Followed commotion in the auditorium; followed consternation and rage in the breast of Red Cloud; and, after that, a hurried conference between him and his under-chiefs to discuss the best means of breaking down the defence of the palefaces.

Of one thing was Red Cloud determined on, and that was that the attack should be a success, even if he had to throw in every man. Indeed, the outcome of the council of war was that this line of action was decided upon. The chiefs left the conference to get their men ready, work that was soon accomplished, inasmuch as all that was necessary was for the red men to strip themselves of their togger. The plan of campaign was for most of the braves who carried

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Spencers or Winchesters to go in advance to act as scouts and sharpshooters and skirmishers, the remainder to creep up from all directions and to fling themselves into the attack under cover of the vanguard's fire.

Meanwhile, Powell was busy. Although the first attack had been repulsed, it had nevertheless shown the Major that there were certain little weaknesses in his defence, and these he remedied immediately, while the men whose shooting had proved anything but accurate were detailed merely to reload for the good shots—and every good shot had a spare piece beside him.

That the lull did not mean the enemy had gone Major Powell well knew, and every man was on the *qui vive*, waiting—waiting. For what came. Through the ravines crept, though the white men did not know it then, the sharpshooters of the red men, keeping themselves in whatever cover there was available, and succeeding in getting fairly close up before they opened fire. The palefaces, however, were not caught napping; and the first volley from the red men was answered by such a cracking, spluttering burst of fire that stretched, so it seemed, like an intangible barrier to further advance. Yet, despite that, the Indian vanguard, safely ensconced, kept up a hot fire, so hot that had it not been for the strong corral defence the whole party of the white men must have been wiped out long before Red Cloud's main army arrived within hitting distance.

Down from the hills poured the hosts of Red Cloud; a great far-reaching semicircle of warriors, naked and shining in the sunlight—a semicircle that narrowed its limits as it approached, though the volume of sound that came from

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two thousand throats increased the nearer it got to the corral.

"Hold your fire!" was the command in the corral, and every man gripped his breech-loader, still waiting. A movement out there where the vanguard was concealed, and the white men's pieces spoke, and held off the threatened rush. Silence again—silence, that is, except for the gathering war whoops of the red men as they came nearer and nearer until, when within five hundred yards, the slow approach changed, and, with terrific yells, the whole army rushed forward in one great swiftly leaping charge. Then, crack! The breech-loaders spoke with vicious voices; and dozens of the Indians went to earth. The rest pressed forward and dozens more bit the dust. On still, and on, and it seemed that they must reach the corral unless—unless there happened what did happen; the intense fire of the white men, more deadly accurate the closer the marks at which they aimed, furrowed the dense ranks of the Indians, who, utterly dismayed at the miracle that must have made men grow at a word of command, went herding back, fleeing from the burning, killing wrath; only to be rallied by the valiant nephew of Red Cloud—a mere youngster with his spurs to win and to prove his right to the future leadership now held by Red Cloud.

In again—and out again, as the fire caught them; and yet again did the young chief gather them for a further onslaught, all to no avail. For three hours did that fight last, three hours during which the Sioux and the Cheyennes fought against the white man's medicine and found that it was too potent for them. They scurried for the safety of the hills, leaving the white men in undisputed possession

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of the field—undisputed that is, except for the heaps of red men that littered the ground. Disgusted, amazed—believing that the palefaces must have guns that went off without the aid of hands—Red Cloud realised that there was no triumph for him, and that his boasted clean sweep of Fort Phil Kearney was an idle dream.

He therefore ordered that his braves should not attack again but content themselves with going out to fetch in the dead and wounded. To enable them to do this with comparative safety, he sent out sharpshooters as a protecting force, to maintain a continuous fire upon the corral to prevent the defenders from coming out to take prisoners. The Indians resorted to all manner of clever dodges by which to effect the salvage of their dead and wounded. One method adopted was for a warrior to get several lariats, tie them together, take one end in his hand, leaving the other in the hand of a man hidden behind a rock, and dash in as near as he dared. Then he threw himself to the ground, and, under cover of his buffalo shield, crawled up to where the grim piles lay. There he fastened his rope about the ankle of a wounded or a dead man, the men behind hauled at the rope and so dragged the living or dead burden back to safety: the while that the rescuer, still sheltered behind his buck'er, crawled back the way he had come.

Valiant indeed!

While this work was going on Major Smith, with reinforcements from the fort, arrived on the scene, too late to take part in the grand defence, but not too late to relieve the garrison of the corral and to escort them back to the fort immediately in case the enemy, recovering from his shocked amazement, should take it into his head to renew

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the attack. There was no chance of the white men making a successful offensive against the red men because, despite the great slaughter, there yet remained so many that they still outnumbered the palefaces sufficiently to make an attack foolhardy and unwise.

The great Medicine Fight was at an end, and the glory of Red Cloud was badly tarnished.

THE HUMAN DECOY

The Red Man's fighting creed was: "Surprise, suddenness, no quarter, and many scalps, and get your enemy where you can strike him best!" Here's the story that shows how the Cowichans carried the creed into practice

LOCHA, Chief of the Cowichans, was angry to the point of desperation. For years his people had been the prey of the tribes of the north, chiefly the Stekins, who, swooping down with destructive fury like the north wind, had several times well nigh wiped out the unfortunate Cowichans in their village on Lake Cowichan River. Locha, knowing that to think of making a raid on the northern tribes in their strongholds was to court disaster, bided his time to take vengeance, having worked out a stratagem which he told himself would enable him to spare his village on the next occasion.

The occasion came. Up the river there came one day a Cowichan paddling his light canoe at a speed that told the alert villagers that something was afoot, and, even before he landed, men had sprung to their arms and old Locha had sounded the little needed war cry. The canoe shoved its nose into the river bank, the half-exhausted Cowichan stumbled to land, babbled out the message that he had striven so hard to deliver, and then lay down where he was and slept. The while that Locha prepared to give the Stekins, whom the messenger had said were coming hot pace up the river, a taste of blood-red war that should be little to their liking.

The canoe in which the messenger had come was requisitioned, and hauled up through the woods surrounding the village—woods, which while they proved often some protection to the village yet at others afforded cover to attackers. With Locha and the picked band of warriors went the chief's young son—a child whose arm could not bend a bow but who nevertheless was to be the saviour of his people, if the fates were kind. Locha, much as he loved the boy, was willing to run the risk of losing him. When the party was about a mile from the village, the canoe was pushed on to the river, the youngster was wrapped in a blanket, and placed in the canoe, which was pushed down to the beach and left there: while the warriors esconced themselves in among the trees and waited.

The ambush had scarcely been laid when the Stekins appeared round the bend of the river, so brief a time had the messenger arrived before them. But for the rustling of the leaves and the occasional cry of an animal, the woods were as silent as the grave, and never a headdress of warrior showed from among the trees. The only living human thing down there by the fringing forest was the tiny bundle lying in the canoe—the decoy that was to lure the Stekins to destruction. Painted and be-feathered, the marauders came sweeping along the river, silent in the hope of taking their victims by surprise. Locha, hidden behind the bole of a big tree, watched them with hungry eyes, his finger tightening up his bow; and his grim jaws set harder than ever when he realised by the extra spurt of the foremost canoe, that the Stekins had caught sight of the apparently deserted canoe lying on the beach. As they grew nearer Locha knew that they would see the bundle in it,

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and that curiosity would force them to stop and investigate. It was then that the plot was to begin.

The Stekins came on, silent still, silent even when the foremost canoe drove inbank and the warriors leapt out. Then followed much jabbering as they told themselves that the prize was not what they had thought—a girl-child left while her mother went gathering roots in the woods—but it was a prize even worth more in that it was a Cowichan boy, and one whose blanket showed him to be no common slave child.

As the warriors sprang ashore the boy, primed in his part, unrolled himself from his blanket, tumbled out on to the beach, and before the astonished Stekins realised what was happening, had gone bounding off into the woods like a frightened, fleet-footed deer, shouting with alarm. Even as he disappeared among the trees, and only his cries told the warriors where he was, the Stekins realising that he would set the whole Cowichan village by the ears unless he were caught, sprang after him. Other canoes had disgorged their human freight by this time, and the whole company of raiders joined in the pursuit of the nimble youngster.

Which was just what the cunning old Locha had plotted for.

His men, lurking in the places where he had posted them, lay still and silent, while the boy, knowing just where they were, made off in a different direction, for Locha's plan was not to fall upon the Stekins while they were in the woods. His idea was, if the enemies left their weapons or most of them in the canoes, to issue from the woods when the Stekins were well inside, surround the canoes, and so be ready for

the foe when they returned. Fortunately for the Cowichans, the Stekins did all that Locha had hoped they would do : as they sprang from their canoes, they did not trouble to carry their weapons, since their plan was to capture the boy, rather than to kill him, and to hold him as hostage in case anything went wrong. As the Stekins crashed through the undergrowth, lured on by the crying boy, a number of the Cowichans sidled out of their hiding places, and surrounded the canoes, while the rest took up positions which would enable them to surround the Stekins when they returned, baffled, from their pursuit.

Fainter and fainter grew the screams of the boy as he plunged deeper into the forest, and then ceased altogether, as Locha had coached him. For a little while longer the Stekins followed the plainly marked trail made by the hurrying youth, but as the trail led towards the village and they were unarmed, the pursuers, sensing probably that it was indeed a ruse to lure them into an ambush near the village, presently gave up the chase and began to wind their way back towards the beach.

The sounds of their coming were like music to the ears of the Cowichans, who, with arrows notched in bows, waited grimly, allowed their enemies to issue from the thick forest growth, and yelled their war cries at the moment that the amazed Stekins saw the warriors gathered about the canoes ; a flight of arrows followed that took sorry toll of the Stekins, and, after that, with loud yells of exultation, the Cowichans issued from the wood, knives and tomahawks in hand.

Locha led them, rejoicing in the completeness of the surprise, and, with many raids to avenge, had no compunc-

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tion in that he was fighting against unarmed foes. Taken though they were at a terrible disadvantage, the Stekins, realising that death was their portion anyhow, fought valiantly with their fists and feet; but fought in vain against keen-edged tomahawks and sharp biting knives. The erstwhile quiet beach of Cowichan Bay rang with the shouts of victors and the cries of dying victims. And away down at the village old men and squaws listened, and were glad as they prepared the feast with which they welcomed Locha and his triumphant warriors when they streamed through the woods with scalps hanging from their belts and driving what few of the Stekins they had condescended to capture—to do with them that which was worse than killing outright.

THE WHITE MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN CHIEF

The tale of a Paleface who, captured by Red Men on the side of the Americans, was taken into the bosom of an Indian family

CHARLES GRANT was his British name: and he joined the 42nd Foot just before the regiment was dispatched overseas to take part in the war between the American provinces and the British Government. After a short rest at New York the 42nd were sent inland to hold in check the red men from Lake Michigan, who, allied with the Americans, were making themselves an uncomfortable nuisance. These red men were ruled over by a very despot, known as Michigan John, and who, besides being a capable leader in war, was a master in trade, getting the best prices for fish and fur on periodical visits to the frontiers. John and his tribe knew the country like a book, and when the news came that a British regiment was in the field against them, the chief grunted—and prepared a little surprise for the palefaces, who, ignorant of woodcraft and native guile, were easy prey.

Michigan John laid an ambush, into which the 42nd dropped like ripe fruit from the trees. Lurking in a dense wood, with never a feathered headdress showing nor moving foliage to suggest a foe, the red men caught the palefaces in a sudden and devastating fire as they were marching

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through, all unsuspecting that the foes they were seeking to join issue with many, many miles farther on, had come out to meet them. With the dread war whoop of the Indians ringing through the wood, seemingly all around them, the British officers, afraid that their whole regiment would be cut down, gave the order for "Retreat!" and the bugle blared above the red men's howls. The Americans with the Indians, knowing that if the British officers were shot down, the men would be easier prey, sniped at the officers. So it was that young Grant, dressed in the gaudy garb of an officer, went down with a crash and lay helpless: while those of his companions who could smashed their way through the wood, seeking to escape the now closing in red men, who, with tomahawk and knife, were keen to fight hand to hand.

What actually happened to his regiment, Grant did not know, except that he saw the ground littered with forms like himself, and saw the Indians working with dripping tomahawks at the task of scalping the dead men. What his own fate was to be he did not know, scarcely cared, except that when it came he would face it like a man.

Then came a giant chief. It was none other than Michigan John himself, with reeking scalps hanging from his belt. He seized Grant's head, lifted his red tomahawk, and Grant threw out an arm as though to ward off the imminent blow.

Michigan John promptly let go of the hair. Whatever he was, he was no scalper of living men. Moreover, he knew sufficient to understand that his victim was an officer—and officers were worthy prizes to be taken!

The actual fighting was over now, and Michigan John, calling some of his followers, bade them cut down branches

and make a litter. One of the Americans roughly bandaged Grant's wound, he was placed in the litter, and carried all the way over to Lake Michigan, which was reached several days later.

Grant nearly died on that journey, and it was only the great care which the red men took of him that preserved his life. The youngster was grateful enough to them for this, and counted the red men not such dreadful fellows as he had been led to believe. He was to change his opinion very quickly! Soon after reaching John's village, where those who had stayed at home welcomed the victors enthusiastically, Grant was taken to the chief's wigwam and tended with such gentleness and care that after a while he made a good recovery. Then came the rude awakening: Michigan John, who knew a little English, told his captive that now he was better he was to be sacrificed to the manes of those who had died in the battle in the woods: Grant there and then got his new opinion of the red men.

Death itself had no terrors for him, if so be he could meet it in fair fight; but now that he was to die slowly and by torture, without a chance of defending himself, was sufficient to drive him almost mad beforehand. Grant implored Michigan John to kill him at once, but the chief shrugged his shoulders and told him in effect that custom was custom, and there was an end of it.

Thereupon Grant, determined to put a bold face on the matter, shrugged his shoulders at the chief, and prepared to meet his fate. "He employed many hours of the day and in the silent watches of the night," so his historians tell us, "in praying for fortitude and strength to die as a Christian."

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He saw the preparations made for his execution, but he showed no fear. His conduct touched Michigan John, and the old man found himself wishing that he had as brave a son to succeed him in the leadership of his people! Of that, of course, Grant was ignorant, and went on with his praying while the great feast was prepared and the festival arranged.

Then came the fateful day. Grant had managed to discover, to his concealed relief, that he was not to be tortured, but would be shot out of hand. He could now look forward to the last moment with something like equanimity as became a soldier, and made no show of resistance when the red men led him from the village to the neighbouring wood. All the natives went with him, the women, the children and the warriors making a terrible din with their death-chant in memory of their fallen comrades. The chief harangued his followers, and managed to work them into a pitch of high excitement. Then at a sign from him, Grant was placed in front of a tree—he had obtained the concession that he should not be bound and his eyes should not be covered, all of which served to heighten the respect that the chief had for him.

Michigan John was to be the executioner, and with deliberate care he loaded his musket. Grant looked him straight in the face as he stood there with the weapon levelled. He saw the trigger finger move, saw the flash of light and heard the click of the hammer as it fell, but that was all. No bullet whizzed by him, neither did one strike hot into him. A howl went up. Michigan John examined his musket, could see nothing wrong with it, reloaded, and fired again. With a similar result. John got angry. He

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sharpened the flint, re-primed, loaded again—and might just as well have tried to shoot Grant with a willow stick for all the effect. The musket missed fire for the third time.

Michigan John looked perplexed, the red men around looked amazed and a little fearful: this paleface seemed to be guarded by some unseen hand. Slowly and deliberately the chief reloaded, but, instead of aiming at Grant, fired in the air: and the musket went off as any decent musket should! Clearly there was something mysterious in this, and Michigan John swung round to his people and declaimed.

"My children, it's of no use to kill this white-skin; he is protected by the Great Spirit. When did you see the gun of Michigan John miss fire? The Great Spirit says 'No!' Listen, my children, I have no son, and this young white-skin shall become as one to your father. When I am old, and go to the land of my fathers, he shall be your chief. We shall teach him to hunt and to fish, and he will be as the son of the red man."

The Indians received the chief's declaration with shouts of joy. Grant received it in stupefied wonder that eventually grew into a great thankfulness at what he considered the answer to his many prayers. The festival went on—but it was of a very different character from what had been intended, and when the day was done, Grant found himself the friend of the men who so little while before had been foes intent upon his death.

Came the day when the initiation ceremony was to be held. Grant had his body tattooed in a handsome manner, his ears and nose were pierced, and various ornaments were suspended from the holes made; his skin was stained until

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he looked one with the red men, and after he was attired in full Indian war dress, was entrusted with a musket, given a tomahawk, which he soon learnt how to use, a scalping knife at the touch of which he inwardly shuddered ; and then was christened John—Michigan John, after his adopted father.

And so Charles Grant became an Indian, with the promise of a chieftainship ! Truly the cycle of life moves strangely !

He quickly dropped into the habits and customs of his new relatives, became a good hunter, grew greatly attached to the chief, gradually almost forgot that he was not a red man, and really began to look forward to the day when he would lord it over the tribe !

But, there was a fly in the ointment.

Not all the red men were keen on having a paleface, for all the dyed colour of his skin, for their master, and so there were rival factions in the tribe, some liking the white man, others hating him and hoping to find some safe opportunity of putting him out of the way.

That opportunity seemed to have arrived when Grant went out on a hunting expedition with a number of the red men. They picked up the tracks of a panther, which they could tell was a big brute, and, anxious to bag him, they followed the clearly marked trail. They found him at last, and one fellow wellnigh lost his life when the panther badly wounded by a lucky shot, turned and sprang back across a fallen tree by which he had passed over a gulch. The red man escaped as by a miracle, but the arrow that he had aimed at the beast went wide, and the panther, bounding away again, chased by a score or so of the Indians,

took refuge in a cave. Many attempts were made to dislodge him, but the panther refused to budge.

Grant, who had taken his due part in the hunt, now found himself in a quandary. His rivals—he knew them by now, every one—dared him to essay the difficult feat of driving out the panther. Grant refused, knowing that it was a hopeless task, and one that was almost certain to result in his death. From taunts, the red men turned to threats, and from threats to action, for one of them, on his persistent refusal, struck at him with a tomahawk. Young Grant, realising that he was in the power of his rivals, at last resolved to attempt the deed perilous, and, with his scalping knife between his teeth, he crept into the cave which was so low that creeping was the one means by which to enter. Fortune was with him on that day, for, after silently crawling in and remaining quiet while he grew accustomed to the pitch darkness, he was able to distinguish the panther, which had retreated into the farther corner of the cave, and as Grant could tell, was in its death-agonies. Realising that even then the panther was no mean enemy to encounter, Grant advanced cautiously, knife in hand, and at last could almost feel the hot breath of the beast upon him. Then with nothing but the glaring eyes of the brute to guide him, Grant leapt ; his knife slashed quickly across the panther's throat, the death-struggles ceased, and the youngster, trembling not a little, seized the beast by the tail and dragged it out of the den—to the astonishment and chagrin of the rivals who were now utterly convinced that their enemy bore a charmed life !

Thereafter, Grant had something like peace, and during the three years that he stayed with Michigan John and his

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followers, had little trouble with his rivals. He was happy too, and felt no desire to go back to his own kind, and, indeed, when, at the end of three years, he went with Michigan John to Charlestown to trade with the Americans, he did not show any anxiety to make himself known, even to one of his officer comrades of the 42nd whom he met there. As for old Michigan John he was terribly afraid that his adopted son would immediately revert to his former habits, and he did his utmost to prevent him from doing so. Grant upset Michigan John by accepting the invitation of the officer to accompany him to his quarters—though up to then the only thing that Grant had done was to speak to the Briton in his own tongue, and thereby to make him realise that he, too, was British. While in the officer's quarters Grant revealed himself, and the officer did his best to prevail upon him to return to his own people. Grant refused, or at least hesitated, and the officer, after having pointed out his duty to him, left the matter, for the time being. But, after Grant had left, he wrote to his commanding officer, telling him what had happened, and the C.O. promptly sent a dispatch through which was handed to Grant. Opening it, the youngster found it to be an imperative order for him to rejoin his regiment immediately!

Grant knew what this meant; if he refused to obey he would be treated as a deserter, and he could not bear the thought of that. He was placed upon his honour, and though the wild, free life of the vastness called him, and there was waiting for him the post of chief over the red men, yet honour won, and he told Michigan John what must happen. The old chief protested vigorously, and did his utmost to make Grant change his mind.



"The arrow that he aimed at the beast went wide" *see page 68*

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"Return, return, my son John," he said, "with your old father. Why should you seek again to become a white-skin? Oh, my own John, break not the heart of your Indian father!"

Grant was adamant, despite his own desires, and at last Michigan John realised it was fruitless to entreat any more. He believed that the Great Spirit who had saved the life of the paleface youth had now called him back to his own people, and that was an end to it all. Therefore, the old chief, taking a fond farewell of his lost son, turned his face toward Lake Michigan and went home, sad at heart over his great loss, while Grant, divested now of all the red man's trappings (though he took them with him to serve as memorials of his life as a red man) went on to New York and rejoined his old regiment. New York made a great fuss of him; London made a greater, even royalty finding time to take an interest in the man who had come so near to ruling an Indian tribe. Grant, dressed in his red man's attire, danced the war dance for royalty, and made high personages hearts leap into their throats when he gave vent to the dreadful war whoop that he had learnt out there on the shores of Lake Michigan.

THE GREAT RIDE OF RED THUNDER

The tale of an Indian's fine example

PAH-ME-O-NE-QUA was his native name, which means Red Thunder—and he knew the great west like a book—knew it so well that he was often employed as a guide by parties of settlers and prospectors. It was while engaged in such work that he made one of the most famous rides of the plains, thereby saving his employers from a fearsome death.

The little band—there were but three others, palefaces, besides Red Thunder—were crossing the prairie in the Upper Missouri district, and the white men, although by no means strangers to the wilds, were as ignorant children compared with Red Thunder. For all that they knew there was nothing impending to disturb them—they could see no signs, nor read the story of the winds. But, Pah-me-o-ne-qua knew, although he was, for a time, unwilling to arouse the fears of the white men. His eyes were trained on the horizon, and his nostrils were dilated as though he were a horse scenting water afar off. Taciturn and thoughtful, he rode on with his white companions, and, when a halt was called for the midday meal, he, for some while, did not join them.

He stood in the long grass, with his hand on the neck of his wild horse—a mustang whose every line showed strength and beauty; at last, one of the white

men, sensing that something might be wrong, asked him what was the matter

For answer, Red Thunder swept his hand round.

" See," he said, " this is the plain of the fire grass where the fleet, bounding wild horse mingles his bones with those of the red men, and the eagle's wing is melted as he darts over the surface ! "

Knowing something of Indian character, the paleface gathered that the high sounding words were meant as a warning, and there was not a little discussion in the camp as to what might be in the wind ; the general opinion being that Red Thunder was foretelling the coming of a prairie fire—unless, indeed, he was but reminiscing in reminiscent mood, and dwelling upon past catastrophes in which his friends had died with the wild horses of the plains. However, as Red Thunder himself vouchsafed no further information and appeared, after a little while, to have forgotten what he had said, joining the white men in the meal, the first impression of danger passed away. The meal went on with pleasant, if idle, chatter, but it did not go to the end because, suddenly, Red Thunder sprang to his feet, flung out his arm, and pointed far out above the waving grass.

" White men," he cried, " see you that small cloud rising from the prairie ! It is the Fire Spirit awakening—the hoofs of our horses have aroused him. Feel you the wind ? It is from his nostrils—and his face is this way ! "

And then, without another word, Red Thunder leapt for his steed, sprang upon his back, and was galloping away before ever the white men had had time to realise what he meant. Almost subconsciously, however, it came to them

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that Red Thunder was warning them of the coming of a prairie fire—the red man always went a long way round to tell what he knew! One thing was certain: and that was, that if Red Thunder had gone it was their duty to follow him did they want to escape the leaping, scorching fury that, as they knew from other's experiences, swept with amazing rapidity when once the fire had caught the summer grass.

Therefore, those three palefaces sprang for their horses. No time to think of collecting cups or still uneaten food; there, where ever and anon they saw the feathered head of Red Thunder showing above the eight-foot grass off the prairie, lay their route. And they urged their horses on to catch up with him. It came to them that this was Red Thunder's way of saving them; he would set the pace for them, even if the doing of it might mean the death of his own steed. Miles ahead of them they knew there was a towering bluff, and it was for that Red Thunder was making though, knowing how quickly the fires of the plains spread, there was all too little time in which to reach the bluff, beyond which lay safety.

To traverse the long grass was difficult enough at any time, but to do so at the tremendous speed the fleeing party found necessary was a hundred times more difficult. The horses stumbled; there was always the danger of one of them putting its hoof in the hole of some animal and going down in a heap, crushing its rider beneath it, or, maybe, breaking its leg. In that case the unfortunate man would be helpless, and, even if taken up by one of his comrades, would stand but little chance of escape since the animal, double-burdened, would not be able to keep up a

Ride of Red Thunder

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pace sufficient to enable it to carry them out of the danger zones.

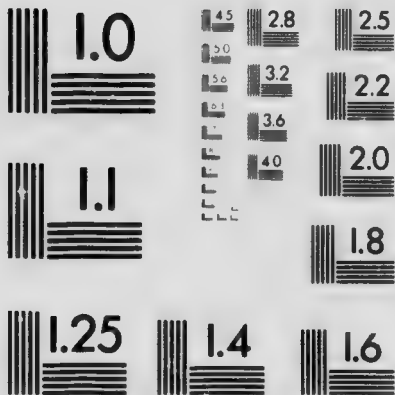
That was a grim and nerve-racking ride. From behind came the feel of the wind now—hot augury of impending evil; above, birds screamed as they flew in wild terror, all manner of animals, small and large, joined in the stampede, gathering in numbers as the mad race went on. Midday though it was, yet it seemed that evening was come apace, for the sky darkened and the fleeing men knew that it was caused by the uprising volume of smoke spreading like a pall. It was, indeed, a time for haste. And before them the palefaces saw the figure of Red Thunder as he raised himself on his horse's back to guide them on their way. He was earning his money indeed. He was riding for all his horse was worth, but to the terrified men behind him it seemed, during the times they dared raise themselves from where they crouched low on their animal's necks, that the bluff was still as far off as ever. With every yard covered, the heat still grew in intensity. Then the darkened sky became blacker, at the same time that behind them flared up great leaping flames that burst into ruddy, far-spread glare which cast long shadows before them.

The wind was now howling, and it brought with it a dreadful heat that bit and made the anxious men believe that the fire was even nearer than it was. Yet it was near enough—so near that though the bluff at last was actually looming up out of its vague indefiniteness, it seemed yet too far away to afford the barrier they needed. There was no hope—no escape—and—then, out from the grass that was now billowing like waves of a storm-tossed sea, there broke Red Thunder, urging on his horse, whose flagging strength



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was whipped to mighty effort as the Indian put him to the foot of the bluff and lashed him mercilessly. The palefaces saw and realised that they were indeed almost at the foot. Then, back into the teeth of the wind came a yell, that seemed almost like a man's death-cry. They knew what it was, however ; it was Red Thunder calling them to hasten and follow him.

They needed not that injunction and lashed their own steeds. On, and on, without a look behind, and but one look forward as they lifted their heads to see which way Red Thunder went. And what they saw in that fleeting moment made them gasp. There was Red Thunder, his robe flapping in the air, driving his foaming steed at an amazing pace up the steep wall-like face of the bluff. It seemed an impossible task, and one that they would never have attempted in ordinary circumstances : sufficient to have led a horse carefully up the bluff, and even then to have been afraid lest loosened stones and crumbling earth brought disaster. And yet, there was Red Thunder going up like some demon in legend, thrown into ruddy relief by the glare behind, earth flying beneath his horse's hoofs and stones rattling down.

Another yell and a quick glance over the shoulder—it was Red Thunder yet once more urging on the men who followed him. Where the red man went the white men could go, so they told themselves, as they issued from the grass and reached the foot of the bluff. How they did it they never knew ; every sinew was strained to breaking point it seemed ; they were breathless, nigh suffocated, scarcely able to maintain their seats on their steeds ; and yet, they reached the summit and found Red Thunder there, lying, a sweating, heaving man beside his exhausted

animal. They dropped from their own animals—and looked behind them, in wondering thankfulness at what they had escaped from.

"We had risen from a sea of fire," one of them said later. "Below, an immense cloud of black smoke filled the plain from horizon to horizon. It rushed round the headland swaying giddily on a bed of liquid fire. Higher yet, around us, enveloping and swamping us, the white smoke, pale as death, was streaming and rising up in magnificent cliffs to heaven.

"I stood secure, but trembling. I heard the maddened wind hurl the flames like billows around the bluff. I saw a thousand lightnings flashing. And then it was gone, and I looked on nothing but black and smoky desolation."

And they knew it was Red Thunder who had saved them even in saving himself, since none but a red man could have set such a pace and have led successfully up the steep face of the bluff.

THE COWARD

How Shem-ba-gah discovered the Creed of the Red Men

THE red men never did like a coward, and they were severe in their punishment of him. Thus Shem-ba-gah, the Kansas warrior, discovered. He and two of his comrades, having nothing better to do one day, slipped out of the village intent upon adding to the stores the corpse of a turkey-cock that they had heard gobbling in the woods. Be it understood that the red men were adepts at imitating the voices of birds and animals and often adopted this means of luring enemies into ambushes. Shem-ba-gah ought to have remembered this, but, after all, if folk did remember these most important things, other people would stand little chance of getting success out of their tricks! From which it will be gathered that the gobbling that Shem-ba-gah heard was not that of a noisy turkey-cock at all, but of some enemies who were hoping that a Kansas or so would be inveigled into the forest and then—well, it happened.

Shem-ba-gah and his two companions followed the "voice," and the next thing they knew when they entered the forest was a couple of arrows that killed two of them.

Out of the undergrowth then leaped some Ottawas ; some of them promptly scalped the dead Kansas warriors, while the rest pelted off after Shem-ba-gah, who was tearing home for dear life, yelling with fear as he went.

He kicked up such a row that when he neared the village he alarmed the whole tribe. The warriors, sensing that enemies must be about, sprang to arms and went filing off into the forest in quest of the Ottawas, with whom they were then at war. They did not find them, for the Ottawas, realising that Shem-ba-gah had probably set his people by the ears, slithered off, leaving no trail behind them.

Although the Kansas braves followed them almost to the lodges of the Ottawa village, they could not overtake them. Being unprepared for battle on a large scale, the Kansas went back, turned about, and on the way, struck the trail of a hunting party.

It needed but the red man's skill to discover that the trail had been made by Ottawas, so, eager for vengeance, the Kansas took up the trail, followed it relentlessly, and in due course came up with the hunting party. There was no time lost in attacking, and in the scrap which took place the Ottawas were killed, every one of them, and the returning braves entered their village with the chant of victory on their lips and the bleeding scalps of Ottawas at their belts.

Followed a feast. The women and children were wild with delight and voluble ; the old men were no less pleased, even if their eyes spoke their pleasure rather than their tongues. A pipe of victory at last was smoked by the old men and the warriors—a very solemn gathering it was beneath the trees, no man speaking as they smoked.

And Shem-ba-gah—poor, scared Shem-ba-gah ! When the braves had gone chasing the Ottawas, the old men had

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seriously looked at his musket, wagged their heads solemnly, but said nothing. Now, while the rejoicings were going on, Shem-ba-gah, highly delighted with himself, and taking some credit for having occasioned the capture of the Ottawa scalps—would they have been taken if he had not given the alarm that sent the warriors forth?—walked jauntily up to the smoking company.

The men looked at him, and then looked away. He approached still nearer, and the man he was standing near got up and walked away. Others did the same. And no man spoke.

Neither women nor children took the slightest heed of him. For all the notice taken he might as well have been out there in the forest, with the hair of his head lifted and an Ottawa arrow sticking in his body.

Shem-ba-gah knew then. The old men had seen the ball still in his musket and knew that he had not fired a shot in self-defence, but had simply taken to his heels and run. And this was his punishment: they ostracised him—sent him to Coventry. He was a coward. . . . Shem-ba-gah turned from them all even as they had turned from him; but whereas they turned in scorn, he turned in very shame . . . And he went from his people to become an outcast and a wanderer.

For he was a coward. . . .

The treatment of cowards was not always as passive as this, even among the Kansas, who, on the whole were a fairly decent people! Sometimes the methods used were red and grim, but they had this virtue in them, that the young braves were kept at a high pitch and worked up

into a frame of mind that kept them from showing cowardice in the face of the enemy.

A certain chief, E-gron-ga-see, had led the Kansas warriors on a warlike expedition, and although it was successful, the chief was by no means pleased, since one of his warriors, Te-pa-gee, had proved himself a coward. What the unfortunate brave had done is not told in the annals of the Kansas, but he seems to have been as much ashamed of himself as the rest were, for when the warriors returned home he isolated himself from them, did not join in the festive celebration, and sat sullenly on a tree-trunk.

Dancing women and children filed through the village and gallant warriors told again and again of their prowess in battle: while E-gron-ga-see occasionally looked over at Te-pa-gee. Then the chief placed himself at the head of the procession and led it slowly, as if he would add to the mortification of Te-pa-gee, towards the tree whereon the brave was sitting. Suddenly, as he was within a few yards of the coward, E-gron-ga-see held up his hand, the procession came to a herding halt, the chief stepped forward, and, standing before Te-pa-gee, said:

"Thy cowardice hath forfeited thy life!"

A howl of execration uprose; all revelry ceased; and Te-pa-gee, springing to his feet, waited, in wondering anxiety, to hear the verdict proclaimed, to know the manner of his punishment. He soon knew, poor wretch!

E-gron-ga-see, without another word, drew his knife. . . . And Te-pa-gee had paid the penalty of cowardice

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And then the sports went on, no man or woman or child taking heed of the grim reminder of the fate meted out to cowards, although, maybe, the young men occasionally looked askance at it and registered vows that they would rather die in battle than come to such a sorry end.

HELD !

An incident out of the most heroic page of
Canada's history

QUEBEC, the centre of the French adventurers in the New World, the place whence the missionaries sallied forth on their high mission, was a thorn in the side of the Five Nations. Hurons and Algonquins had been converted by the Frenchmen, or at least had been won to friendship, but the fighting red men of the Five Nations refused all overtures, and Quebec and the outposts flung out in the farther wilds lived in daily dread of the war whoop. The forests were alive with watching marauders, ready to pounce upon any who dared leave the city for one of the posts ; often enough the red men would creep up almost to the very guns of Fort St. Louis and slip away with scalps ; the settlers reached such a point of fear that they dared not till their lands.

The Five Nations were, indeed, masters of the situation and knew it—believed that they could, at their own appointed time, fall upon the city and reduce it to ruins. They prepared to do it ; and the French, who at times made reprisals—always costly and never sufficient to break the spirit of the red men—knew that the great attack was pending when, in 1660, they captured an Iroquois and burnt him at the stake. It is an interesting sidelight on the methods of the Jesuits, this sacrifice of the red man. The priests "converted" him—that is, they bap

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tised him even while the stake was being driven into the Place d'Armes in Quebec. "Converted" or not, the red man must die as an example to his fellows and in punishment for the crimes of the Five Nations in general, though, being "converted," he would pass to Paradise, as the Jesuits assured him and their followers. As for the Iroquois, he did not seem to take any interest in his baptism or his new-found religion; instead, he threatened the palefaces with the vengeance of his people, who were even then, he said, gathering for the final attack that should wipe out the French settlement.

So, in dying, he left a legacy of dread to the Frenchmen. Small attacks of the past were to be followed by a deliberate attempt of massed warriors to clear the French out. The occupants of the outposts fled to the shelter of the walls of Quebec, and soldiers, placed at coigns of vantage, watched and listened for the coming of the Indians. They were long in coming, however; so long, in fact, that some of the more intrepid spirits went back to their homesteads; and still more fearless souls set forth on an expedition enterprise designed to smash the attack before it had time to mature.

It is a thrilling story—an epic of Indian warfare—it saved Quebec when it seemed that nothing could save it. Down the St. Lawrence and into the Ottawa, and so up to and across the Lake of Two Mountains, several canoes swept carrying seventeen young men, who were going to immolate themselves upon the altar of courage if, haply, they might save their fellows. Chief of them was Adam Daulac, Sieur des Ormeaux, who was the mature age of twenty-five, and had been a soldier of rank in France before he went

to Canada three years previous to his great enterprise. The dying Iroquois had said that the Five Nations were gathering on the Ottawa and St. Lawrence; Daulac reasoned that they must pass the Long Sault Rapids, an ideal spot at which to make an attempt to hold them off. Daulac knew that in going he took his life in his hands, and the sixteen young men who pledged their word to go with him knew it also. Yet they went—seventeen against a horde of they knew not how many.

They reached the Long Sault in safety and without giving rise to suspicion, and just below the rapids found a palisade fort that had been erected by an Algonquin war party. Almost in ruins already, its tree-trunks tumbled about, the little fort yet offered some measure of protection against surprise attacks, and the Frenchmen took possession of it. They were joined a few days later by forty Hurons, who had come down from Quebec under their Chief Anna-hotha and five Algonquins under Mituvemeg. It was an addition of strength for which the French were grateful. Daulac kept his men always on the *qui vive*, and there were scouts out on the river and in the forest trying to learn the movements of the enemy who, it was known, were up the river and ready to begin the descent.

Came the day when scouts slipped back to camp with the news that two Iroquois canoes were coming down the Sault, laden with warriors befeathered and painted for war. Because the scouts had been far away from the camp they had taken so long in getting back with the news that Daulac scarcely had time to set his ambush before the canoes were sweeping round the bend near where the little fort stood. From the sheltering undergrowth

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in the forest the concealed Frenchmen let fly a volley that riddled the canoes and tumbled most of the occupants out or into the bottoms, dead or wounded. It needed but a second volley to make the survivors go overboard after their dead comrades and to swim as rapidly as they could for the farther shore, followed by snipers' bullets. Despite the efforts of the French to prevent it, a few of the Iroquois succeeded in reaching the shore, and, hurrying through the forest, scarcely troubling to hide their trail, they made for the main body of the Iroquois, a considerable distance along the stream.

The return of the unfortunate scouts sent the Iroquois wild with war fever and the lust of revenge. Two hundred of them, armed to the very teeth and breathing fury, embarked in canoes and, carried by the rapids, swept down the river. They did not know how many foes there were to meet—they did not care. Sufficient that they were palefaces, members of the community they had pledged themselves to wipe out.

The great drama was about to begin in real earnest.

Meanwhile, Daulac and his companions, considerably gratified at the success of their first encounter with the enemy, and trusting that as time after time the Iroquois came down the river in parties they would be able to deal with them no less faithfully, finished the meal in which they had been interrupted. They apparently did not imagine that the foe would come against them so quickly, and—they were caught napping. The kettles still hung over the fires which they had built outside the fort, some little distance away, and they were rejoicing over their victory when a look-out gave the alarm signal;

and, springing to their feet, the French and their Indian allies rushed to the river bank—to see a fleet of canoes coming on the bosom of the churning rapids.

Daulac realised at once that an ambush against such a large number was not likely to be of much use, and, indeed, not unlikely to lead to disaster to his own company, who, in the event of the Iroquois getting through, would not be able to reach the safety of their fort before the enemy was upon them. So it was a case of taking to the fort at once, and the allies rushed for it even while the Iroquois were disembarking.

Judging from the size of the fort that there could not be many antagonists, the Iroquois did not waste any time on working out a plan of attack; they simply hurled themselves in a mass upon the fort. Caught by a steady fire from the French and their red comrades, the Iroquois wilted; courageous chiefs sprang forward and whipped up the failing spirits of their men who once more came on, only to be punished cruelly and to fall away again, disagreeably surprised at the defence put up by the few men. It was evident that some other tactics would have to be employed if the resistance was to be broken down and the hated palefaces were to be accounted for.

So away from the murderous fire the red men rushed, seeking shelter in the forest; and the defenders could hear them working hard at tree-felling, from which they judged that the Iroquois were building themselves a fort—no doubt against the possibility of the palefaces making a sudden and swift attack upon them.

All this nervousness was to the good, so Daulac and his comrades read it; and the preparations of the Iroquois

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also gave the Frenchmen time in which to improve their own defences. The little fort, sorry bulwark against such a mass of foes, was strengthened by the addition of a row of stakes inside the wellnigh ruined palisade; the space between was filled with stones and earth reaching to the height of a man, but with a score of loopholes to enable the defenders to see and to shoot when the enemy made their second attack. At each loophole three men were placed.

This work was still in progress when the Iroquois, evidently realising that the longer they allowed the stronger would their foes' position become, broke out of the forest. The manner of their coming this time was terrifying. Whooping they came, and dozens of them carried blazing torches, fashioned, as the defenders could see, out of the wreckage of the French canoes which the Iroquois had smashed. Daulac knew they were intending to carry out the red man's favourite war trick: they were intent upon setting fire to the fort and either roasting the defenders or driving them out to give battle in the open, when, against such numbers, there would be little chance of escape and none of success.

Daulac steadied his company, palefaces and red men alike. No shots were to be wasted—no man was to show himself. All stood by their loopholes and poured in a steady, gruelling fire that caught the red men, held them off, scattered them, and when they rallied and tried again to reach the fort, took heavy toll. Not a man of all those Iroquois reached the palisade, but the ground outside was littered with men lying dead or dying, some, even in death, still clutching flaming or smouldering torches. Some there

were who tried to set fire to the fort by hurling their improvised torches, and more than one marksman left the loopholes for a brief while to stamp out a torch that would otherwise have spelt disaster. . . .

And the Iroquois were driven back again into the covering forest, rebuffed, it is true, badly punished, but by no means defeated. Time and time again did they issue from the trees and by various methods tried to break through the defence, only to be hurled back with heavy losses. It was grim work and red that the defenders had to do, and they did it with all their skill, knowing what failure meant ; and Daulac and his handful of white comrades at least understood what even a measure of success might mean in the way of giving the Iroquois occasion to think hard before making their attack upon Quebec where there were more than a handful of men.

Came a lull, in which the Iroquois did not attack, and the palefaces and their allies were able to fetch breath. They could not see what was happening, but they could guess that the lapse of time was not being wasted by their foes, but what steps they were taking was not to be known for some while yet. Actually, the Iroquois, baffled, and angry because of it, had sent a canoe down the river to call up a band of no fewer than five hundred men, who were, they knew, massed at the mouth of the Richelieu.

For five days no attack of a serious kind was made upon the fort, but that did not mean that the defenders were left undisturbed. Intermittently the Iroquois let fly bursts of fire, and the defenders never knew but what they might portend the coming of another offensive. For their part, Daulac and his comrades lost no chance ; whenever

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an unwary Iroquois showed himself they fired ; sometimes, indeed, they fired when they could see nothing, in order to let the enemy know they were on the alert. This constant watching, the unceasing vigilance required, the never relaxed strain of nerves resulting from the expectancy of attack, combined with little food and still less water, wrought havoc with the defenders.

Matters reached such a pass that several men, carrying small utensils, made a gallant dash for the river to fetch water. A gruelling fire was thrown over at them as they sped ; some died, but others, wounded, mayhap, succeeded in bringing up supplies—all too little, but nevertheless something to help keep the tongue moist and to wet the parched lips. Crushed Indian corn was the only food available, but this could not be eaten without being moistened ; and the dashing process was too costly by which to get water. So someone dug a hole or two in the ground, and the joy of those men as they saw muddy water oozing through the clay can be better realised than described.

And so they lived—in anxiety, and in agony, for five days.

The suspense was more dreadful than the actual time when they were firing to keep off an expected attack, and they would rather have had the attack than the suspense. Their wish was fulfilled on the fifth day, for then, the pandemonium of seven hundred savage voices raised in a terrifying war-whoop broke the comparative silence of the forest ; and an orchestral accompaniment in the shape of hundreds of muskets being fired told of the coming of the great attack. By this time Daulac had realised that the Iroquois were waiting for reinforcements,

and the volume of sound told him now that they had come.

The time of crisis had arrived !

Scores—nay, hundreds—of Iroquois broke cover, and whooping, yelling, firing as they swarmed, they advanced upon the fort. The almost exhausted defenders were ready, however, and right well did they show it. Their fire was no less accurate than it had been previously ; bunches of Iroquois went to earth as the muskets spoke in rapid succession, and as the large calibre musketoons which Daulac had brought with him spewed out their charges of iron scraps and lead which, scattering among crowding red men, took heavy toll and did more execution than a score of muskets could have done.

Still the Iroquois pressed forward, spreading themselves out in more open formation in order to present less concentrated marks to the defenders. Yet the latter kept up their fire and, refusing to be intimidated by the seemingly inexhaustible numbers of the attackers, succeeded in holding up the attack and sending the Iroquois scuttling for the forest again.

Not defeated yet, however : merely aroused to a fury of anger and determination which manifested themselves during the next three days in resolute attacks that were all broken. Fighting when the Iroquois essayed to advance, praying when they fell back dismayed, the Frenchmen held the fort, with never a hope of escape, but with the happy consciousness that they would indeed achieve some good, since even the fire-eating Iroquois would be impressed by their defence and begin to wonder of what stuff were the palefaces made if so few could do so much.

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And in the shelter of the forest, what time they were not fighting, the Iroquois were hard at work. Trees were felled, not to construct another fort, but out of high to fashion protective coverings. Logs of some five feet in height were split and lashed firmly together ; and when all was ready, a forlorn party, crouching behind their shelter, moved forward to the attack, with a crowd of warriors following them. At the sight of the moving shields the defenders got busy again, and their fire was hot. Unprotected men were killed and wounded, but those behind the shields were not touched ; and realising that it was these who constituted the greatest danger, the palefaces and their allies concentrated their fire upon them. But nothing they could do would stop the advance, and at last the Iroquois vanguard was at the palisade, hewing at it with their hatchets, striving to cut a way through which their fellows might rush to the final victory.

The Frenchmen fought as they had known they would have to fight in the end ; but they fought in vain. Daulac, encouraging his men to fight on and on, filled a large musketoon with powder, set a fuse, and lighted it, and tried to fling the improvised " bomb " over the barrier where it would burst among the Iroquois with deadly effect. It was a boomerang weapon, that musketoon, for Daulac, weak from starvation and sleepless days and nights, had not the strength to pitch it where he wanted it to fall. It struck the palisade and dropped back among his gallant comrades. Bursting with a terrific roar, it not only killed and wounded several Frenchmen, but caused such a confusion that the Iroquois, quick to take

advantage of any opportunity, were able to swarm up to the portholes.

While some of them fired rapidly through these, others were hacking at the palisade. Breaches were made here and there, and through them the Iroquois scrambled—to fall upon the now hopeless but still fighting defenders. Daulac died, swiftly, to his own good fortune; and his comrades, enraged at the death of their leader, sold their lives dearly.

Swords and knives now took the place of muskets as the Iroquois, anxious to take the palefaces alive, closed with them. But the Frenchmen were determined to die rather than to be captured, and so vigorous was their defence, and so costly to the Iroquois was the attempt to seize them, that at last the red men poured in volley after volley until not one lived.

But though they died, they died not in vain. Even as they had hoped when they set out on their forlorn venture, their gallant stand gave the Iroquois pause. With the grim evidences of the fight about them a council of war was called, and in wordy frenzy chiefs advised the giving up of the planned attack, since, if so few men could make so gallant a stand and cause such havoc, there was little hope of any assault of Quebec being successful.

RED MAN'S HONOUR

Ruthless in his warring, the Red Man was often enough as jealous and relentless in his love of honour as ever was the Paleface

ON the pipe-clay bank of the Blue Earth River, the Ottawas and the Missouris met, not in war, but to bury the tomahawk beneath the tree of friendship, and to sit under the shadow of the tree and smoke the pipe of peace—in token of the end of a war that had been raging between them for a considerable time. Chiefs on both sides made impassioned speeches and registered their tribal vows of friendship for their erstwhile foes; and in due course the tribes separated, each free of the burden of war and the need for exercising the constant guard that had been necessary during the conflict in which so many of the most gallant warriors had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

So, with exchanged wampum belts, the Ottawas and Missouris went their different ways—in peace.

A few weeks later paleface traders pitched a camp upon the bank of the Missouri, and, the news spreading, both Ottawas and Missouris hastened to see what the white men had to barter for the furs that the redskins had taken during a fairly prosperous hunting season. Of course, there was whisky; the palefaces knew how high a value the red men set upon that, and how many precious pelts could be obtained in exchange for a bottle of the fire-water that was eventually to prove the damnation

of the Indians. There was great competition for the whisky, and a good deal changed hands on the first day. Both Ottawas and Missouris obtained more than they ought to have done, and the peace that had been made on the bank of the Blue Earth River was almost broken as the result.

Old enmities die hard—not even the exchange of wampum belts and the high-sounding speeches of leaders can change the minds of men ; and the fire-water got into the heads of the red men and in some cases revived memories of the past battles. There was, for instance, a little squabble between a Missouri and an Ottawa : it assumed such alarming proportions that their friends had to interfere and exhort them to peace. Both sides, knowing that blood-letting would result in war between the tribes, did their utmost to prevent this. They separated the quarrelling men, held up the precious wampum belts before them, besought them to remember the tomahawk that had been buried, and, to make assurance doubly sure, gave them each an extra dose of whisky which put them both *hors de combat* !

The quarrelsome pair dropped off to sleep, almost in each other's arms, and their friends breathed freely. The Missouri came round first, and, still befuddled, when he caught sight of his old enemy he drew his knife and sent him to the land where there is no whisky, no fighting, no tomahawk or musket to trouble the peace of man. When he saw his victim lying still and dead the Missouri sobered up, and, fearing for his life, made a bolt for the fringing woods, where he concealed himself. He could but remain there, not daring to essay the attempt to get right away

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because there were hostile tribes through which he would have to pass, and to try to do so alone would bring disaster upon himself. Therefore he lay hidden in the thickets, wondering what would happen when the murder was discovered.

What happened was this.

Wellnigh all the rest of the red men had succumbed to the potent spirit of the palefaces who had made a good profit, and did not worry at all about the inter-tribal differences of their customers. The latter, when they in due course recovered consciousness, albeit they were still thick-headed, discovered the dead Ottawa. And there was a great hullabaloo. The Ottawas, staggering somewhat, but with eyes blazing angrily and with weapons all ready for the fray, shook their rivals out of their drunken sleep, howled their execrations at them, and demanded satisfaction. They insisted upon the production of the villain who had committed the fell deed. The Missouris, anxious to avoid conflict, assured them they would do all that was possible, and made a hunt for their drunken comrade.

They hunted in vain, and the Ottawas, probably thinking that it was a put-up job, vowed they would massacre every Missouri in the camp. Muskets were primed, bows drawn taut, and many a Missouri would have bitten the dust that day had not at that instant a Missouri, brother of the murderer, stepped boldly out from amongst them, wampum belt in hand, and, standing before the Ottawas, called to them to listen to him.

"Hear, O brothers!" he cried. Weapons were dropped, and every Ottawa stood waiting upon his next words.

They did not know who he was, but he quickly told them. "And I," he went on, "brother of him who has broken the peace that was made, swear upon this my wampum belt that I will bring him back so that my brothers the Ottawas may do with him as they think best for his evil work!"

He paused. A great shout of approval went up from the Missouris behind him. As for the Ottawas, they dropped back a little way and held a consultation, the outcome of which was that they agreed to a truce during which the Missouri should go seek his red-handed brother.

And the Missouri went. A cunning man of the wilds, he quickly picked up the trail of his brother, and, following it, tracked him down to where he lay terror stricken in the thickets in the forest. These two men were devoted brothers, and the man who had pledged his word to bring the other had had a stern fight with himself as he went on his grim quest. It would have been easy for him to have done nothing but hide and wait for what might happen. He was out of the way of the vengeful Ottawas, and if he failed to return he would likely enough escape should they fall upon the Missouris in the camp. But that way was the way of dishonour; he had given his word, and, much as he loved his brother, the latter had done that which was wrong and deserved punishment. He had imperilled the peace of the tribes.

Therefore, the Missouri, when he discovered the hiding man, was remorseless and adamant to the pleadings of his brother to be allowed to go. There was more than his own honour at stake; he was the guardian of the

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honour of the Missouris, and, moreover, away there at the camp, scores of his friends were in danger of their lives, which depended upon his taking back the man who lay crouching before him, pleading for a chance.

"It cannot be!" was the verdict. And, using threats that he possibly would not have had the heart to carry out in case of resistance, he forced his brother to follow the trail through the wood—the trail that led to the camp on the river bank.

Arrived there, he found the two tribes watching each other closely, each suspicious that the other might start things, and each determined not to be caught napping. It was two hours since he had left, and during that time feeling had run high among the Ottawas, who, fearing that the man they had allowed to go might be playing them false, had more than once made up their minds to take their revenge. Then better counsels prevailed, and they held their hands.

And at last the two Missouris issued from the wood. Their appearance was the signal for a shout of anger to rise from the throats of the Ottawas, who rushed at them in a body, seized the quaking murderer, and praised the man who had brought back his brother to their justice.

Justice! Grim and red and without delay. All that crowd of Ottawas fell upon the unfortunate wretch, instead of upon the palefaces who had given him the fire-water and who ought to have been the mark of the red man's displeasure! Tomahawks and knives practically hacked the poor man to pieces; and then, performing their rites

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for the spirit of the murdered man, the Ottawas finished off the drama with a war-dance and a drunken orgy !

While the Missouri, for the sake of the honour of his tribe and the peace that was so much needed, grieved over the sacrifice that had been the only way to achieve the end he had had in view . .

THE SQUAWS WHO GOT TIPSY

Everybody has heard of Daniel Boone, the Pioneer of Kentucky. Here is a story of his escape from Red Men, who hated him as they probably hated no other White Man

THE story of Daniel Boone is a romance in itself, but it is outside the province of this book to tell it ; there are, however, a few good stories of his relations with Indians, which naturally belong to a book on the redskins. Here they are.

The red men wanted to get Boone—wanted him badly ; they did not like his determined methods and his evident intention of firmly establishing his settlement in Kentucky. Therefore they were always on the prowl for him, and as Boone was a born hunter and often ventured into the wilds alone, they had plenty of opportunities of getting him—had he not been so wary an individual, up to all the red men's dodges and as fearless as they themselves.

But even the cutest are caught napping sometimes, and Boone was outwitted. He was on a lonely hunting expedition on the banks of the Green River, and although he had been alert all day, he had failed to pick up any signs that he was being trailed. The Shawanees, knowing that Boone was a dead shot, kept well hidden and made no attempt to pick him off during the day preferring to wait until night when they proposed to take him prisoner and subject him to the special brand of torture they con-

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sidered he deserved. Tired out with the chase, Boone at last pitched camp, lighted a fire, cooked himself some food, and, because he felt confident that there were no Indians about, threw himself down to sleep—though he took the precaution of stamping out his fire in case the light of it should be noticed if any redskins should approach near the spot.

It was the moment for which the Indians had been waiting; they had lurked in the fringing woods all the time that Boone had been feeding, and now, moving like silent wraiths through the darkness, they surrounded the man who, scarcely before he had rolled himself in his blanket, felt a number of hands on him.

Instantly Boone was wide awake, but he realised that there was absolutely no chance of escape, for the groping hands had him pinioned so that he could move neither hands nor feet.

Boone said nothing; there was no need to ask what it all meant, for he knew as well as the Indians knew. As Boone said, when telling the story later: "To have attempted to be refractory would have proved useless and dangerous to my life; and I suffered myself to be removed from my camp to theirs, a few miles distant, without uttering a word of complaint. To act in this manner was the best policy, as by so doing I proved to the Indians at once that I was born and bred as fearless of death as any of themselves."

Which, to say the least, is the right kind of philosophy for a man who lives with death always knocking at the door!

That philosophy, of course, was not all resignation;

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for Boone, even when he allowed his captors to lead him away, was racking his brains for some means of effecting his escape, having little relish for playing the chief part in the drama of the next day. For their part, the Indians were jubilant, and when they arrived at their camp let the silent hunter know that he had fought his last fight and hunted his last quarry. Boone let them laugh and let them dance their triumphant capers; he also without a word of protest let the two squaws who were in the camp search his hunting shirt for trophies. Naturally, they took everything, including a flask of whisky, which pleased them more than anything else. Monongahela, as the red men called whisky, was a prize worth having, even although there was little of it.

As he watched them passing the flask from hand to hand, Boone found himself wishing that he had a flask ten times the size, because it would have provided him with the loophole for escape. He knew that there was not enough in the small flask to be of any use; there were too many red men to have their share, and, to make matters worse, the squaws, whom Boone feared least, seemed to be having the bulk of what there was. Boone, lying on the ground just outside the circle of drinking Indians, was still cudgelling his brains for the means to escape, when there came the report of a gun. Instantly the braves sprang to their feet, a squaw, with the flask at her mouth, almost dropped it in her alarm; and then Boone saw the red men talking in low whispers to the women. Boone, straining his ears, gathered that they were discussing the wisdom of leaving the captive with the squaws while they went out to see what the gunshot

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portended. Boone's heart throbbed wildly as he waited for the decision; and throbbed wilder still when with grunts the braves went to where their weapons were placed. One of them moved to Boone and inspected the bonds, jeered at him without affecting the equanimity of the captive, and then all the men went hurrying from camp.

Boone's eyes were on the squaws and his whisky flask, which evidently the men had forgotten all about, for they had left it behind with the women. Boone could not help smiling; it was for all the world as though the squaws had contrived to have the gun fired in order to get rid of their men and so have undisputed possession of the precious monongahela, for hardly had the braves disappeared in the deeper darkness beyond the circle of light thrown out by the camp fire, than the women proceeded to empty the flask. It held potent liquor which proved the undoing of those squaws, who, having already had more than their full share of it, now finished the remainder, and within a few minutes were nodding by the fire. From nodding they dropped into deep slumber, and finished up by tumbling in heaps on the ground, where they lay and snored, having no thought for the captive who had been consigned to their care.

Boone set to work at once; he knew there was no time to lose, for within a short while the braves might come back, when his chance of escape would be remote. Trussed up securely—so securely that he could make no impression on the knots—the captive at first did not know how to take advantage of the opportunity that had offered itself; but at last an idea came to him. It was a wild idea, it is true, and one that, in the carrying out, would

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involve pain ; but pain self-inflicted with the possibility of escape was much to be preferred to the torture that he would have to pass through if he did not escape.

Setting his mouth firmly, he rolled over and over towards the camp fire. Reaching it, he deliberately placed himself so that his bound hands lay in the fire. He kept them there, though the pain was racking and he wanted to scream with the agony of it all, until the thongs were burnt asunder.

Still the drunken squaws slept, and Boone, biting his lips till the blood came from them, set to work to free his ankles. The knots were well tied, the fingers that wrestled with them were sore and scorched, but the man knew that every moment was precious ; he knew, too, that frantic handling of the knots was useless—that he must tackle them calmly. And at any moment the red warriors might return.

Boone won over the red man's knot-cunning, and stood, free of his bonds—free, too, he knew, to take vengeance on the Indian women for all the indignities they had put upon him. He gathered up the weapons that had been taken from him ; took, too, the flask that had proved so friendly, looked at the women as his hand weighed the tomahawk, and shook his head as he vowed that he could not kill in such circumstances.

"For once in my life," said Boone afterwards, "I spared that of Indians. I now recollect how desirous I once felt to lay open the skulls of the wretches with my tomahawk ; but when I again thought upon killing human beings unprepared and unable to defend themselves, it looked like murder without need, and I gave up the idea."

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So out of the circle of the camp fire's light Boone moved into the darkness beyond, notching a sapling as he went to mark the spot where he had been so near to death. Incidentally, many years afterwards that sapling, grown then into a great tree, enabled Boone to settle a little legal dispute that arose regarding the boundary of a claim.

Boone, as soon as he left the Indian camp, made for the woods, slithered into their welcome cover, passed on with a swiftness and with as indistinguishable a trail as ever Indian left behind him, and made for the river. Reaching it, he crossed, flung himself into the cane brakes on the other side, and pushed a way through, eventually getting back to his settlement without the Indians hitting his trail, or, if they did, without them catching up with him.

A TYPICAL INDIAN RAID

How the Red Men went to war on the Paleface

THE story of the settlement of the palefaces in the lands of the red men is one full of grim terror. In few instances was it that the white men were able to put up their wooden shanties and plant their fields without having to keep constantly on the defence. Most often it was a case of courageous souls—women as well as men—living almost always with musket in hand and never knowing when the red men would swoop in greedy blood-lust. Resenting the intrusion of the palefaces into their hunting-grounds—and the Indians were perhaps more jealous of these than of anything else—the natives seemed resolved to give no one any rest, hoping, no doubt, to intimidate the newcomers and force them to flee. Yet, despite all this, the settlers pushed farther and farther into the preserves of the Indians, and not the least intrepid of the whites were the missionaries. Most notable of these were the Jesuits, men who came over from France to tell the gospel story, and their achievements are a story in themselves. Du Peron, Ragueneau, Isacc Jogues, Fathers Daniel and Brébeuf, and a host of others, went far out from Quebec, the centre of French settlement in the seventeenth century, founded little missions and tried to convert the red men. Some they did, as the Hurons, who at least were won over to friendliness. The Iroquois, however,

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were not so tractable, and not only did they persecute the priests but the Hurons as well.

The difficulties of the priests and the ignorance of the Indians is clearly enough shown in the accounts of the former. The Hurons, for instance, for a long time would not agree to baptism, thinking it some "medicine" of the palefaces. They feared the sign of the Cross as a spell; litanies were wizard incantations. The Hurons put to the account of the whites a smallpox plague that swept through the land in 1637. Yet through it all the Frenchmen, always expecting the hatchet blow, held on, and at last won over the Hurons to friendship.

Then the Iroquois went on the war path. In 1640, while the Mohawks threatened Quebec, Isacc Jogues and his friends built a mission-fort, Ste. Marie, as a place of refuge for hunted Hurons who were in daily fear of the marauding Iroquois. Thousands of fugitives hurried thither, and Jogues found rations short. So he went up to Quebec, although to do so he had to slip through a cordon of Iroquois; but on the return journey with a dozen canoes of supplies he fell into the hands of a Mohawk war-band. Most of Jogues' companions were put to death at once, but the remainder were taken prisoners and suffered the full limit of Indian torture. They ran the gauntlet; they were cut by women with knives and shells; they were burned with blazing brands by children; they were tortured, some of them, until they died in dreadful agony; and Jogues, after all his torment, lived. He was kept a slave, until some time later Dutch settlers on the Hudson purchased him and sent him home to France.

Jogues went back to Canada, however, the following

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year, and finding the Mohawks still at war, offered to go as a peace emissary. Laden with gifts and wampum belts, the intrepid missionary ventured among the very people who had tortured him and killed his companions. For some time he was successful—successful, that is, in that he lived ; but at last not even the wampum belts could protect him, and he had to retrace his steps to Quebec.

Then, to the Iroquois on a similar mission—quite as fruitless, and more tragic than the former visit. Jogues was murdered.

This sort of thing was happening every year and everywhere ; sometimes it was on a small scale, sometimes on a large scale, as for instance when, in the summer of 1648, the Iroquois burst like a prairie fire upon the fort of St. Joseph, whence most of the Huron warriors had gone to Quebec. Father Daniel, the Jesuit priest, was there with his flock of a thousand women and children and old men. He was conducting early Mass when the war-whoop rang from the fringing woods. Then the Iroquois were in the village, with brands that lighted the lodges and with tomahawks that took toll without mercy or consideration of age or sex. The braves swarmed up to the church, and scores of brands, flung like lightning streaks, set fire to the edifice. But for the priests the place was empty. Father Daniel, brave man that he was, sought to win the red men to peace ; they laughed at him as he stood at the door, wreathed in the smoke and licked by the flames of his burning church ; and they laughed as they saw him drop beneath the weapons of a band of their fellows.

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All through the village the Iroquois were raging, firing, pillaging, killing the hapless Hurons. That day St. Joseph was turned into a heap of smouldering ruins, and seven hundred of its inhabitants were taken prisoners and herded through the forests to the Iroquois' villages.

Deliberately the Iroquois had set out to extinguish the Hurons, and well they carried out their purpose. The raid on St. Joseph was duplicated at St. Ignace, only three people escaping. These hurried to St. Louis, about a league away, and had scarcely reached it before the Iroquois were there too. Father Brébeuf and Lalement had, after a terrible time, induced the panic-stricken Hurons to resist the enemy, and the palisade around the village was strongly manned, with Brébeuf himself cheering on the none too valiant Hurons.

The braves of the Iroquois surged up to the palisade, and bitter penalty did they pay before they reached it. There stern hand-to-hand fights were fought with tomahawks and knives, and the Iroquois were driven off—only to come up again, seemingly in as great numbers. Once more Brébeuf's flock—sheep, as it were, turned wolves—hurled the invaders back; but by this time the palisade was shattered, and great breaches showed in its line. Relentless in their fury, and valiant, the Iroquois hurled themselves at the Hurons for the third and last time; they broke down the defence and swarmed over the wreckage of the palisade and the dead bodies of brave defenders. In and out among the cabins they went, with burning brands and biting tomahawks and hatchets; and when they had finished their fell work St. Louis was a blazing pyre for the Hurons, who, fortunately for themselves,

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had died in the battle. The rest, with Brébeuf and Lalement as partners in their grief, were herded together and taken off to the smouldering St. Ignace.

Grim was the work there. Scores of Hurons were butchered in awful ways, and the missionaries wellnigh fainted at what they saw, although they strove to comfort their flock, knowing all the while that their own ordeal was coming.

And what an ordeal !

To write of it makes the heart ache at the same time that the blood tingles in the veins as one thinks of the courage of the men.

Brébeuf was bound to a stake, and it was his quiet exhortation of the Hurons that enraged the Iroquois and made them fall upon him in their fury of cruelty. They tore away his lower lip. . . . They thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. But Brébeuf cried not with the pain nor asked mercy. The Hurons, upon whom he had called to be brave, must not have a leader who could not be brave himself !

Lalement next—Lalement who was tied to a stake near his fellow. Strips of bark smeared with pitch were wrapped around his naked body, and then, tied to a stake, he was set fire to.

So these two brave men faced each other, suffering untold agonies yet silent as the grave. Frenzied at his fortitude, the Iroquois added to the torture of Brébeuf by hanging a necklace of red-hot hatchets about his neck ; and in crude and awful mockery of the holy rite of baptism they poured boiling water upon the prisoners' heads.

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All the devilish ingenuity of the red men was called upon that sorry day, and Brébeuf, for all his courage, must have been grateful when he saw an Iroquois advancing on him tomahawk in hand. But it was not death yet; it was merely a scalping that lifted the hair and made the blood run that the fiends might drink and so take unto themselves some of the martyr's courage. He died, at last, after four hours of dreadful agony; but he left behind him Lalement, who lingered seventeen hours, and died eventually beneath a hatchet blow.

Unsatiated, the Iroquois swept in frenzied haste to Ste. Marie, where the priests Bressani, Ragueneau, and some other Frenchmen, with their Huron flock, awaited their coming. They did not reach the fort, however, for the few remaining Hurons had gathered themselves together and, knowing that it was death in any case, barred the road to Ste. Marie—barred it so effectually that the Iroquois were forced to fall back with heavy losses. Yet they had achieved what they set out to do, and they did not trouble after their repulse to force the way to Ste. Marie: the Hurons had ceased to exist as a nation.

Scattered parties roamed far and wide, while Ragueneau, collecting a small band of them, held on at St. Joseph as long as he could in face of famine and spasmodic attacks of Iroquois, at last having to abandon the post and go with his flock to Quebec. That was in 1650, and the Hurons settled on the Island of Orleans, where, feeling secure so close to the growing city, they lived in peace until 1656, when the Iroquois, hunting them out, and determined to finish their grim work, fell upon the

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settlement, killed many, captured many more, and all but wiped out the remnant of a once great nation of red men.

And that is a picture of Indian warfare and Indian cruelty—a picture that could be duplicated a hundred times with all the same grim horrors.

CUNNING!

The Red was always expert in the art that is now called
camouflage

PERHAPS, after all, it was not so much the cunning of Nee-Kish-lau-Teeh that enabled him to make his escape from a great band of Loup Indians as it was the providence of the Good Spirit who made the Loups, for all their care and efforts, miss him as he lay in a grave that he had dug for himself in the sand. Nee-Kish-lau-Teeh and about fifty other Mahas were camped at evening on the bank of a tributary of the La Platte after a good day's hunting; therefore they were tired out, and it was a comparatively easy matter for a large band of Loups—traditional enemies of the Mahas—to creep up under shelter of the fringing forest and to fall upon the camp without being discovered before their rousing war whoop set the whole camp astir. It was too late then for the Mahas to do anything but scatter for safety; even while the war cry was ringing came a flight of arrows and a scatter of bullets, and then the Loups were in with knife and tomahawks. Unerring was the aim of every Loup, and swift was the thrust and hack of every one of them, so that of all those fifty Mahas who had sat round the camp fire broiling the meat fresh cut from the game, but four or five were able to make a dash for safety. Nee-Kish-lau-Teeh was one of them, and he, with his comrades, made for the river, the only avenue of escape, since they were surrounded on every other side. Into the till then placid waters they plunged and struck out for the other

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side. The Loups—those of them who were not busy stripping gory trophies from fallen foes—dashed after them and, lining the bank, fired at the fugitives. Spouting waters told where arrows and bullets had plunked, shrill screams told where one or other had found human billets; and in the end but one man, and he Nee-Kish-lau-Teeh, was left swimming, with Loups still firing at him.

A good swimmer, the Maha thrust forward with fine strong strokes, taking no heed of the sharp pains that twinged through him as he was wounded by a couple of shots from shore; no heed, that is, except to spurt forward in grim terror that the next shot might get him and put an end to his attempt to escape. On and on till the bank was reached—the bank with its greater danger, perhaps, than the river itself, since he might be potted off while clambering up. Still, there was nothing for it but to do so, and the Maha, with agility that came from dire necessity, flung himself on the bank, picked himself up, and ran like the wind for the cover of the trees.

Among them, he was ready with the plan that he had been forming while swimming, and proceeded to carry it out. He determined to watch his enemies rather than flee directly from them, knowing that by doing so he might the more easily be able to outwit them. So, taking a circuitous route through the forest, he made for the river again, striking it at a good distance downstream, but still near enough to be able to watch what was going on at the camp that was littered with the scalped bodies of his companions.

He saw the jubilant Loups making preparations to cross the river, and he realised, what he had told himself

would be the case, that they were intending to track him down and so obviate the possibility of any survivor getting back to the Mahas with the news of the massacre—news that the Loups knew would bring their enemies out on the ruthless war path.

Nee-Kish-lau-Teeh waited just long enough to see ten Loups take to the river, and then slipped off downstream, safely hidden among the trees. He went on until he came to a bend which would befriend him while he did what he had in mind. There he took to the water, and crossed to the other side—the side on which the main body of his foes was still camped. Then he did what might appear a foolhardy thing: he went upstream, keeping well hidden, it is true, until he came to within easy distance of the very camp that had been surprised. Great dense masses of drift grass, growing among the willows fringing the river bank, suggested good shelter, and in amongst these Nee-Kish-lau-Teeh dived. From there he watched. The Loups who had crossed after him were passing down the river, evidently having picked up his trail, despite the care he had taken to hide it; but Nee-Kish-lau-Teeh knew that they would soon lose it again because of the extreme precautions he had taken to conceal the fact that he had crossed the river again. In and out among the trees the search party went, now hidden, now showing themselves on the bank, and the Maha chuckled to himself as he thought of the trick he had played upon them. All the rest of that short evening he watched, until, having gone down well beyond the point at which he had recrossed the river, the Loups retraced their footsteps and went over to their camp. Nee-Kish-lau-Teeh lay in his drift grass and watched.

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the glare of the camp fire for a long time that night—watched it until the silence told him the Loups had gone to rest, to dream, no doubt, of the gory glory of the day.

Then the Maha went to sleep too, feeling secure from molestation during the night.

Morning, and the camp astir ; morning, and the Maha alert, wondering what the next move in the grim game of hide-and-seek might be. He was hungry, but that counted for little, even although the morning breeze brought down the appetising odour of breakfast. After their meal the Loups got to work. As before, a band crossed the river and began to trail down the farther bank, but this time another party kept pace with them on the nearer bank.

This was something that Nee-Kish-lau-Teeh had not bargained for ; he knew that it meant that the Loups had at any rate a suspicion that he had recrossed the river, even if they did not know exactly where he had done so. Perhaps, indeed, they had picked up the trail near the bend, and the Maha found himself piecing together the journey up from the bend to the drift grass, trying to remember how well or how ill he had covered the trail through the woods.

Nee-Kish-lau-Teeh was in a tight corner, and knew it. Not content with lying among the grass, he burrowed himself a grave in the sand, deep enough almost to cover him, and there he lay with pumping heart, hearing and not now seeing the questing foes. What he heard confirmed him in his fears : the Loups had guessed his trick, and they were mouthing all manner of threats as to what they would do with him when they caught him.

From both banks the parties hailed each other ; but the only party that troubled the Maha was that on his own side. He could hear them beating the undergrowth and getting nearer and nearer to him. Came soon the tread of their feet and the crackling of dry twigs as men trod on them. It seemed to the fugitive more than once that the end had come, and it was only by great self-restraint that he held himself in from springing up and making a wild dash for it. Yet he knew that while he lay hidden there was some hope, and so he remained where he was—remained there even when, as happened more than once, he saw a Loup towering above him, and expected that the next second the man's foot would fall upon him. Grim, dread moments they were that passed while the search party hung about his hiding place ; and the Maha had but little hope of escaping the vigilance of the Loups.

Then receding sounds told him that they were passing by ! Yet he did not move, dared not shift ever so slightly to ease his tense body. He lay there, cramped and half-choked with the sand, all through the day, hearing the beaters as they scarified every part of the forest near by.

Evening again, and with it the danger of being trodden upon by the returning search party. The iron nerves of the Maha were almost broken then as the Loups swung past, but he kept himself in hand, and presently, as he gingerly raised himself slightly, he saw that the band had reached camp, where, judging by the clatter going on, they were reporting the fruitlessness of their search.

Nee-Kish-lau-Teeh could not forbear a quiet chuckle as he told himself he had indeed outwitted the enemy, and with the red man's instinct he believed that he was

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quite safe now. So firm was he in this belief that he threw himself down and, having nothing to eat, went to sleep to forget that he was hungry. A man less cunning than he would probably have taken advantage of the darkness to get away, but the Maha was wiser than that : he realised that the Loups were probably quite satisfied that he had already eluded them and made his escape, and that therefore they would not try to get on his trail again but be off with the morning to their own village to prepare against the attack they were certain to expect would come when the sole survivor of the massacre gave the news to the Mahas. Nee-Kish-lau-Teeh knew that if he made a move before the Loups did he might quite easily leave, for all his care, a trail that would be picked up, and the result would be that the whole band would set off after him.

Therefore he slept in peace that night, and in the morning watched the Loups gather up their scalps and other trophies and cross the river. Even then the Maha was not in a hurry to make a move ; he was not going to be caught by any counter-ruse on the part of the Loups who might well be hiding in the trees yonder, waiting to snipe him off if he showed himself.

In fact, hungry as he was, the Maha lay in his sand-grave all that day, not moving except to peer cautiously through the dense mass, expecting every time to see a Loup headdress among the trees. He saw none, however, but that did not tempt him to move until night came on. Then, stealthily, like a panther stalking its prey, he slithered out of the grass and, making a wide detour, struck out for the original camp of the Loups. Arrived there, he reconnoitred it, and finding no one about, sought for food, but

without result. Then, growing bolder, he made for the camp where his dead comrades would be lying, staring with unseeing eyes at the star-spotted sky above. There he knew—unless the enemy had taken it—was buffalo meat, harvest of the fine hunting that had been so terribly interrupted. Meat there was—meat that the Maha devoured wolfishly; after which he washed his wounds that had festered and grown painful during the two days when he could not tend them.

Then, with a last look at the grim reminders of the spring of the Loups, he set off on a journey that was to take him many days—a journey on which he had to go weaponless, and, except for a little meat that he took with him, and the roots that he dug with his bare hands, foodless. He dared not travel during the day, and so the nights found him slinking like a shadow through the dark forests or across the wide prairies until at last he came to his own country and his own people.

Wailing and gnashing of teeth, the throb of the war drums and the uproar of the war dance, greeted the returning brave when he told his story. The Maha bucks painted themselves and flew to arms. And in the war that followed—a long and bloody war it was—the Mahas so badly trounced the Loups that the latter were forced to leave the district, so that no more were the Mahas in danger from them when they went, as they did every year, to the chase on the grounds where the great massacre had taken place.

BESIDE STILL WATERS

The Thrilling Tale of a narrow escape from the Red Men

AMONG the party which went with Lewis and Clark in search of the head waters of the Missouri was a frontiersman named Colter, a man who loved the great wild, and knew its terrors and joys ; who thought nothing of making solitary journeys of thousands of miles ; indeed, when the expedition reached the Missouri source, he obtained permission to remain behind to do a bit of hunting, and afterwards made the little trip back to St. Louis, three thousand miles, in thirty days. These frontiersmen were hardy souls in very deed, and had need to be. They ventured into the unknown regions swarming with hostile Indians, and trapped and hunted to their heart's content, with a little change now and again in the shape of a scrap with the red men.

Colter, for instance, when he left the Lewis party, joined company with a hunter whom he discovered in the country, a man named Potts ; and these two had fine sport, and gathered a good collection of pelts by trapping, despite the fact that the Indians were all over the place, and that it was necessary to set the traps at night, take them up early in the morning, and lie concealed during the day.

Good sport, but risky ! A job for the brave, but not for the foolhardy !

Colter was brave, certainly, but he was not foolhardy ; whereas Potts—well, Potts was something of a fool. As witness the morning when, slipping along stream in a small

canoe, inspecting and emptying and taking in traps, the two white men heard a great noise which set them thinking. The river ran between high precipitous banks, and it was impossible to see what occasioned the noise; Colter suggested that it was caused by a large band of Indians, but Potts jeered at him for a nervous ass, and swore the sound was made by a herd of buffaloes.

Against his better judgment Colter allowed himself to be persuaded to go forward; to his own regret and the undoing of Potts. For they had not gone very far when on top of the banks there appeared something like six hundred Indian braves, in two parties, one on each side of the creek. It was a ticklish moment—to try to get through that gauntlet was to run the risk of being shot down, to go toward the red men was to chance being taken prisoner and tortured to death. A sorry outlook, and the frontiersmen did not know what to do.

The Indians solved the little problem for them by making signs that they were to come ashore or else—and significant actions with weapons indicated the alternative. Colter, trusting to luck, swung the canoe shorewards, and ran it on to the bank. The instant the canoe touched land the red men snatched Potts's weapon from his hand. Colter, realising that any sign of weakness would be fatal, simply went for those reds and wrested the musket away, handing it back to Potts, who was still in the canoe. Directly he received his weapon he pushed off into the stream again, leaving Colter to his own resource.

This move was a signal for a flight of arrows to go speeding after the retreating man, and a moment later he yelled out: "Colter, I'm wounded!"

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"You're a fool to try to escape!" was, in effect, Colter's answer. "Come back!"

Potts lost his head, and, instead of taking Colter's advice, fired point-blank at one of the Indians, shooting him dead on the spot. That did it; the red men simply riddled him with arrows, and the canoe, now out of control, drifted away.

As for Colter, the Indians jumped for him, overpowered him, and, having relieved him of his arms, proceeded to strip him naked. Then they set him in their midst, and held a council, debating as to what they should do with him. There were not wanting men with fiendish suggestions as to slow methods of death, one of the most pleasant of which was that the white man should be tied to a tree and used as a shooting butt. The impassive paleface, knowing that nothing he could say would have any effect, listened to the primitive debating society, all the time wondering how he might be able to get away—if that were at all possible.

Suddenly the chief seized Colter by the shoulder, and said something which the paleface, knowing the language, understood. Could he run—fast? The significance of the question was not lost upon Colter; he knew that he was to run the gauntlet; if he could outpace the red men he would be allowed to go free, if not—well, the end would be certain and grim. With great presence of mind, Colter, who was considered by his frontiersmen comrades to be an excellent runner, lied—and counted it as a virtue.

"Very bad runner," he told the chief, who grunted his gratification and expectation of pleasure; a bad runner was fine sport in gauntlet running!

Turning to his followers, he bade them stay where they were, and then he himself led the white man out on to the prairie for a distance of about a quarter of a mile.

"Save yourself, if you can, paleface!" the chief then said, giving him a shove; and, without any further injunction, Colter took to his heels. Barefooted, naked, Colter went bounding across that prairie with the war-whoop of the red men to urge him on. Knowing the district fairly well, he made off for a fork in the river that is now called Jefferson Fork. That fork lay six miles across the plain, which, covered with prickly pear, was not the best kind of running track for a man with bare feet. Still, there are some things worse than the thorns of prickly pears; and one of them is to undergo the ministrations of frenzied red men.

Colter ran—for his life; and he ran as he had never imagined he could run. For three miles or more he hot-paced it, leaving, as he knew, a red trail behind him, where his lacerated, painful feet dripped blood. Three miles—and each seemed like three hundred. Three miles—and then, for the first time, he glanced over his shoulder to see how he was faring in this race for life. Far away behind him the main body of the red men was coming along; far away enough for him not to be unduly afraid of them, especially as they were very scattered. But, not more than a hundred yards from him was one man, who, carrying a long spear, looked like being the winner, unless—Colter put on an extra spurt—too much of a spurt, in fact, for the effort caused the blood to flow from his very nostrils. Still, he went on—until he was within about a mile of the river. He had not looked behind again—always his face

was to the front, and he did not know how he was faring. There came to him, however, the rapid footfalls of his pursuer; and he knew that his enemy was closing in on him. A rapid glance behind showed him the red man within twenty yards—and still gaining. The moment could not now be long delayed when that gleaming spear would bite deeply and with finality into his body.

Colter came to a swift and amazing decision—it was a case of staking all on a slender thread of hope. He came to a sudden halt, spun round, and spread out his arms. Smothered with blood, he presented a terrifying picture to the red man, who, in addition was probably amazed at the action of the paleface, and, not knowing what it meant, tried to pull up himself and throw his spear, guessing there was some trick behind Colter's move. But, exhausted by the running, he stumbled and fell while in the act of hurling his weapon. Down to the ground the spear went, breaking in half; and, quick to seize the chance—he had not dreamt of this, in fact—he had scarcely hoped for anything but death coming a little quicker as the result of his wild action—Colter snatched up the point end of the spear, and sprang for his foe, pinning him to the earth. Then, without waiting to see whether the red man were dead, Colter went bounding over the plain once more; he had seen other Indians coming apace, and knew that every moment was precious, filled with life and death for him.

After he had been running for some while longer he looked back and saw that the foremost Indians had reached the spot where their transfixed companion was lying; a circle of them gathered round, to await the coming of others. That gave Colter the space of time he needed to

enable him to reach the patch of cottonwood towards which he had been making ever since he had set eyes on it. He knew that beyond it lay the Fork, and, exhausted as he was, he held on his painful way until he was through the wood. Reaching the river, he plunged in, swam a little distance down, and then, finding what he considered a safe place, stayed there, his head just above the water. The bank overhung just a little, and he hoped, rather than believed, that if the red men did not enter the river and go to the other side, he might escape their vigilance. A slender hope, indeed !

How long he remained there without hearing sounds of the enemy he did not know, but at last there came sounds which told him that the red men were forcing a way through the wood, and might at any moment reach the bank. Anxious moments passed for the hunted man. Colter waited, and then the red men pattered along the bank, looking for their quarry, and yelling their war-screches to intimidate him. Colter stayed where he was ; stayed there and shivered, despite the heat of the day. Up and down the bank, in and out among the trees, the Indians searched, but all in vain. Then came reinforcements ; red men mounted on horses, who stood and looked along river and across, seeking signs of the fleeing man, but finding none. More than once the Indians halted right above the very spot where Colter lay concealed ; and, despite the fact that they might at any moment plunge in and try to reach the other side, when he was sure to be seen, the man did not dare to duck because he knew that the least commotion of the water would reveal his hiding place.

For hours he stayed there—hours filled with gnawing

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agony of mind and no less gnawing agony of body ; and he longed for night—night and its friendly cloak under which he might steal away.

At last night came and found him still there. Wide-spread had the red men been during the day as they searched, but now they gathered near where Colter was in the water. He heard them telling each other their news of failure and anathematising the paleface for outwitting them. And then the man could have wept with very joy as he heard them begin to retire from the bank, evidently intending to make their way back. Whether they had all gone he could not tell ; he knew that it was quite on the cards that they had left a few of their number hidden among the trees lest the paleface, who might still be near at hand, should essay to make his escape when he heard the main body moving off.

So Colter remained hidden a while longer. Stiff and shivering with the cold, hungry and on tenterhooks, he waited until the darkness deepened and the wood was as silent as the grave ; then, believing that the way was clear, yet not daring even to risk getting on the bank, he began to swim as swiftly as he could with the greatest silence possible down river. On and on he swam, joying in the warmth that came to him as he exercised his stiff and numbed limbs ; on and on for what seemed hours, until he reached what he judged was a safe place at which to land.

Even then, exhausted as he was, he did not stay, but hurried on as fast as his poor wounded feet would allow ; he did not dare to loiter to extract the thorns that were causing him such intense pain. All that night he travelled

and well on into the next morning, when he threw himself down, a famished, exhausted man, to take a few hours' sleep to awake again a miserable man, and cold despite the blanket of leaves which he had gathered for himself.

Food there was all about him—but not for him, since he had no weapon with which to hunt the animals that would have provided him with satisfying meals. And there was at least a seven days' journey before him ere he reached the point for which he was making, Lisa's Fort on the Big-horn Branch of the Roche Jaune River. There was every need for care lest he be discovered by any prowling red man, for which reason he slept in the daytime and travelled at night. Almost maddened by hunger he delved for roots where his woodcraft told him roots should be, and found sufficient to keep body and soul together.

So, at fearful cost of pain and effort, the paleface fugitive held on his way, finally reaching the Fort after a journey as trying as any man had undertaken.

BETWEEN RED MEN AND BUFFALOES

A Stirring Tale of Indian Warfare

IT goes without saying that the white men to whom fell the work of keeping the red men in hand and of teaching them the might of paleface government had some exciting times. There was no telling when the Indians would break out and sweep in devastating waves across country, and the Government men at their far-flung stations were continually on the qui vive and ever expecting that some unfortunate settler or mail runner might dash in with news of plundered settlements or oncoming hordes of painted warriors.

Up to the middle of the nineteenth century this sort of thing was of frequent occurrence; Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Sioux and many other tribes were seized with the war frenzy, and the soldiers of the United States, that had no foreign battles to fight, found their hands pretty full with fighting the Indians, and became, incidentally, as cunning in the arts of Indian warfare as the Indians themselves. They were as brave too, and as full of resource, and the history of the Indian wars teems with thrilling adventures, hairbreadth escapes and heroic achievements.

There was, for instance, William F. Schmalsle.

Schmalsle was a scout amongst scouts, and formed one of a supply train under Captain Wyllys Lyman, attached to an expedition that, in 1874, was engaged in coping with a rising of Kiowas and Comanches. Kansas, Texas and

the district around the Red River were the happy fighting grounds of the recalcitrants during that tragic autumn. Lyman's supply train was trekking back towards Fort Supply, and, shortly after crossing the Washita, was discovered by a large party of red men who, believing that they had an easy capture, drove their half-wild ponies hard in the hope of attacking before the palefaces had time to arrange their defences. Lyman, however, was not to be caught napping. He rounded up his wagons, and formed a corral from within which it was hoped to scare off the Indians.

The red men, however, numbered something over three hundred, and although they did not dare to rush the stockade, contenting themselves with riding round and round, clinging to the far side of the shaggy ponies and taking pot shots whenever a white man showed, it was evident they were not to be scared off. It was a case of a siege, and, like any other captain of a beleaguered fortress, Lyman began to think about securing relief. Many of his men were already dead or badly wounded, and when night came Lyman called a conference behind the sheltering wagons.

"We've got to get relief somehow," Lyman told his men. "But how?"

"Somebody's got to go for it," was the reply of Scout Schmalsle. "I'll go!"

As Schmalsle was one of the best riders of the little party, it was decided that he should go as he had volunteered to do, and, youngster though he was, he had no delusions regarding the danger into which his wild dash might lead him. All that he asked for was the best horse in the train. He got it, for Lyman had the whole stock

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examined in the darkness and the silence that was only occasionally broken by the cries of defiance flung at the camp by the Indians from about their camp fires set at some distance away from the stockade. They made no attempt to rush the camp during the night; they felt that they could probably starve out the white men or reduce their numbers easily enough during the daylight hours without taking the risks of meeting wandering night spirits which no Indian would take unless under the direst necessity.

It was upon this superstition of the red men that Schmalsle relied to enable him to make an easier "get-away" than might otherwise have been the case. He waited until the night was as black as ink, and then, without a word to his comrades, he swung himself into the saddle and slipped into the darkness.

There was no hesitation about him. He knew that he could not get far without being discovered. Within a very short distance was the ringing circle of Indians through which he must pass. With thudding hoofs his horse took him straight for the unseen ring of foes, and he was among them scarcely before the Indians realised what that noise in the night might portend. During the last moments of twilight Schmalsle had scanned the circle, seeking for the best spot to make for, and, with the unerring instinct of the man of the plains, he made for it in the darkness, speeding through like the wind—with half a hundred or so bucks chasing after him on fleet-footed beasts that could find their way in the dark.

The element of surprise had served Schmalsle well, and he managed to obtain a start of a few hundred yards. The

fleeting silhouette of him that showed on the sky line, however, let the pursuers know which way he was going, and, yelling hoarsely, they followed at top speed, trusting to their speedy ponies, as sure-footed as the paleface's, to enable them to catch up with him. There were scores of chances against Schmalsle; as many chances, indeed, as there were men behind him, since whatever happened, all those men would not be outpaced, all of them would not go down in a heap through ponies floundering in a dog's hole or dropping behind with weariness; and at any moment one or other of those things might happen to Schmalsle's mount!

Schmalsle knew that, but he went on—on through the swishing grass that lapped against his horse's sides, on over stretches of rocky ground, on up rising ground and down the falling ridges—a shadow that showed for briefer moments against the dark blue of the night sky and then disappeared from the vision of the red men, who pounded on in their turn, fired with the desire to be first, every one of them, at the running to earth of the intrepid scout. If the red men were fired with that desire, Schmalsle had a no less fiery desire to outwit them, outrun them, not only because he realised that failure might mean disaster to his comrades behind at the corral, but also that it would mean that he would become the butt of the Indians in their fiendish love of torture. Schmalsle went on, driving his pony for all it was worth, and every moment now he could feel that it was worthless; leg-weary, steaming, panting, the plucky little beast pounded forward, stumbled forward. After a terrible straining race, after knowing the exultation of possible success and the dread of seemingly inevitable

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failure, Schmalsle knew by the nearing sounds that he was being overtaken, and that the end might come very shortly.

Still he forced his pony forward, determined to ride until to ride was impossible and then—to fight rather than submit to capture. He did not dare think of how soon the time to fight might come. The thing to be done now was to hurry—hurry—hurry.

And then, two things he saw—two things that made the hot blood surge through him afresh and caused him to take an extraordinary risk, to do a dare-devil thing that was to make his name famous among the famous Indian fighters. Before him, a great litter, as it were, of great rocks strewn upon the prairie, were hundreds of dark shapes that he knew for buffaloes—buffaloes slumbering after the evening meal. A fleeting glance over his shoulder as he spotted the animals showed him the moving blotches of blackness in the night that he knew for the encroaching Indians, too far away yet to be aware of the animals lying there, yet too near to be shaken off now unless—Schmalsle caught his breath as the mad idea came to him. Then, with a slight touch of the rein, he swerved his pony a little, and made straight for the slumbering herd.

The thudding hoofs of the beast aroused the buffaloes, which lumbered to their feet as the pony plunged in among them. They were startled, but, strangely enough, they did not stampede—else Schmalsle would never have emerged from the sea of their fury. Even as it was, they were an enveloping mass of moving shaggy bodies—at once a menace and a shield, for, as Schmalsle knew, or hoped rather, the Indians would not dare to thrust themselves as he had done

among the herd. Only a desperate man with little hope of saving himself otherwise would have taken so foolhardy a risk, and the red men, when they came within view of the herd and realised what the scout had done, pulled up their horses and looked on in bewildered amazement, and, perhaps, admiration. As they saw the moving mass they told themselves that the paleface was doomed, that what they themselves had hoped to do the buffaloes would do for them.

Moreover, that startled herd might stampede at any moment, and if it did so then the Indians themselves would find it a perilous situation if they remained there. They swung their ponies round, and went hot-pace back the way they had come, knowing that in the case of a stampede they must have much distance between them and the frightened herd.

They rode as fast as their ponies could travel after that mad, wild dash across the prairie and over the ridges, their keen ears strained to catch the bellowing roar when the stampede broke. But the stampede did not come—fortunately for Schmalsle, who, needless to say, now that he was among the herd, was at a nerve tension. He knew that his very presence might set up the stampede at any moment. He knew, too, that the hustling herd might crush him and his pony as he steered the beast through the packed mass. He knew also that an unlucky mis-step of his steed might send him flying over its head to be trampled beneath the pawing hoofs of the buffaloes.

Stout of heart, as only a man could be who would take such a splendid risk, Schmalsle cautiously picked his way through, carefully and as quietly as possible, but not

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hurriedly, because hurry would set things going as he did not want them to go. Once that which he feared happened; his pony put its foot into a hole and stumbled. With a sharp jerk Schmalsle pulled it up and saved himself from being shot over its head, but, in saving himself, he lost his rifle, which went clattering to the ground. He did not dare to dismount and search for it, and yet the loss of that rifle might mean failure and death after all. Fortunately, his pony had not hurt its leg and was able to proceed as the man carefully guided it in and out among the now quietly grazing herd, until at last, almost unbelievably, he found himself on the fringe, and finally emerged altogether.

Only then did he breathe freely. And yet, even then, he did not waste any time. He was still in hostile company and far away from Fort Supply, which he must reach without loss of time lest some other wandering Indians got upon his trail, or those that he had outwitted should have found some means of getting beyond the herd and be following him already.

He rode hard, pushing the pony to the very limit of its strength, and finally, by dawn, having to abandon it in a wood where he himself remained hidden during the day, not daring to go forward until night. There were dozens of marauding bands in the neighbourhood, but behind there were Lyman and his comrades, facing certain death unless Fort Supply were warned and relief sent.

Night again—night and the host of perils through which he must pass, this time on foot, for the pony was too dead-beat to be of any use even after the long day's rest. Only

a skilled man of the plains and the woods could have accomplished the task, but Schmalsle accomplished it, reaching Fort Supply after a terrible journey, footsore and weary, half-starved, but knowing that if he were in time Lyman and the rest were saved.

A party was got together and went hurrying back the way that Schmalsle had come, and, arriving in time, fought off the red men, and relieved the corralled supply train.

PISKARET THE LURKER

The Story of one of the Heroes of the Adirondacks

THE tribe of the Adirondacks, living some three hundred miles above Three Rivers, were the great hunting Indians of the East, and looked down upon the Five Nations—that great confederation of Mohawks, Senecas, Onoyades, Onondagos and Cayagos—as being weak and of no account, because they followed the soil. Nevertheless, the Adirondacks were not above profiting from the labour of the “weak” and bartered their venison for the produce of the soil.

Thus they were more or less at peace in those far-off days, the Five Nations gathering the fruits of the earth round about the district where now stands Montreal and the Adirondacks joying in the chase.

The peaceful relationship between the two sections was broken, however, by an unexpected happening. One hunting season the Adirondacks, having little luck by the chase, apparently because of shortness of hunters, called in some of the young stalwarts of the Five Nations to assist them. The young bucks, probably a little gratified at the honour placed upon them, jumped at the chance of taking the field with the famous hunters. Of course, they knew something of hunting, but their agricultural pursuits had debarred them from the constant doing that makes perfect.

That season, then, the chosen few of the Five Nations

joined with their hunting friends ; and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. They did more than that ; they proved to themselves that they could be as good hunters as the Adirondacks. They hardened, were able to endure fatigue, and generally improved so much that the Adirondacks feared that if they carried to their own people the news of the joys of the chase, and the advantages of hunting prowess above agriculture from the point of view of becoming strong, the Five Nations would probably devote themselves to the great game instead of labouring on the soil ; and the Adirondacks particularly wanted agriculturists as their neighbours !

Therefore the promising young men of the Five Nations were killed treacherously in the night, and the Adirondacks by that fell deed created for themselves a deadly foe in the people of the Five Nations. News of the inhumane act reached the Five Nations and sent a wave of anger through the people, whose chiefs promptly protested to the Adirondacks. The latter blandly assured the messengers—no one of whom could dispute the matter—that the fate of the young men had been brought on by their own misdeeds ! Such a regrettable necessity as had been placed upon the Adirondacks ought not to make any ill-feeling between the tribes, and if the relatives of the dead, so said the murderers, would be placated by presents (the usual custom of expiating killing) then all would be well.

Feeling ran high amongst the Five Nations when this callous attitude became known to them, and the drums beat to council, the outcome of which was that the people declared themselves resolved to take vengeance by some means or other. All this despite the fact that they were

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no match as things stood for the Adirondacks. The latter, becoming aware of the intentions of their erstwhile friends, determined to forestall them in action; and the warriors marched themselves off to the country of the Five Nations, who, ill-suited then to war, found themselves practically at the mercy of their powerful enemies. Nevertheless they did their best to hold their country, but the ferocious Adirondacks pressed the fighting harder and forced the unfortunate weaklings to think of safety in flight. For centuries they had lived near the great river—for centuries they had held the ground and wrung from Nature her choice fruits. And but for that unscrupulous murder by the Adirondacks the story of the palefaces and the Indians might have been much different from what it was. For the Five Nations, evacuating their country under the pressure of the Adirondacks, found for themselves another on the shores of the great lakes, but at the same time their manner of living underwent a vast change. From being a peaceful-loving people they became skilled warriors, the necessity for defending themselves against aggression urging them on to the exercise of arms. True, the change was not effected suddenly, and for a long time the sachems—far-seeing men that they were—sent their people to the school of war against an easier foe, the Shawnees. They were much less warlike than the Adirondacks, who for many years continued to inspire terror in the Five Nations. But the tradition of the great wrong lived on, and they became warriors who knew their own prowess, and who were not to be despised—before long they had made life too hot for the Shawnees, who packed up their tepees and went searching for a new home.

Meanwhile the Five Nations had had lessons in the harder school of war against the Adirondacks, who persistently came swooping down upon them. At first they imagined they had still an easy task, but with each attack the Five Nations were found to be more capable of resistance; and the Adirondacks discovered that they had made a rod for their own backs. No more could they ravage the land of the Five Nations with impunity—no more could they sweep through, taking the corn they once had bartered for; and the Five Nations, growing bold, and suffering under the burden of being constantly on the defensive, changed their tactics.

What the Adirondacks had done for them the Five Nations at last did for the Adirondacks. They went to the attack, harried the enemy time after time, taking them by surprise, catching their villages when the men were at the chase, capturing their squaws and children, and returning always with Adirondack scalps hanging from their belts.

So persistent were the Five Nations, and so destructive were they in their raids that at last the Adirondacks—the once proud and gloating oppressors of the weak!—found themselves practically helpless against foes who had proved themselves apt pupils when the urge of revenge had spurred them in their learning. And the time came when the Adirondacks took down their tepees, gathered their worldly wealth, and went fleeing their own country, because the Five Nations were on the warpath.

Nemesis had come; and the tables were turned indeed.

The Adirondacks chose the district about the site of the present town of Quebec for their new country; and

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soon after they had settled there the French arrived. Champlain, the first Governor, considering it was wise to be friends with his nearest neighbours, offered to assist them in wreaking vengeance upon the Five Nations—the little worms who had turned and proved to be dragons !

Then began a long war which had a very different result from that which the Adirondacks expected ; and the Five Nations became the inveterate foes of the pale-faces. In the beginning the Allies defeated the Five Nations because the latter, never having seen fire-arms before, were scared and demoralised by the fire sticks of the white friends of the Adirondacks.

The allied success in this fighting, and the news that the French men were good traders, drew all the tribes—except the Five Nations—to Quebec, and in a little time Champlain had behind him a tremendous body of red men who, till then mostly at enmity, were welded into a great alliance against the Five Nations.

The Adirondacks saw their revenge maturing ; they had not only other tribes with them, not merely had they the palefaces as friends and helpers, but, more important still, they had the weapons of the palefaces, for Champlain had traded muskets to them, and they became sufficiently skilled in their use to make them formidable foes.

Therefore, the Adirondacks became stiff-necked and bumptious, which was to their undoing, for their young braves, confident, or rather over-confident, got out of hand and engaged in all manner of wild enterprises against the Five Nations, who, forced to assume the defensive, resorted to stratagems, to make up for the disparity in numbers. The result was that they allowed the wild

youngsters of the Adirondacks to carry out their mad exploits—up to a point ; indeed, the Five Nations enticed them into ambushes by sending out small parties on apparent raids intent, only to fall back on meeting opposition. The Adirondacks naturally pushed after them to press what seemed an advantage—and were so drawn into ambushes. This kind of thing happened often, and resulted in dreadful losses to the Adirondacks, while the Five Nations grew in strength and ferocity.

It took the Adirondacks some considerable time to realise what was happening, and when they did they tried their best to retrieve the position. It was too late, however, and in a little while the Five Nations succeeded in so smashing the Adirondacks that the latter were of no account at all in Canada ; while the Five Nations were for long a thorn in the side of the white men until the English arrived and succeeded in winning them over to friendliness.

Naturally, during all this time of turmoil there were outstanding incidents of courage and daring on the part of men of both sides. Naturally, too, there were all the elements of cruelty and relentless ferocity that coloured all Indian wars. Neither side could claim credit for over-humanity and neither side was behind the other in its inhumanity.

One of the boldest of the Adirondacks was a chief named Piskaret. His fame among his own people was great ; the terror that his very name spread among his enemies tremendous.

Piskaret liked the paleface weapons, and relied upon them to give him advantage over the Mohawks and their

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allies, who had not yet become possessed of the shooting sticks. One of his greatest exploits was when he and four other braves went up to Three Rivers in a large canoe, each of them having three muskets charged with chain shot. These were two bullets joined together with a chain about ten inches long, obviously ammunition capable of doing great damage to frail birch canoes as well as men.

The canoe sped up the river, the five men on the qui vive for foes lurking in ambush; but seeing none until they ran into the Sorel River, and then—five canoes each holding ten men came into view.

They were men of the Five Nations, evidently intent on making a raid on the Adirondacks, and the moment they saw the solitary canoe they raised their war whoop and increased their speed as they bore down on what promised to be easy prey. With odds at ten to one Piskaret and his comrades seemed to have little chance; and the Five Nations braves heard above their own exultant cries the death song of their foes. It was the red man's way of saying that he realised the end had come—though it did not mean that he was not prepared to fight.

Arrows sped from the five canoes and fell thick about Piskaret and his friends, who, crouched in their canoe, occasionally fired arrows in reply; but seemed to be resigned to wait until their foes came near enough for a hand to hand fight.

The distance between the foes lessened rapidly, and just when it seemed that the Adirondacks must be rammed the occupants raised themselves a little, fired their muskets, dropped them, grabbed up others already loaded, and before their enemies had recovered from the shock of the

unexpected burst of fire, their canoes, great holes torn in their sides by the chain shot, were sinking beneath them.

Piskaret's death song changed to a victory yell; and he and his friends emptied the remainder of their spare muskets into their foes' canoes. Then, seizing their paddles, they drove like mad for the spot where the enemy, thrown into confusion, were cannoning into one another as they tried to stop "leaks." The sight of three Adirondacks in the bows of the canoe, with the dreaded Piskaret standing hatchet in hand, made the unfortunate crews lose their heads entirely, and, with shouts of fear, they tumbled overboard in the hope of being able to make the bank.

This was just what Piskaret had relied upon; and, with yells of joy, he and his companions bore down upon the swimmers. The work that was then done was swift and sure and ruthless. Straight as a dart the canoe made for little knots of struggling men, and hatchets crashed down upon skulls whose feathered headdresses were no protection. Here and there bold men seized at the canoe, now driving in a red flood, and tried to capsize it, but the biting axes fell, and handless limbs dropped away.

One canoe with three gallant men left in her came up to the attack and arrows pinged in among the Adirondacks. Piskaret dealt with them promptly. For a few minutes he left the swimming men to their vain hope of getting away and charged down upon the canoe. A reloaded musket fired in the going sent a chain-shot tearing through the birch below the water-line, and almost completed the work, for the canoe that had somehow escaped the fate previously began to settle. Piskaret's craft crashed into her and finished her, tipping her freight overboard. And

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then—the hatchets again ; and after that the Adirondacks swept hither and thither on their work of death, until not one of the men of the Five Nations who had sought to have had so easy a coup was left alive.

Few scalps did Piskaret take that day, but the few that he did strip were carried in triumph back to "civilisation," grim tokens of a great victory, and the wigwams rang with the greatness of Piskaret, who sang his own hero song, and dreamed as he sang of greater exploits.

One of which was as follows :

Piskaret propounded a scheme for striking terror in the Five Nations, but it was so foolhardy that not even among the Adirondacks were there warriors bold enough to take their courage in both hands and accompany him. Not that the chief wanted more than one or two—more would have turned the expedition into quite an ordinary affair, and what he had in his mind was something very different from that.

✍ Failing a companion Piskaret resolved to go nevertheless, and he went, just as the thaw came. He knew the country of the Five Nations as well as he knew his own, and, with his snowshoes on backwards, so that if his trail were found in the snow it would seem that he was going in the opposite direction (a very favourite ruse of the red man) he travelled swiftly. He took the ridges and high ground where the snow had melted as often as possible, because the trail would then be broken ; and after a long journey he arrived near a large village. He had timed his arrival so that he was there when darkness fell, and, lying concealed in the woods encircling the village,

he waited until the fires died down and the silence of the night told him that his enemies had gone into their huts to bed.

Then, silent as a panther, Piskaret issued from his concealment—a blur against the darkness—a blur that moved slowly, imperceptibly, and yet approached the cabin nearest the fringe of the village. Dogs yapped and horses whinnied—but Piskaret was not perturbed by that, because he knew that he was not the cause; he was too careful, too stealthy in his movements.

He came to the hut at last, and lay on the ground outside listening intently, to make sure that the occupants were asleep. Then, tomahawk in hand, he went in.

Four people there were in that hut, as Piskaret knew by the sounds of breathing. He located them—and moved like a wraith towards the nearest. No sound—no scuffle or a struggle—but yet the sleeping man died; and Piskaret took the dripping scalp and hung it on his belt. Then, lying beside his victim for a moment or so, the Adirondack moved again—and—another scalp hung at his side. Quickly, silently, the man worked, and when he crawled out four people lay dead behind him. The red man's ruthless thirst for blood was quenched for the time being, and as he crept for the sheltering woods Piskaret was gloating over his triumph, without any compunction at having taken the scalps of sleeping foes.

With no fear of an alarm being given until morning Piskaret went to sleep in the wood, and when dawn came lay and watched the commotion down in the village as the tragedy of the night was discovered. Every soul of the enemy was alert—the braves seized their arms and

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went questing for the trail of the murderer; while the squaws and papooses lifted up their voices in a wail of woe. Piskaret watched; and moved not. He was confident that he had left no trail behind him, and, in any case, he was in a position where, if the enemy did approach, he would be able to avoid discovery. But the trail was not found, although the search went on all day, and at last the braves returned to the village. Fires glowed ruddy in the night again, and still the wail of the women went on, until thoroughly exhausted the whole village went to bed—seemingly confident that the enemy had cleared off. At any rate, Piskaret did not see anyone on watch, and, waiting until all sounds had died away again and every one ought to be asleep, he sallied from his hiding place; and once more carried out the scheme of the previous night without raising alarm.

The next day the excitement in the village was tremendous, but though the search was renewed Piskaret was not disturbed. He knew, however, that he had raised a hornet's nest, and that if he tried to repeat his blood-thirsty work the difficulties would be great, for he had no doubt that a guard would be set. That very fact but spurred him on to have one more try.

Night again—night and a sentry left alert before a fire; night and Piskaret creeping like a snake for the very spot where the sentinel sat. The prowler carried his grim trophies at his belt. For he knew that this would be his last foray for killing, and he would have to speed from the place, probably with the infuriated foes hot on his trail.

The sentry nodded; Piskaret crept nearer. His toma-

hawk went up, fell swiftly, and with a scream of pain the man dropped to the ground.

Instantly the dogs howled, men and women and children came rushing from their tepees—knowing that the enemy in the night was at his fell work again. But they found him not, for Piskaret had gone, swallowed up in the darkness. Nevertheless, in his going he gave his enemies a chance to follow, for as courageous as he was, cunning and ruthless, the Adirondack was planning to take a great risk to round off the adventure. He made sufficient noise as he went through the night to allow his enemies to follow, and a band of braves, seizing their arms, sped after him.

It was a long chase—a chase that lasted all through the night. Piskaret's tactics were to go ahead for a while, and then, resting, allow his pursuers to get up with him, as though he were hurt and unable to keep up. Then off again—with the pack in full cry behind him. In this way the pursuit held on during the night and for most of the next day. Towards evening, after having lain in hiding for some time with the pursuers vainly searching for him, Piskaret, who was actually near enough to see all that was happening in the camp that the Five Nations braves had pitched, prepared for the climax. He lay as still as death, confident of success because he had heard his enemies assuring themselves that he had managed to get away. They were intending to stay there for the night, and return to the village the next day.

So confident were they that they did not set a guard, when, tired out with the long pursuit, they threw themselves down to sleep. Piskaret grunted to himself as he realised that the thing he had played for had happened.

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He gave them time to get sound asleep, and then, silently, swiftly, moved on their camp. He worked then like the murder-madman he was—and passing swiftly from foe to foe crashed his tomahawk down upon them. Grim work and red work it was, carried out so swiftly that there was no chance for any of the sleeping men. And Piskaret standing in the glow of the fire danced a lonely war-dance in and out among his victims.

Then, taking their scalps, and, hanging them with the rest, he went off into the night again, and, travelling hard, arrived back among his own people—to sing of his red doings at the feast prepared for the conquering hero.

WAWATAM'S BROTHER

The Personal Tale of the thrilling adventures of a Paleface
taken prisoner by the Chippeway Indians

THERE are numerous stories of white men taken prisoner by the Indians and made to suffer all kinds of degradation instead of being put to death by torture—the most likely end of a man unfortunate enough to fall in the hands of the redskins. Some of these men succeeded in making their escape after a time or were rescued by various means ; others, however, never could effect their escape. Those who did, counted themselves fortunate and not a few put down their story for the edification of their fellows. Naturally, such men learned a good deal of the ways of the redskins—more than even the most hardy traveller could hope to do. Alexander Henry was such a man.

Henry, being a man with business instincts, opened a store at the little township of Michilimacinac, and shortly after he had done so, found that he had set up business at a very unfavourable time, since the Indians of the district were getting out of hand. Henry gathered from traders who called in on him, having come from far off places, that there were mutterings among the redskins, who were, they believed, plotting the destruction of the English in the country. Henry took occasion to suggest to Major Etherington, commandant of the fort, that there was need for being careful with the Indians, large numbers of whom were almost daily in the fort. The Major, however, turned a

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deaf ear, assuring Henry that he had sufficient troops to teach the red men a stern lesson if they tried any tricks. Henry was somewhat consoled ; there were ninety private soldiers in the fort and went about his business.

Henry's story of what happened after that is so good a one that it is worth while letting him tell it himself.

Not long after my arrival (he wrote in after years) a Chippeway, named Wawatam, began to frequent my house, betraying in his demeanour strong marks of personal regard. One day he came with his whole family, and brought a large present of skins, sugar, and dried meat. Having laid these in a heap he began a speech, in which he informed me that, some years before, he had observed a fast, devoting himself, according to the custom of his nation, to solitude and the mortification of his body, in the hope to obtain from the Great Spirit protection through all his days ; that on this occasion he dreamed of adopting an Englishman as his son, brother and friend ; that, from the moment in which he first beheld me, he had recognised me as the person whom the Great Spirit had been pleased to point out to him for a brother ; that he hoped I would not refuse his present ; and that he should for ever regard me as one of his family.

I could not do otherwise than accept the present and declare my willingness to have so good a man for my friend and brother.

Twelve months passed, and I had almost forgotten the person of my " brother " when Wawatam again appeared at my house, this time in a temper obviously melancholy and thoughtful.

He told me that he had just returned from his wintering-

ground, and that he intended to go to the Sault at once, and wished me to accompany him and his family. Here he paused for awhile, and suddenly inquired if the commandant had heard any bad news; adding that, during the winter, he himself had frequently been disturbed by the noise of "evil birds"; and further suggesting that there were numbers of Indians about the fort who had never shown themselves within it.

Wawatam was about forty-five years of age, a chief, and of excellent character among his nation. Referring much of what I heard to the peculiarities of the Indian character, I did not pay to his remarks much of the attention that it will be found they deserved. I replied that I could not think of going to the Sault so soon (he had named next morning as the best time for starting), but would follow him there after the arrival of my clerks.

Finding himself unable to prevail upon me, he withdrew for that day; but early next morning he came again, bringing with him his wife, and a present of dried meat. At this interview, after stating that he had several packs of beaver, for which he intended to deal with me, he expressed a second time his apprehensions from the numerous Indians who were around the fort, and earnestly pressed me to agree to an immediate departure for the Sault. As a reason for this particular request, he assured me that all the Indians proposed to come in a body that day to the fort, to demand liquor of the commandant, and he desired me to be gone before they grew intoxicated.

I turned a deaf ear to everything, leaving Wawatam and his wife, after long and patient but ineffectual efforts, to

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depart alone, with dejected countenances, and not before they had each let fall some tears.

In the course of the same day, I observed that the Indians came in great numbers into the fort, purchasing tomahawks, and frequently desiring to see silver arm-bands, and other valuable ornaments, of which I had a large quantity for sale. The ornaments, however, they in no instance purchased; but after turning them over and over, left them, saying they would call again the next day. At night I turned in my mind the visits of Wawatam; but though they were calculated to excite uneasiness, nothing induced me to believe that serious mischief was at hand.

The next morning was sultry. A Chippeway came to tell me that his nation was going to play "Gaggatiwag" with the Saes, or Saakies, another Indian nation, for a high wager. He invited me to witness the sport, adding that the Major was to be there, and would bet on the side of the Chippeways. In consequence of this information I went to the Major, and expostulated with him a little, representing that the Indians might possibly have some sinister end in view. But the Major only smiled at my suspicions.

I did not go myself to see the match which was now to be played without the fort, because, there being a canoe preparing to depart on the following day for Montreal, I employed myself in writing letters to my friends.

Then I heard an Indian war-cry, and a noise of general confusion.

Going instantly to my window, I saw a crowd of Indians within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every

Englishman they found. In particular, I witnessed the fate of Lieutenant Jemette. I had, in the room in which I was, a fowling-piece, loaded with swan-shot. This I immediately seized, and held it for a few moments, waiting to hear the drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval I saw several of my countrymen fall, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian, who, holding him in this manner, scalped him while yet living.

At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing resistance made to the enemy, and sensible, of course, that no effort of my own unassisted arm could avail against four hundred Indians, I thought only of seeking shelter.

Amid the slaughter which was raging, I observed many of the Canadian inhabitants of the fort calmly looking on, neither opposing the Indians nor suffering injury. From this circumstance I conceived a hope of finding security in their houses.

Between the yard-door of my own house and that of M. Langlade, my next neighbour, there was only a low fence, over which I easily climbed. At my entrance I found the whole family at the windows, gazing on the scene of blood before them. I addressed myself immediately to M. Langlade, begging that he would put me in some place of safety, until the heat of the affair should be over.

But while I uttered my petition, M. Langlade, who had looked for a moment at me, turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders, and intimating that he could do nothing for me.

This was a moment of despair. But, the next, a Paris woman of M. Langlade's household beckoned me to follow her. She brought me to a door, which she opened, desiring

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me to enter, and telling me that it led to a garret, where I must go and conceal myself. I joyfully obeyed her directions ; and she, having followed me up to the garret door, locked it after me, and with great presence of mind took away the key.

This shelter obtained, I was naturally anxious to know what might still be passing without. Through an aperture which afforded me a view of the area of the fort, I beheld, in shapes the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumphs of barbarian conquerors. The dead were scalped and mangled ; the dying were writhing and shrieking under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk, amidst the shouts of rage and victory. I was shaken not only with horror at the sight, but with terror for myself. No long time elapsed before, everyone being destroyed who could be found, there was a general cry of " All is finished ! " And, at the same instant, I heard some of the Indians enter the house in which I was, and were told they might examine the place for Englishmen themselves, and would soon be satisfied as to the answer to their question. Saying this, M. Langlade brought them to the garret door.

The state of my mind will be imagined. When they arrived outside the door, some delay was occasioned by the absence of the key, and a few moments were thus allowed me in which to look around for a hiding-place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of those vessels of birch-bark which are used in maple-sugar making. The door was unlocked and opened, and the Indians ascended the stairs before I had completely crept into the opening which presented itself at one end of the heap.

An instant after, four Indians entered the room, all

armed with tomahawks, and all besmeared with blood upon every part of their bodies.

I could scarcely breathe, but I thought that my heart with its throbbing made a noise loud enough to betray me, and one of them approached me so closely that, at a particular moment, had he put forth his hand he must have touched me.

Still I remained undiscovered, a circumstance to which the dark colour of my clothes and the want of light in the room must have contributed. In a word, after taking several turns around the room, during which they told M. Langlade how many they had killed, and how many scalps they had taken, they returned downstairs, and I, with sensations not to be expressed, heard the door, which was the barrier between me and my fate locked for the second time.

There was a feather bed on the floor; and on this, exhausted as I was by the agitation of my mind, I threw myself down and fell asleep. In this state I remained till the dusk of the evening, when I was awakened by a second opening of the door.

The person that now entered was M. Langlade's wife, who was much surprised at finding me, but advised me not to be uneasy, observing that the Indians had killed most of the English, but that she hoped I might myself escape. A shower of rain having begun to fall, she had come to stop a hole in the roof. On her going away, I begged her to send me a little water to drink, which she did.

The respite which sleep afforded me during the night was put an end to by the return of the morning. I was again on the rack of apprehension. At sunrise I heard the

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family stirring, and, presently after, Indian voices informing M. Langlade that they had not found my body amongst the dead, and they supposed me to be somewhere concealed.

M. Langlade appeared, from what followed, to be by this time acquainted with the place of my retreat, of which no doubt, he had been informed by his wife. The poor woman, as soon as the Indians mentioned me, declared to her husband, in the French tongue, that he should no longer keep me in his house, but deliver me up to my pursuers, giving as a reason for this measure, that should the Indians discover his instrumentality in my concealment, they might revenge it on her children, and that it was better that I should die than they.

M. Langlade resisted at first this sentence of his wife's, but soon suffered her to prevail, informing the Indians that he had been told I was in his house, that I had come there without his knowledge, and that he would put me into their hands. This was no sooner expressed than he began to ascend the stairs, the Indians following upon his heels.

I now resigned myself to the fate with which I was menaced ; and regarding every attempt at concealment in vain, I arose from the bed, and presented myself in full view to the Indians who were entering the room.

They were all in a state of intoxication, and entirely naked, except about the middle. One of them, named Wenniway, whom I had previously known, and who was upwards of six feet in height, had his entire face and body covered with charcoal and grease, except that a white spot of two inches in diameter encircled each eye. This man walked up to me, seized me with one hand by the collar

of the coat, while in the other he held a large carving-knife, as if to plunge it into my breast. His eyes meanwhile were fixed steadfastly on mine.

Second after second passed—each second an hour of suspense—and still I was returning his look defiantly. At length he dropped his arm.

"I won't kill you!" he said.

And then, turning to the others, he added that he had frequently engaged in wars against the English, and had brought away many scalps; that on a certain occasion he had lost a brother, whose name was Musingon, and that I should be called after him.

A reprieve upon any terms placed me among the living, and gave me back the sustaining voice of hope; but Wenniway ordered me downstairs, and there informed me that I was to be taken to his cabin, where—and indeed everywhere else—were Indians, now mad with liquor. Death was again threatened, and not as possible only, but certain. I mentioned my fears on this subject to M. Langlade, begging him to represent the danger to my new master. M. Langlade in this instance did not withhold his compassion, and Wenniway immediately consented that I should remain where I was until he found another opportunity to take me away.

Thus far secure, I reascended my garret stairs, in order to place myself as far as possible out of reach of insult from the drunken Indians. But I had not remained there more than an hour, when I was called to the room below, in which was an Indian who said I must go with him out of the fort, Wenniway having sent him to fetch me.

This man, as well as Wenniway himself, I had seen

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before. In the preceding year I had allowed him to take goods on credit, from which he was still in my debt ; and some short time previous to the surprise of the fort he had said, upon my upbraiding him with want of honesty, that he would pay me before long.

This speech now came fresh into my memory, and led me to suspect that the fellow had formed a design against my life. The Indian directed that before I left the house I should undress myself, and declared that my coat and shirt would become him better than they had become me. His pleasure in this respect being complied with, no choice was left me but either to go out naked or put on the clothes of the Indian, which he freely gave me in exchange. His motive for thus stripping me of my apparel was no other, as I afterwards learned, than this, that it might not be stained with blood when he should kill me.

I was now told to proceed, and my driver followed me close until I had passed the gate of the fort, when I turned towards the spot where I knew the Indians to be encamped. This, however, did not suit the purpose of my enemy, who seized me by the arm and drew me violently in the opposite direction, to the distance of fifty yards above the fort. Here, finding that I was approaching the bushes and sand-hills, I determined to proceed no farther, but told the Indian that I believed he meant to murder me ; and if so, he might as well strike where I was as at a greater distance.

He replied with coolness that my suspicions were just, and that he meant to pay me in this manner for my goods. At the same time he produced a knife, and held me in a position to receive the intended blow. This, and that which followed, took but a moment.

By some effort, too sudden and too independent of thought to be explained or remembered, I was able to arrest his arm and give him a sudden push. The push spun him round, and I broke from his grasp and ran for my life.

I sped towards the fort with all the swiftness in my power. The Indian dashed after at my heels. Every moment I expected to feel the stroke of his knife in my back. And so for a minute we raced.

I won. I managed to dart inside the fort as the Indian's knife missed me by six inches. I caught a glimpse of Wenniway standing in the midst of the area, and tottered towards him for protection. Wenniway called out to the other to keep off; but the fellow's blood was up, and he pursued me round my master, jobbing at me with his knife, and foaming at the mouth with rage at the repeated failure of his purpose. At length Wenniway, still screening me, moved backwards to M. Langlade's house. The door was open and into it I sprang—the Indian after me. But no sooner was I well inside than he voluntarily abandoned the pursuit.

At ten o'clock in the evening, I was roused from sleep and once more desired to descend the stairs. No less, however, to my satisfaction than surprise, I was summoned only to meet Major Etherington, Mr. Bostwick, and Lieutenant Leslie, who were in the room below. These gentlemen had been taken prisoners while looking at the game without the fort, and immediately stripped of all their clothes. They were now sent into the fort, under the charge of Canadians, because, the Indians having resolved on getting drunk, the chiefs were apprehensive that they would be murdered if they continued in the camp. Lieutenant

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Jemette and seventy soldiers had been killed, and but twenty Englishmen, including soldiers, were still alive. These were all within the fort, together with nearly three hundred Canadians belonging to the canoes.

These being our numbers, I and some others proposed to Major Etherington to make an effort for regaining possession of the fort and maintaining it against the Indians. The Jesuit missionary was consulted on the project ; but he discouraged us by his representations not only of the merciless treatment which we must expect from the Indians, should they regain their superiority, but of the little dependence which was to be placed upon our Canadian auxiliaries. Thus the fort and prisoners remained in the hands of the Indians, though through the whole night the prisoners and whites were in actual possession, and the Indians outside the gates.

The whole night, or the greater part of it, was passed in mutual condolence ; and my fellow-prisoners shared my garret. In the morning, being again called down, I found my master, Wenniway, and was desired to follow him. He led me to a small house within the fort, where, in a dark narrow room, I found Mr. Ezekiel Solomons with an Englishman from Detroit, and a soldier, all prisoners. With these I remained in painful suspense till about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when an Indian arrived, and presently marched us to the lake-side. Here we saw a canoe lying, ready for departure, and found that we were to embark.

At noon our party was all collected, the prisoners all embarked, and we steered for the Isles du Castor (Beaver Islands) in Lake Michigan.

The soldier who was our companion in misfortune, was made fast to a bar of the canoe by a rope tied round his neck, as is the manner of the Indians in transporting their prisoners. The rest were left unconfined; but a paddle was put into the hands of each, and we were forced to ply it. The Indians in the canoe were seven in number, the prisoners four—Mr. Ezekiel Solomons, the soldier, the Englishman from Detroit, and myself.

We should have crossed the lake had not a thick fog come on, in which the Indians deemed it safer to keep the shore under their lee. We therefore approached the lands of the Ottawas, and their village, on the opposite side of the tongue of land on which the fort is built. Every half-hour the Indians gave their war-whoop four times, once for every prisoner in their canoe. This is a general custom, by the aid of which all other Indians within hearing are apprised of the number of prisoners they are carrying.

In this manner we reached Fox Point, a long spit of land, eighteen miles distance from Michilimackinac. Here the Indians repeated their war-whoop; and an Ottawa appeared on the beach, who made signs that we should land. We approached. The Ottawa asked the news, and kept the Chippeways in conversation till we were within a few yards of the land and in shallow water. At this moment, a hundred men rushed upon us from among the bushes, and dragged all the prisoners out of the canoe amid a terrifying shout.

We now believed that our last sufferings were approaching. But no sooner were we fairly on our legs than the chiefs of the party advanced, and gave each of us their hands, saying they were our friends, whom the Chippeways had

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insulted by destroying the English without consulting them on the affair. They said, also, that they had laid this ambush to save our lives ; for the Chippeways were carrying us to the Isles du Castor only to kill and devour us.

It was not long before we again embarked, this time in the canoes of the Ottawas ; and, that same evening, they re-landed us at Michilimackinac, where they marched us into the fort, in view of the Chippeways, who stood confounded to see the Ottawas espousing the opposite side. Our protectors, who had accompanied us in sufficient numbers, took possession of the fort. We were still prisoners, however, and were lodged in the commandant's house under a strict guard.

Early the next morning, a general council was held, in which the Chippeways complained much of the conduct of the Ottawas in robbing them of their prisoners ; alleging that all the Indians, the Ottawas alone excepted, were at war with the English ; that Pontiac had taken Detroit ; that the King of France had awoke, and repossessed himself of Quebec and Montreal ; and that the English were meeting destruction in every part of the world. From all this they inferred that it became the Ottawas to restore the prisoners and to join in the war and the speech was followed by large presents, being part of the plunder of the fort, which were previously heaped in the centre of the room. The Indians rarely make their answers till the day after they have heard the arguments offered. They did not depart from their custom now ; and the council therefore adjourned.

The council was resumed at an early hour in the morning,

and after several speeches had been made in it, the prisoners were sent for, and returned to the Chippeways. These, as soon as we were restored to them, marched us to a village of their own, situated at a point below the fort, and put us in a lodge, already the prison of fourteen soldiers, tied two and two, with each a rope about his neck, and made fast to a pole which might be called the supporter of the building.

I was left untied ; but I passed the night sleepless and wretched. My bed was the bare ground, and I was reduced to an old shirt as my entire apparel, my blanket having been taken from me. I was, besides, in want of food, having for two days eaten nothing. I confess that in the canoe with the Chippeways I was offered bread ; but bread with what accompaniment ? They had a loaf, which they cut with the same knives that they had employed in the massacre—knives still covered with blood. The blood they moistened with spittle, and rubbing it on the bread, offered this for food to their prisoners, telling them to eat the blood of their countrymen. Such was my situation on the morning of the 7th of June, in the year 1763 ; but a few hours produced an event which gave a new colour to my lot.

Towards noon, when the Great War-Chief, in company with Wenniway, was seated at the opposite end of the lodge, my friend and brother, Wawatam, suddenly came in. During the four preceding days I had often wondered what had become of him. In passing by he gave me his hand, but went immediately towards the Great Chief, by the side of whom and Wenniway he sat himself down.

The most uninterrupted silence prevailed Each smoked

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his pipe; and, this done, Wawatam arose and left the lodge, saying to me as he passed, "Take courage!"

An hour elapsed, during which several chiefs entered, and preparations appeared to be making for a council. At length Wawatam re-entered the lodge, followed by his wife. Both were loaded with merchandise, which they carried up to the chiefs and laid in a heap before them. Some moments of silence followed, at the end of which Wawatam pronounced a speech, every word of which to me was of extraordinary interest.

"Friends and relatives," he began, "what is it that I shall say? You know what I feel. You all have friends, and brothers, and children, whom, as yourselves, you love. And what would you suffer did you, like me, behold your dearest friend, your brother, in the condition of a slave—a slave exposed every instant to insult and menaces of death? This case is mine. See there"—he pointed to me—my friend and brother among slaves, himself a slave. You all well know that long before the war began I adopted him as a brother. From that moment he became one of my family; and because I am your relative, so also is he; and how, as such, can he be your slave? On the day when the war began you were fearful lest, on his account, I should reveal your secret. You requested, therefore, that I should leave the fort and even cross the lake. I did so, but with reluctance, notwithstanding that you, Menehwehna, who led this expedition, gave me your promise to protect my friend and render him safely to me. The performance of this promise I now claim. I come not with empty hands. You, Menehwehna, best know if you have kept your word. But I bring these gifts to buy off every

claim that anyone among you may have on my brother as his prisoner."

As Wawatam ceased the pipes were again filled. After they were finished a period of silence followed ; at the end of which Menehwehna rose and gave his reply.

"Kinsman and brother," said he, "what you have spoken is the truth. We are acquainted with the friendship which you hold towards the Englishman on whose behalf you have spoken. We knew the danger of having our secret discovered, and the consequences which must follow ; and you say truly that we requested you to leave the fort. This we did out of regard for you and your family ; for if the discovery of our design had been made, you would have been blamed, whether guilty or not. It is true, also, that I promised to take care of your friend ; and this promise I performed, by desiring my son, at the moment of the assault, to seek and bring him to my lodge. He went accordingly but could not find him. The next day, I sent him to Langlade's, where he was informed that your friend was safe ; and had it not been that our folk were then drinking the rum which was found in the fort, he would have led him home according to my orders. We accept your present, and you may take him home with you."

Wawatam thanked the assembled chiefs, and taking me by the hand, led me to his lodge, which was at a distance of a few yards only from the prison lodge. My entrance appeared to give joy to the whole family ; food was immediately prepared for me, and I now ate the first hearty meal which I had made since my capture. I found myself one of the family ; and but that I had still my fears as to

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the other Indians, I felt as happy as the situation would allow.

In the evening of the next day, a large canoe, such as those which came from Montreal, was seen advancing to the fort. It was full of men, and I distinguished several passengers. The Indian cry was raised in the village, a general muster ordered, and to the number of two hundred they marched up to the fort, where the canoe was expected to land. The passengers, who were English traders, suspecting nothing, came boldly to the fort : where they were seized, dragged through the water, beaten, reviled, marched to the prison lodge, and there stripped of their clothes and kept under guard.

In the morning of the 9th of June a general council was held, at which it was agreed to remove to the island of Michilimackinac, as a more defensible position in the event of an attack by the English. The Indians had begun to entertain apprehensions of want of strength, and consequently prepared for speedy retreat. At noon the camp was broken up, and we embarked, taking with us the prisoners that were still undisposed of. On our passage we encountered a gale of wind, and there were some appearances of danger. To avert it, a dog, of which the legs were previously tied, was thrown into the lake to soothe the angry passions of some offended Manito.

As we approached the island, two women in our canoe began to utter melancholy and hideous cries. Precarious as my condition still remained, I felt some sensation of alarm at these mysterious sounds, of which I could not then discover the occasion. Subsequently, I learned that it is customary for the women, on passing near the burial-

places of relations, to denote their grief in this manner. By the evening we had reached the island in safety, and the women were not long in erecting our cabins. Several days now passed, during which a guard was kept day and night, and alarms were frequently spread; when, one morning, I heard a continued commotion, and saw the Indians running in a confused manner towards the beach. In a short time I learned that two large canoes from Montreal were in sight. All the Indian canoes were immediately manned, and those from Montreal were surrounded and captured as they turned a point behind which the flotilla had been concealed.

They contained a large quantity of liquor—a dangerous acquisition. Wawatam, always watchful, no sooner heard the noise of drunkenness that evening than he represented to me the danger of remaining in the village, and owned that he could not himself resist the temptation to join in the debauch. That I might, therefore, escape all mischief, he bade me accompany him to the mountain, where I was to remain hidden till the liquor should be drunk.

We climbed the mountain accordingly, which constitutes the high land in the middle of the island and is considered to resemble a *turtle*, whence it derives its name—Michilimackinac. It is thickly covered with wood, and very rocky towards the top. After walking more than half a mile, we came to a large rock, at the base of which was an opening, dark within, that seemed to be the entrance of a cave. Here Wawatam recommended that I should take up my lodging, and by all means remain till he returned.

On going into the cave, of which the entrance was nearly ten feet wide, I found the farther end to be rounded in its

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shape, like that of an oven, but with a further aperture, too small, however, to be explored. After thus looking about me, I broke small branches from the trees, and spread them for a bed, then wrapped myself in my blanket and slept till daybreak.

At length the sound of a foot reached me, and my Indian friend appeared, making many apologies for his long absence, the cause of which was an unfortunate excess in the enjoyment of his liquor. On returning to the lodge I experienced a cordial reception from the family.

It was soon after this that Menehwehna came one day to the lodge of my friend and advised that I should, to escape further insult, be dressed in future like an Indian. I consented; and the chief was kind enough to help in effecting the metamorphosis. My hair was cut off, and my head shaved, with the exception of a spot on the crown of about twice the diameter of a crown-piece. My face was painted with three or four different colours, some parts of it red and some black. A shirt was provided for me, painted with vermilion mixed with grease. A large collar of wampum was put round my neck, and another suspended on my breast. Both my arms were decorated with large bands of silver above the elbows, besides several smaller ones on the wrists; over all I was to wear a scarlet mantle or blanket, and on my head a large bunch of feathers. I parted, not without some regret, with the long hair that was natural to it, but the ladies of the family, and of the village in general, appeared to think my person improved, and now condescended to call me handsome even among Indians. . . .

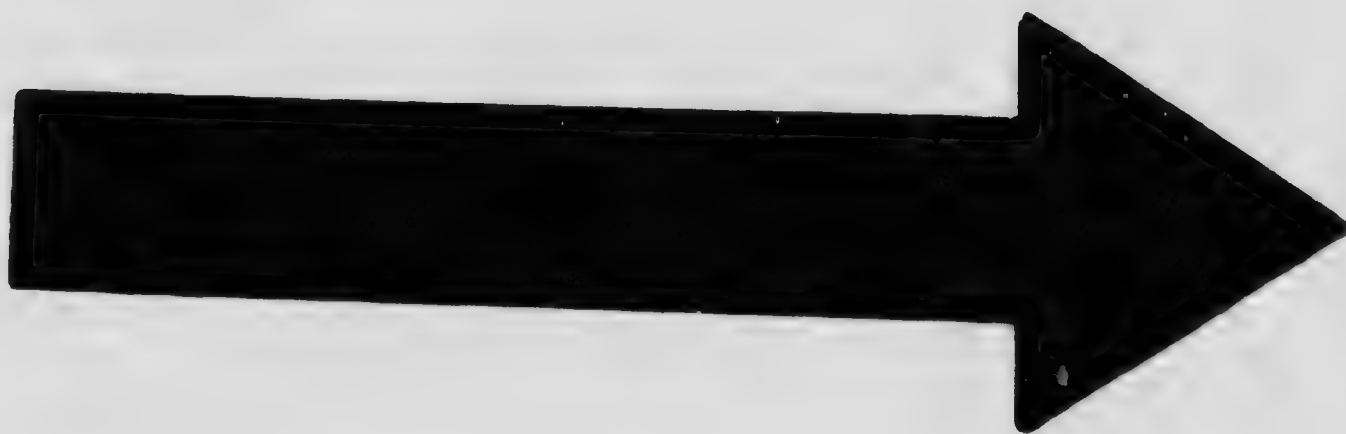
. Actually now, Alexander Henry was a natural-

ised Indian, a prisoner, indeed, but having a certain amount of freedom, though unable to leave the redskin community. He lived with them for a long time, during which he took part in their hunting expeditions. He grew accustomed to the strange life—almost began to like it; but there was ever present the hope that he might one day be able to make his escape.

We stayed by the shore of the lake for some time—Henry continued his story, after recounting some of his hunting experiences with Wawatam—and then embarked for Michilimackinac. In the evening of April 27th we landed at the fort, which now contained only French traders. The Indians who had arrived before us were very few in number; and by all who were of our party I was used very kindly. I had the entire freedom both of the fort and camp. Wawatam and I settled our stock and paid our debts; and this done, I found that my share of the surplus consisted of 100 beaver skins, 60 raccoon skins, and 6 otter, of the total value of 160 dollars.

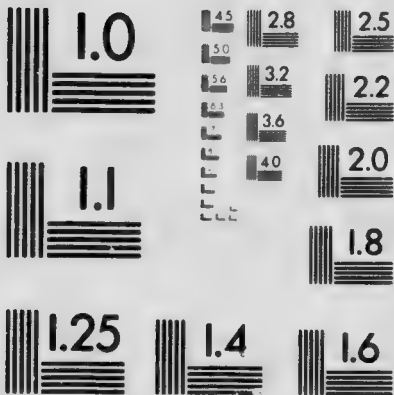
With these earnings of my winter toil, I proposed to purchase clothes, of which I was much in need, having been six months without a shirt; but on inquiring into the price of goods, I found that all my means would not go far. I was able, however, to buy two shirts at ten pounds of beaver apiece; a pair of leggings of scarlet cloth, which, with the ribbon to fasten them fashionably, cost me fifteen pounds of beaver; and some articles at proportionable rates. In this manner my wealth was soon reduced, but not before I had laid in a good stock of ammunition and tobacco.

Eight days had passed in tranquillity, when there arrived a band of Indians from the Bay of Saguenam.



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They had assisted at the siege of Detroit, and came to muster as many of their friends as they could against the English. As I was the only Englishman in the place, they proposed (I was told) to kill me, to make a mess of English broth to give their friends courage.

Wawatam came with a long face, bringing this news ; and, in consequence, I desired him to carry me to the Sault de Sainte Marie, where I knew the Indians to be peaceably inclined, and that a M. Cadotte there exercised a powerful influence over their conduct. They considered him as their chief ; and he happened not only to be my friend, but a friend to all the English.

Wawatam consented. With his family we left Michilimackinac by night, and reached the Bay of Boutchitaouy, where we found plenty of wild-fowl, and spent three days in fishing and hunting. Leaving the bay, we made for the Isle aux Outardes, whence we proposed sailing for the Sault next morning.

But when the next morning came, Wawatam's wife complained that she was sick, adding that she had had bad dreams, and knew if we went to the Sault we should all be destroyed. I could not argue against the infallibility of dreams, for I should have seemed guilty of an odious want of sensibility to the possible calamities of a family that had done so much to alleviate mine.

I was silent, although I believed my fate sealed, for the island lay in the direct route of the Indians bound for Detroit, and they were hourly expected to pass. Unable, therefore, to remonstrate, but in fear for my life, I passed all the day in the topmost branches of a tall tree, from which the lake on both sides of the island lay open to my

view. Here I might hope to learn, at the earliest possible time, the approach of canoes, and be warned to conceal myself.

On the second morning, at daybreak, I returned to my watch-tower, and had not been there long before I discovered a sail coming from Michilimackinac. It was a white one, and much larger than usually employed by the Northern Indians. I therefore indulged a hope that it might be a Canadian canoe bound for Montreal. My hopes continued to gain ground, for I soon persuaded myself that the manner in which the paddles were being used was Canadian and not Indian. My spirits rose. I climbed down from my perch, and hastened to the lodge with my tidings and schemes for liberty.

The family congratulated me, and Wawatam, lighting his pipe, presented it to me, saying :

" My son, this may be the last time that ever you and I shall smoke out of the same pipe. I am sorry to part with you. You know the love I have always borne you, and the dangers which I and my family have run to preserve you from your enemies. I am happy that my efforts promise not to have been in vain."

Hereupon a boy ran into the lodge, bringing news that the canoe had come from Michilimackinac, and was bound for the Sault de Sainte Marie. It was manned by three Canadians, and was carrying home Madame Cadotte, the wife of a friend of mine.

I resolved to accompany Madame Cadotte, with her permission, to the Sault. She cheerfully acceded to my wish. She was an Indian woman of the Chippeway nation, and was very generally respected. I returned to

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the lodge, where I packed up my wardrobe, my two shirts, my leggings, and my blanket ; besides these I took a gun and ammunition, presenting what remained over to my host.

We now exchanged farewells with tenderness on both sides. I did not quit the lodge without the most grateful sense of the goodness I had experienced in it. All the family accompanied me to the beach ; and the canoe had no sooner put off than Wawatam began an address to Kitchi-Manito, the Great Spirit, beseeching him to take care of me, his brother, till we should next meet. We were out of hearing before I ceased to wave my hand or Wawatam to offer up his prayers.

Being now no longer in the vicinity of the Indians, I put aside the dress and donned that of a Canadian. At daybreak, on the second morning of our voyage, we perceived several canoes behind us. As they approached we ascertained them to be the Indians bound for the Missisaki—the very fleet of which I had been so long in dread !

It amounted to twenty sail. On coming up with us and surrounding our canoe, and amid general inquiries concerning the news, an Indian challenged me for an Englishman, and his companions supported him by declaring that I looked very like one ; but I affected not to understand any of the questions which they asked me, and Madame Cadotte assured them that I was a Canadian whom she had brought on this voyage from Montreal.

They left us in peace, and the following day saw us safely landed at the Sault, where I experienced a generous welcome from M. Cadotte.

Wawatam's Brother

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And that is the story, or part of the story, of Alexander Henry's sojourn among the Chippeways, and through it shows the beauty of Indian devotion to a paleface with whom he has sworn brotherhood. Wawatam was a "white man" despite the colour of his skin, and proved himself a man of honour.

A FIERY VENGEANCE

The True Tale of a great Ordeal

THIS only too true tale of Indian vengeance, probably the most terrible redskin story ever told, is given to show how far the red men could go—not only in the heat of the moment or in the course of a battle, but when the battle ardour had died down and there was time to think. And how horrifically the Indian could think! Moreover, it is given because it explains the origin of one of the most terrible forms of Indian punishment. Moral? There is no moral to it! It is merely a story of startling brutality and savage ruthlessness.

The names of the Ojibway and the Fox, or rather the Ojibway who had chosen the Fox tribe by marrying a woman of that people, are not given in the ancient record whence this horror was unearthed; perhaps both the Ojibways and the Foxes preferred to forget the very names of those responsible for the fashioning of a new means of torture among them. It was during one of the numerous wars that ensued between the Foxes and the Ojibways that the custom of burning captives at the stake is said to have originated.

Long before, a young Ojibway warrior had been captured by the Foxes, and, as sometimes happened, the charms of a woman of the tribe of his captors made him willing to forsake his own people by marrying her and swear allegiance to the chief—becoming, indeed, a Fox.

The renegade became in course of time a noted warrior among his adopted people ; the lodges rang with his prowess at arms, and young braves longed to emulate him and bring back as many scalps as he did from the field of battle.

During one encounter the erstwhile Ojibway was engaged with one who he could tell was a great chief among the Ojibways, and, just as he was in the act of putting him *hors de combat*, he recognised him as being his own uncle, one of the most noted of the Ojibways.

Instantly the younger man, remembering a murmur he had heard pass round the camp fires not so long ago, made up his mind that once and for all he would kill the false accusation it contained. It was in his power to do so now, and, holding his hand even at the moment when his enemy had fallen to the ground weaponless and lay at his mercy, the Fox instead made him prisoner.

When the fight was over, the nephew sitting at the feast while scores of braves were dancing wildly the dance of victory, he got up suddenly and went to where the captive was bound to a tree. Unseen by the rest of the braves, who were too intent upon their gluttonous feasting to observe his movements, the renegade prepared, with a keen sense of the dramatic, a tableau for their delectation.

He obtained two stakes which he stuck firmly into the ground, and then, cutting the prisoner free, he forced him to the spot where the stakes were placed, tying his feet and hands to them, so that there was a good space between the stretched body and the ground. Then he gathered heaps of brushwood, which he laid beneath the man.

Now he went back to the feast, and during a lull in the hubbub rose and demanded attention.

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"Listen, O Foxes!" he cried. "Some of you have whispered among yourselves that I am a traitor; that because I was once one of the Ojibways, therefore I fight not against them as it becomes a Fox to fight against his foes." He ceased speaking for a few moments, and looked round upon the assembled braves, who really were taking none too much interest in what he was saying, because it was interrupting their feast!

"Speak, son, that which is in your heart," someone growled.

"Come with me!" the renegade cried, and he led those who were willing to see what he had to show them to where he had left his uncle suspended on the stakes. Suffering great pain though he was, and knowing that some dreadful fate awaited him, the unfortunate Ojibway showed no sign of terror, no fear of death.

The crowding Foxes looked wonderingly at the renegade as, a flaming torch in his hand, he advanced and thrust the sputtering light among the branches beneath his uncle, setting fire to them. The dry wood blazed up instantly, the wind fanned the flames which roared and crackled.

"My uncle!" the renegade told the Foxes fiercely. "Now shall the Foxes say that I love the Ojibways?"

When they realised what the man was intending, the Foxes went mad with delight. They danced round the fire over which the wretched Ojibway hung, and shouted wildly. The heat of the fire was not allowed to abate, for the renegade kept heaping on the branches. Yet, despite his agony, the victim maintained a grave silence, although his face worked terribly and his body squirmed as the torture became unbearable.

"A good fire to warm you, uncle!" the renegade cried tauntingly.

The silence of the man seemed to whip the fiend into a greater fury. He raved and shouted and danced and laughed, and when the fire slackened a little he went to the victim and inspected him as a cook would inspect a joint upon a spit.

"Done, nicely done!" he leered. "But only on one side!" To the maniacal delight of the Foxes, he calmly turned the human sacrifice round so that the other side was close to the fire.

After a while the renegade cut him free of his stakes, and left him to revive or die as occasion might prove. In his heart he wished the elder man to live, because his plan was not yet completed.

Could he have seen the future he would then and there have put his victim out of his misery, but, as it was, the Ojibway did not die. When he revived the Fox hauled him to his poor blistered feet, upon which he could scarcely stand, and, before the large gathering of Foxes, thrust him into the forest, saying, "Go, tell the Ojibways how the Foxes treat their uncles!"

A great laugh uprose from the Foxes at that, and the Ojibway, suffering intense agony, turned, and through his parched and blistered lips said hoarsely:

"The Ojibways shall know!"

And the next instant he was gone, leaving his terrible nephew to enjoy what pleasure he could obtain from the applause of the Foxes, who now were assured of his loyalty to the tribe of his adoption.

The Ojibway picked his painful way through the forest;

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outstretching branches causing him agony as they touched, even ever so lightly, his blistered skin. The dense undergrowth was a torturing maze. The whole journey was one long nightmare.

But a great surge of indignation, a mighty revulsion of feeling, and a desire to live for revenge kept up the wretched Ojibway, and at last he stumbled into the village of his people. For a long time he lay senseless, and all the arts of the medicine men were used to restore him. No need for them to ask what had happened—those blistered limbs and that raw body were sufficient evidence—though this was some new torture that even they, barbarous as they were, had never inflicted upon their foes.

It was a very quiet, thoughtful man who recovered from his injuries. Henceforth, at such times as the war-whoop rose, his eyes would flash and his body stiffen, and when the braves went to fight the Foxes he was among them.

He fought gallantly, yet always in the battling he seemed to be preoccupied, his gaze going beyond the man with whom he was engaged, as though seeking someone else.

As indeed he was ; and, such is Fate, one day he found the man he sought.

All the doubt of the Foxes as to the renegade had long since passed away, and he was an honoured man among them, a mighty warrior who led to battle, sometimes to victory, sometimes to defeat.

And then his uncle met him !

The younger man saw him on that fateful day, moving like an avenging god towards his goal, and the renegade knew what that goal was. He knew that his uncle was

striving through the medley of warring men to reach him. A great fear possessed the one-time Ojibway, for there was that in the elder man's eyes which boded ill.

He pressed forward, forward still, hewing his way through the mass, and no matter how the other tried to evade him, it was impossible to do so. The renegade did not leave the field of battle—the Foxes would have had something to say about that. So at last, seeing there was no hope of escaping the revengeful Ojibway, he solved the problem by going to meet him; perhaps he could, in a duel, cut down the man whose face spoke revenge.

They met, uncle and nephew, victim and tormentor, and as though the Ojibways and Foxes knew this was no mere tribal feud, but one that belonged to these two men alone, they fell away, and left them to fight out their cause.

The end came quickly.

Fighting though he was with the revenge born of fear, the renegade was no match for the elder man, who, now that the moment he had longed for during the past months had come, was not to be baulked of his revenge.

As they circled round and round, each waiting for the opening that should allow of a dash in and a scalping slash of the hatchet, the Ojibway sprang—and the Fox went to earth, not dead, but stunned. And at that moment the rest of the Foxes who were not killed or wounded left the forest, utterly defeated by the Ojibways.

Back to their own village the latter went, bearing with them many a coveted scalp and a multitude of weapons, looted from fallen foes.

The man who had gone through the ordeal of fire took back something else. He carried to the village his inert

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enemy, and tied him to a stake, where he left him to regain consciousness before exacting the uttermost of revenge.

It is a terrible story, this, the story of a hatred bred of cruelty, and reveals to what depths the spirit of man can sink.

The Ojibway went quietly about his work. Taking the skin of a recently killed elk, the body of which was doing service in the victory feast, he threw it, with its layer of fat still on the inside, upon a fire, and left it there until it caught light, and when his victim opened his eyes he flung it full upon the shoulders of the prisoner, crying :

" You gave me a warm welcome, nephew. I now give you a mantle to warm your back ! "

The mantle of fire wrapped itself round the unfortunate man, whose cruelty was now recoiling upon himself, and his uncle calmly sat and watched him die !

There is a sequel to the story—a sequel which relieves it of much of its grimness. Bi-ans-wah, the son of that other Bi-ans-wah who had sacrificed himself for the boy, hated with all his rugged soul the practice thus initiated ; and during the peace that was made between the Ojibways and their foes, he, who had escaped such a horrible death by burning and had seen his own father die thus in his stead, brought all his influence to bear towards getting the custom stopped, and at last he was successful.

CROOKED HAND

Past fighting was the old Chief—or should have been ; but
the Sioux learned otherwise

THE village of the Skidi was quiet, except for the snarling of dogs, or the quarrel of children, or the chattering of women. A few old men or sick men smoked outside the wigwams, but of younger men there was no sign, for the very good reason that they had gone off on a buffalo hunt.

And in one of the red wigwams lay a sick man—Skadiks, or Crooked Hand, bravest of all the warriors of the tribe, with a reputation for leadership that made his name feared by the enemies of the Skidi. To Crooked Hand the idleness of sickness was galling, and he longed to be dashing across the prairie on his mustang, charging down upon the buffalo herd.

Yet, Ti-ra-wa* had been displeased with him for some sin, and Crooked Hand knew that he was of no use to his tribe now, either in war or in the hunt.

But, afar off, the Sioux had heard of the Skidi expedition ; some scouting Sioux had come hot-foot through the night, bearing the news that at last the Skidi village lay at the mercy of the Sioux, inveterate foes of the Pawnees.

*The Pawnees, of which the Skidi are a branch, worship a deity called Ti-ra-wa, and they are very religious, never undertaking any expedition or new venture of any kind without first offering sacrifices to Ti-ra-wa.

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Immediately the braves rushed to arms, the war-cries rose shrilly; and the squaws, who hated the Pawnees as much as ever the men did, joined in the hymn of hate and bade their warriors good speed and a quick victory, as, mounted on their mustangs, they filed out of the village.

The braves lost no time in covering the miles that lay between their own village and that of the defenceless Pawnee women and children; they did not even trouble to send out scouts to see how the land lay—they knew that no danger awaited them.

Dawn was gilding the eastern sky when a Skidi youth rushed into the village, fear writ large upon his face: he knew all about the horrors of tribal warfare; knew that desolate camps, burned wigwams, and captivity—and worse, followed defeat.

"Sioux braves are coming up the hill!" he cried. "And they come in war-paint!" He dropped exhausted to the ground.

Instantly the utmost confusion prevailed. Everyone who could move, and some who could scarcely crawl, left the wigwams and gazed in the direction indicated, the boy now clinging to his mother's vari-coloured blanket.

And, topping the summit, they saw a not small band but a large force of Indians, silhouetted against the now red sky.

They came leisurely, as though sure of their prey. No need to hurry to battle with a few old women and children, who could not fight, even if they would; and the Sioux, who numbered no fewer than six hundred, let their steeds descend the hill at a steady trot; and gathered together on the plain just above the Skidi village.

But they were past-masters in their art of warfare ; they knew that their leisurely movements would strike more terror into the hearts of the helpless foes than any fierce charge. The sound of their war-song throbbed through the still air, now sinking to a drone, grimly forbidding in its very monotony and undertone, and now rising to a crescendo of hatred terrible as death.

The far-off hill down which they rode was a scene for the painter. Befeathered head-dress rose and fell, and the wind tossed them about in abandon ; the sun glinted on lance-heads and hair plate, and a brandished lance, uplifting in the ecstasy of war-song, seemed to be made of silver as the sun caught it.

It was more like the triumphal approach of proved victors than of an army that had not yet done its work ; and the Skidi squaws trembled as they thought of what awaited them, knowing that their scalps would ere long be dangling at the saddles of the Sioux.

The wail of their dirge was swept along by the wind, and Crooked Hand, lying on his pallet, scarcely able to move, called to his own squaw.

" What means the cry of the squaws ? " he asked.

" It means, O Skadiks," the woman told him tearfully, " it means that while our warriors are at the hunt the Sioux have come. And where shall we hide from their wrath ? "

" Hide ! " thundered Crooked Hand, and the woman wondered at the sudden change in him. A moment before he had been lying helpless, while now he had flung himself off his couch, had cast off the robe he had been wearing, and was arraying himself in his warring clothes. " Hide ! " he cried again. " Shall the Skidi hide from the Sioux, and

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shall those our braves who have gone to bring us food come back to find our village desolated? Not while an old man, or a child, nay—not while a squaw can bend a bow!"

And he strode out of the wigwam, a veritable giant of a man who had been cured of his sickness by the need of his people. They looked at him astonished, as he went among them, and they herded about him when he cried:

"Behold! Every man of you, old though he be, or sick, to arms! And you, sons of the warriors who are away, get you the bows you have played with. The Sioux shall know that even the old men and boys of the Skidi can defend their women!"

He stood there, the very picture of a warrior, with the still inert messenger at his feet, and he harangued the old men and the women.

"They shall know, too, O Skadiks," cried the squaws, "that the women can defend themselves!"

The enthusiasm of the Skidi was tremendous; even men tottering as they walked grabbed up bows which they could scarcely bend; youngsters whose bows had never been used for any more serious work than bringing down squirrels and tumbling rabbits; women seized axes and whatever weapons lay to hand; and the whole company, with Crooked Hand at their head, mounted horses, and waited for the commands of the leader who had left his sick bed for battle.

Behind the wall encircling the village the Pawnees waited for awhile, wondering what course Crooked Hand would adopt; and many of them were for staying where they were and allowing the Sioux to make the attack.

That, however, was far from Crooked Hand's intention.

"The Pawnees have never yet feared to go forth against the Sioux," he cried, "and we can conquer them anywhere. We go now to fight them outside our village—and we go to fight for our homes and our lives."

And he urged his war-horse forward, followed by the whole company of ill-fitted fighters.

Such a sight the Sioux had never before seen: men bowed with age struggled to maintain their seats on the fiery steeds; women, whose unaccustomed hands let fall the weapons they had hastily seized, and boys whose faces, for all their determination of heart, showed something of the fear of the unknown—such was the band which the Sioux saw coming out against them.

And they laughed.

They ceased their chant of woe and triumph, and laughed in derision; hurled jibes and taunts at the weird army of weaklings.

And, laughing, forgot the soul of things—forgot that even women and old, enfeebled men, even children, who naturally shrink from blood, can fight, and will fight, for those things which are as dear as life.

The Sioux decided to charge and have the affair done with. They took up their war-song and urged their steeds on; the pounding of iron-shod hoofs shook the ground, the cries of the two parties made a discordant tumult. And then the arrows of the Pawnees, the bow-strings drawn by those weaklings fighting for homes and lives—winged in among the Sioux; the boys' arrows, no less than those of their elders, causing many casualties. Horses screamed and turned about; men dropped to the ground, their many-hued war-dress given a new colour as their life's blood dyed

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it ; and the Sioux realised for the first time that this motley crowd was not to be despised.

And before that fight was over—it lasted from mid-morning till evening—they received as severe a mauling as they had ever suffered even at the hands of men well-matched with them in strength and arms. Crooked Hand, his sickness now fallen from him like a discarded cloak, exhorted his strange army ; always his giant form was to be seen, and he performed prodigious deeds of valour and strength.

The first rush of the Sioux had been checked by the speeding arrows of the Pawnees ; time after time following that the Sioux were held back. Now and again, however, some of them managed to get to close quarters, and a fierce hand-to-hand fight ensued, in which the women took a valiant part. Their axes were wielded furiously, and to good purpose ; many a Sioux bit the dust through a blow dealt by a woman's hand. They who had come out to butcher a helpless community found that community more than a match for them, and were driven off. But they did not flee yet ; they fought at a distance, their arrows whistling amongst the Pawnees, mothers and sons dying side by side, doing man's work.

Crooked Hand, good leader that he was, had kept his army's spirits up, and every time an onrush of the Sioux was stopped his voice rose above the clamour and promised final victory.

"The Pawnees give not way to the Sioux !" was his theme, and when for the third time that day his horse was shot under him and he lay pinned down by the dead beast, he wrenched himself free of the encumbrance, seized

a horse whose rider had been less fortunate, sprang on to it, and, brandishing his lance, red even now with the blood of several Sioux he had killed in the close encounters, charged down upon the foe crying :

“ See, they fall back ! ”

It was indeed so : the Sioux, held off for so long, had at last realised that their “ victims ” were likely to take too heavy toll of them, and they began to fall away. Slowly at first, and then, as Crooked Hand led his victory-flushed force after them, they broke and fled, a disorderly mob.

That rout of the Sioux lives in the annals of the Pawnees : they tell how that boys chased fleeing foes and fought them until they had obtained the coveted scalp ; how women who forgot their menial duties mingled with the disheartened Sioux and used their axes and tomahawks like any men ; and how old men, seemingly rejuvenated by the fire of the gods of battle, fought till their ancient, shrivelled arms ached and could no longer use lance or tomahawk. And they tell, too, how Crooked Hand kept up the chase till the only Sioux who were within many miles of the village they had come to plunder and destroy were those who lay still upon the ground, for there were no prisoners taken on that day of days.

And when the warriors of the Pawnees came back from the chase and saw the battleground stretching for many miles, they thought that there must have been a mighty battle between Sioux and some other tribe, not Pawnees, since who was there in the village to do battle ? Yet when, among the slain here and there they found one of their squaws, or a boy scarcely in his teens, or an old man whose form was shrunk with age—when they saw these

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things they knew that the battle had been between Pawnees and Sioux.

They hurried away from the field of death to where the village had stood, hardly daring to hope that it still remained ; and never were men so astonished as they when trooping out of the village came squaws, papooses, and the old men, headed by Crooked Hand !

It took a very little time to convey the news of what had happened ; and then there was such rejoicing—such feasting on the buffalo meat brought in and cooked on the great camp fire lighted immediately—as the Pawnees had never known before.

And the man to whom all gave the glory was Skadiks—Crooked Hand—who had saved the village when his right place was the sick bed.

TAMING THE APACHES

How the U.S. troopers dealt with the Red Men in the
Bad Lands

FEROCIOUS and bloodthirsty as many Indian tribes proved themselves to be, few of them equalled, certainly none ever surpassed, in cruelty and insensate blood-lust, the Apaches of the South-West of the States. Red men they were in physique and in soul, glorying in the shedding of blood, and seeming to spend their lives, what time they were not fighting, in devising new forms of torture. They had no sense of gratitude ; would knife a man even as he was in the act of giving hospitality. They knew no pity. They hated the white men, killed prospectors in the mountains, swooped down upon cowboys on the ranches in the prairies, and rushed the stock of the palefaces whenever opportunity presented itself.

The depredations and murders of the Apaches, carried on for many years, aroused the United States Government to take vigorous action either to tame them or to clean them out ; and they placed at the head of the troops dispatched for the purpose a general named Crook, who had proved himself to be a brilliant Indian fighter.

At the time, 1885, the chief of the Apaches was one Geronimo, who, with another chief named Natchez, kept the blood-lust of their tribes at fever pitch. The quest for him proved hazardous and filled with adventures surpassing

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even the lurid imaginings of fictionists who sit at home and invent tales of life among the red men.

General Crook adopted the adage of "setting a thief to catch a thief." There were certain tribes of Apaches who had been subdued, as far as that was possible, and he enlisted large numbers of these for the purpose of hunting down Geronimo. Crook's Apaches jumped at the chance of fighting, even against their fellows, at a price: and Crook was willing to pay. That fact, naturally, was a boon to the white men, for the reds knew the maze of the foothills in the Bad Lands, as the territory of the Apaches was called; although the friendly reds were likely to turn traitor at any moment—with dire results to the white men who might be with them. Captain Crawford, an experienced Indian fighter, was well aware of this when he accepted the post of leader of an expedition, and set to work choosing the white men who should accompany him with the hundred Apaches who had been selected. Crawford's choice fell upon Lieutenant W. E. Shipp, of the 10th Cavalry, and Lieutenants S. L. Faison and Marion P. Maus, of the 1st Infantry, with Surgeon T. B. Davis, for the purpose of tinkering up broken heads and so forth.

Because the Apaches territory in the Rockies touched Mexico the preparations necessary for the expedition included an arrangement between the States Government and that of Mexico; without that agreement Geronimo might easily make a bolt for Mexico, and so leave the States expedition powerless to follow him. The result of the arrangement was that when Crawford at last set out he was empowered to cross the frontier if necessary. The wisdom of the negotiation was seen very soon, for the moment that

Geronimo got wind of the coming of the expedition, he made a break for Mexico, crossing the frontier a few miles north of Fronteras—to the dismay of the Mexicans. Townships had hurriedly to be hedged about by rough fortifications, but scattered settlements having no time to protect themselves, were wiped out; and a trail of blood and fire marked the progress of the Apaches.

Terror reigned, even when Crawford turned up and announced to all and sundry what his purpose was. The Mexicans looked askance at his force, unable to understand his foolhardiness in venturing with an Apache company for such work as he had in hand. Crawford, however, merely grinned at their raised eyebrows and their gesturing hands.

He went on, but not as an army marches when in the enemy territory, because the Apaches refused to be disciplined; they were fighters of the wilds, and would carry on the work in their own chosen way. During the day, as the company moved forward, making for Southern Sonora, where Crawford's information led him to believe his quarry was hidden, the Captain would miss numbers of his men; they had gone slinking through the rock-strewn ground on little stunts of their own. The rest would push on, and presently others would disappear, gone, perhaps, to explore a canyon or else to beat up a mountain slope or peer over the other side. For hours they would follow the scarcely perceptible trail, and often enough Crawford found himself left with his four white companions and a mere handful of Apaches. Not that Crawford minded really; he knew that his Apaches were adept at trailing and might at any moment come hurrying back with news

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of a quarry run to earth, or, maybe, with scalps streaming from belts.

On the other hand there was always the chance that his Apaches, meeting some of the villains they were out to catch, might decide to throw in their lot with them and come gliding through the long grass and bring the expedition to a finish by scalping the white men! They were rousing days indeed—days which, as it happened, came round to evenings that were nearly always alike in that the Apache scouts would come into camp as twilight fell, and make their reports, perhaps, or merely grunt their thanks as they ate their rations.

At night Crawford knew he was safe and would lie down with his comrades and sleep without fear of being attacked either by Geronimo's men or by his own, because the Apaches, ruthless rascals that they were, had a mighty dread of the darkness, believing that demon spirits were abroad at night and that to cross the path of one of them meant that a man would lose his scalplock at the next bit of fighting!

Crawford had other trouble with his reds than mere indiscipline. He got into a tight corner at Huasavas, and for a time thought that the end had come. His Apaches got drunk, and two of them succeeded in getting the wrong side of the Mexican police. The Apaches settled that little matter by showing fight; and the Mexicans settled their part of the business by shooting one of the Apaches. The fat was in the fire immediately the Apaches in camp heard the news. They seized their weapons, and, being half-sheets in the wind, danced the war dance, and swore to go to the town and raze it to the ground. The white men

bullied them, coaxed them, ran the risk of being scalped themselves in their endeavour to dissuade them from carrying out their bloodthirsty threat, but nothing that Crawford and his friends could do was sufficient to make the Apaches give up their thoughts of vengeance. They worked themselves up into a fine fury of rage, although at last Crawford prevailed upon them to put off the attack until the morning. Despite this, the Apaches spent the night dancing and shouting and singing and mouthing vengeance as they whirled around the camp fires and the white men spent a miserable and anxious night. They dreaded the coming of dawn. They wondered how they were to quench the fighting spirit of their followers and divert them from their plans of vengeance. Too much haste, unwise handling, might easily precipitate the swing round of the Apaches, who would then fall upon their leaders.

A tight corner indeed.

Crawford hoped that the drunken orgy of the night would peter out to a nonchalance of sobriety!

Morning came at last, and with it the lifting of the weighing dread. What happened was that a messenger came from the south with the news that Crawford succeeded in using to the salvation of Huasavas. Down south there, the followers of Geronimo were sweeping through the land burning, slaying, torturing and devastating.

Crawford told his out-of-hand followers what was happening, and by dint of rough eloquence and fiery enthusiasm prevailed upon them to forgo their revenge on the Mexicans, and the party set off on the trail. Into the heart of the mountains of Mexico they went, penetrating to something like two hundred miles, passing through country

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where, had but Geronimo realised they were tracking him, he could have ambushed them and wiped them all out. Fortunately the Chief seemed not to know that he was being followed, for no ambush was set, and the company climbed up the mountain sides, passed through the defiles, and glided through the valleys. When scouts brought in news that the enemy were within easy distance, a medicine dance was held, after which the party left their Indian ponies behind, loaded a few mules with rations to last twelve miles, and then took the trail on foot. They crossed the Haros River and entered the trail that led to the Devil's backbone, the long range of mountains in the Bad Lands. They travelled by night (Crawford had overcome their reluctance to move in the darkness), camped by day, lighting fires only in the full sun-glare, marched in moccasins instead of shoes because the latter made too much noise; and on January 9th, 1886, a scout came in with the news that Geronimo's camp was only twelve miles distant.

When the scout brought in his report the company had just completed a six hours' march which had been done during the afternoon for a change; but although the men were fagged—Crawford and the other whites were utterly worn out by exposure and hard going—there was no hesitation in going ahead.

Unfortunately, the night was pitch black, and not even the best guides knew the trail that led to Geronimo's camp. The result was that during the next twelve hours—it took no shorter time than that to cover the twelve miles!—the party ran into dangers of a dozen kinds.

Sometimes they almost tumbled down precipices which

suddenly yawned before them; at others, they marched into cul de sacs and had to retrace their footsteps. But at last, when the dawn was creeping up and glinting on the rugged mountain tops, they came in sight of the Apache camp. Eighteen hours of hard travelling had exhausted the company, but still Crawford meant to take the tide at the flood; and he began to encircle the camp. The Apaches did not hear them—but the asses of the Apaches did, and started to bray. Instantly, the whole camp was alive, for the Indians realised that something was afoot.

Geronimo was not only alarmed. He was astonished. He had imagined himself secure in his stronghold, and, having no scouts out, did not know how large was the force that had come against him. Under the impression that it was bound to be large, he gave instructions for "Every man for himself!" and the Apaches promptly snatched up their weapons and made a bolt for it, firing at their enemies as they spotted them among the rocks. A few of the Apaches were knocked out, but Crawford's band, swinging in, captured the camp all right—to find it deserted, although Geronimo had had to abandon all his chattels.

Crawford immediately inspected the camp to make sure that there were no foes left, and then posted his men at various points among the rocks to keep a good look-out against a surprise attack.

It was a bitter disappointment to have failed in capturing Geronimo, and Crawford, had his men been fit for the task, would have pursued him at once. That, however, was impossible, for even Apaches have a limit of endurance. Therefore, it was a case of some watching while others slept, turn and turn about, and of hoping that

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on the morrow they would be refreshed sufficiently to go forward to finish the work.

Then something happened to alter the complexion of affairs.

An Apache squaw came in from Geronimo and Natchez to say that the Chiefs were desirous of opening negotiations. Crawford agreed to meet them in conference, and appointed the following day for that purpose.

Even so, a watch was kept up, lest Geronimo might be playing an Indian trick. Nothing occurred during the day, neither during the night that followed. Early in the morning, however, the camp, shrouded in mist, so that it was impossible to see far ahead, was attacked. Rifles barked, men cried in their death agonies. The sentries reported that the shots had come out of the mist and that they had seen, like shadows, men moving some distance away, only to be swallowed up in the mist. The Apaches of the party, maybe a little panicky, fired wildly into the fog, despite the endeavours of Crawford to bring them to heel and to induce them to remain quiet to await development. Who the attackers might be Crawford did not know. For some reason or other he did not believe they were the men of Geronimo; and, failing them, the only thing he could imagine was that by some accident a party that had been sent out to co-operate with him had hit upon Geronimo's camp and, not knowing that the Apaches had fled, had opened fire.

Eventually Crawford and his comrades prevailed upon their men to cease fire, and, when they did so, a shout was raised, enquiring who was out there behind the mist. The answer came back—in Spanish, and four Mexicans advanced

out of the fog. They informed Crawford that they belonged to a party of Mexicans who had been despatched on the trail of Geronimo. They had mistaken Crawford's Indians for those of Geronimo's!

Crawford was relieved indeed; but relieved too soon. The trouble was not over. It had just begun. The Indians, remembering the affair at Huasavas, and seeing their comrades lying among the rocks where they had been shot down by the Mexicans, saw red, and swore to fight the Mexicans to the death. Crawford tried his utmost to dissuade them, but all to no purpose. An Apache rifle cracked, a Mexican replied, and, immediately, there was a terrible to do. The white men realised that they had lost all control and dived for cover. Crawford, however, got pipped as he ran, and dropped unconscious—to die a few days later. Four Mexican officers were killed instant; and then both parties took cover behind rocks, putting in pot shots at any who dared to show. This perfunctory fighting—it was not often that a man exposed himself!—gave time for reflection, and Lieutenant Maus, who had taken control command, and who could see Geronimo on the mountain side, highly delighted at the Gilbertian situation, decided to risk everything in an effort to patch up the foolish quarrel. He knew that his men were as likely to be as obstinate as the Mexicans, and the affair could have prolonged itself indefinitely if allowed to go on. Therefore, Maus sprang up and took the chance of being sniped off. He called out, asking for a conference with the Mexicans, and urging them to come out of their cover. They refused. Maus cut the Gordian knot by going boldly out towards them, and, unearthing some of them, learned

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that all the Mexican officers had been killed, many men had been killed and wounded, and the rest were all for peace—if peace could be arranged! Maus undertook to arrange it, and after a while succeeded in bringing it about.

It was time then to deal with Geronimo, who for some reason had not taken advantage of the opportunity to make his escape. A conference was held with him, and seeing that he was now cornered, in that the two forces were combined against him, he agreed to go to General Crook to settle the terms of surrender.

Everything seemed rosy then. But everything grew black later.

Geronimo turned up at the rendezvous, it is true, but he went with all his Apaches in battle array, and stipulated the terms of surrender! General Crook refused them. Geronimo did not allow the deadlock to continue long; he and his braves broke camp and melted away, leaving Crook so disgruntled with himself that he sent in his resignation, which was naturally accepted.

It was a sorry ending to an adventure that had promised so much and had been brought so near to a successful conclusion; and an adventure that had cost the life of the gallant Crawford.

The United States Government, despite the fiasco, were still determined to bring Geronimo to heel, and they appointed General Miles—another famous fighter of the Indians—to the command of the expedition for that purpose. Grown more audacious than ever, the Apaches went blood-mad, and massacred freely whenever opportunity presented itself. One particularly ferocious case made Miles press his campaign against them—a campaign run on very different

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lines from that commanded by Crook. Miles's plan was to divide the Bad Lands into sections, appointing a leader responsible for the charge of that section, and having American troops under his command. A separate force rounded up Geronimo and his pack of bloodthirsty rascals, chased them into one of the sections, and left them to the mercy of the section, which promptly took up the hunt and chased the Apaches into another section, giving them no rest.

The affair that made Miles put the pace on the pursuit was a ghastly one. A ranch, owned by a man named Peck, who lived there with his wife and daughter, a child of about thirteen years of age, was suddenly attacked by the Apaches. The farm workers were killed out of hand, but Mr. Peck and his family, taken by surprise, were captured alive. The ranch was looted and generally "cleaned up."

Then the Apaches got to work at their favourite pleasure, torture. They bound Peck to a stake, and hauled out his wife and tortured her before his eyes. The helpless man struggled violently, and vainly, for freedom as he saw the anguish of his wife, who was tortured with all the fiendish ingenuity of the Apaches. Peck went mad, even before his wife died beneath the torture. When the woman was dead the Apaches made a rush to serve Peck the same, and fell back in dismay and terror as they saw that he was raving mad. The Indians possess a dread of mad people. The Apaches dared not torture him. Cutting him free from the stake, they made off with his daughter.

Peck was found a little later by the soldiers. He was roaming aimlessly among the ruins of his house, a pitiable

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creature. The troopers did what they could for him, and then a strong party, picking up the trail of the fiends, set off after them, following the plan devised by General Miles. From territory to territory the Apaches were chased, carrying with them the little Peck girl. No rest was given them; they were hounded from place to place, always a force was hard upon their heels, wearing them down.

It was, however, a Mexican party that effected the rescue of the girl. The Apaches one day ran plump into the Mexicans, who, without hesitation, fired. The Apache that had charge of the girl went down wounded at the first volley, and the child, dropped by the Indian as he fell, ran toward the Mexicans who were firing at the scattering Indians. The latter succeeded in making their escape because the wounded Indian, whom they basely deserted, crawled into a position which enabled him to hold up the Mexican company. He was a gallant fellow, if a villain, and he put up a brave defence, killing seven of the Mexicans before he was overcome.

By that time Geronimo was well away, and for many, many weeks he succeeded in escaping through the meshes of the net cast out for him. Still Miles kept up his campaign, convinced that in the end he would break the spirit of the Apaches. Eventually he did so, for Geronimo and Natchez brought in their red-souled followers, and accepted the terms that were offered to them, which were that they should go into reservations.

Thus were the Bad Lands cleared of its scourge, and men could work without fear and sleep in peace at night.

PA'NI LE'SHAR

The "White Chief of the Pawnees" was the Indian title of Frank North, who held wonderful sway over the Red Men

I

PA'NI LE'SHAR the chief of the Pawnees, was not an Indian, but his name is famous in the annals of the red men because of his hold over the Pawnees, large numbers of whom he recruited to form a company of Scouts that did good service against hostile Indians during the Indian wars of the nineteenth century. The Pawnees were a warlike tribe, skilled in all the arts of Indian warfare, and bitter enemies of the Sioux, Cheyennes, the Kiowas and the Arapaphoes, who caused considerable trouble to the United States Government.

Pa'ni Le'shar was the name the Pawnees gave to their White Chief, whose real name was Frank North. Born in Ohio in 1840, he went on trek with his family when he was fifteen years of age, and settled for a while at Council Bluffs, afterwards crossing the Missouri and settling in Nebraska. The upbringing of Frank North made him acquainted with the ways of the red men, and when his father, a surveyor, was lost in a terrible snowstorm, and the boy had to take upon himself the maintenance of the family, he turned his knowledge to account by going as a clerk in a store at the Pawnee Agency, where he came into daily touch with the Pawnees. From such a small beginning the forceful personality of the youth enabled him to rise until he became

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amazingly powerful over the Pawnees. Honest, courageous, and full of vigour, possessing a large amount of sound common sense, with which he used to help the red men whenever necessary, North was looked up to by the Pawnees, and, even before he was a grown man, had much influence in the councils of the Indians.

So great was this influence, indeed, that in '64, when outbreaks of the Indians were both frequent and menacing, North was given permission to raise a company of Pawnee Scouts ; he was the one man capable of doing it, and he did it. The Pawnees were enthusiastic to join the Scouts, not only because the hostile Indians were troublesome and their predatory raids costly in life and goods, but also because North himself was going to be the leader. For years North's Pawnee Scouts did fine work along the emigrants' trails and on the plains where the red men wandered in warring quest. What stirring times those were ! What terrific encounters took place between the Scouts and the disturbers of the peace ! And how often did North lead his copper-coloured men in the midst of a howling mob of war-painted foes !

It was in the Powder River country that one of the most exciting adventures befel North and his Scouts, who were out on the trail of a band of marauding Indians.

North had picked up the trail after some trouble, and although his men had been slogging away across the Prairie and up and down the mountains for many weeks so that they were weary and travel tired, as were their horses, he merely had to call upon them and they were following him as though fresh from a long stay in camp.

North had managed to get hold of a new horse whic .

was not so weary as those ridden by the Pawnees, and the Captain, being as intrepid as ever, put his steed at full speed, anxious to come up with the quarry as quickly as possible.

The result was that although the Pawnees tried to keep pace with their leader, their horses were not capable of making the pace, and North gradually got far away from them.

Far off, across the plains, the dust clouds betokened the fleeing Cheyennes putting their horses at full speed, terribly scared because the prowess and pluck of North's men were things of wonder among the lawless redskins.

Being mounted on fresher horses than even North's own, the Cheyennes outpaced the Pawnees, whose mounts flagged and stumbled, and many of them at last gave up.

For some considerable time North, however, held on in pursuit. Now and again a Cheyenne would swing round and fire at the pursuer, and the balls would splash in the sand or whistle past North's ears, music—had the Cheyennes only known it—music that thrilled and warmed the soul of the great White Leader.

But at last came disappointment for North—brave though he was. He realised, when he had left his men far behind him—so that they looked smaller from the distance than the Indians he was pursuing—that it was hopeless to go on any farther. Had it been possible to overtake the fleeing men, he would have held on relentlessly, for of North it was said he never turned aside from battle, whatever the odds.

"We'd get 'em all," he growled, giving them a parting shot, as he turned his horse round; "we'd get 'em all if only we had the best horses." There was chagrin in his

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heart, for he knew that the news would go forth that he had been compelled to give up the chase, and there would be high revelry in hostile camps. Still, there was nothing else for it, he consoled himself as he urged his stumbling, panting horse back to where his Scouts had come to a full stop, waiting for him some considerable distance away, so that he could not see them.

Then the amazing thing happened.

The Cheyennes, the moment they saw North give up the pursuit, swept round with a suddenness that took even the alert North by surprise. A perfect hail of bullets swept past him, as the twenty-five red men fired.

North stared across the plain, seeking some sign of his own men, but seeing none, and those Cheyennes were charging down upon him at a terrible, pounding pace, yelling defiance. They had seen what he had not quite realised—namely, that he was alone, and it seemed to them too good an opportunity to miss, this of capturing the famous White Chief of the Pawnees.

But if they imagined it was to be an easy task, they had made a mistake; they did not really know North! As soon as he realised what their intention was, and that it was a case of one against twenty-five, the Captain dismounted, and making his horse lie down, took shelter behind it, firing even as he dropped to the ground.

And ere ever the crack of the gun had died away, a Cheyenne had relinquished his hold of life, while the rest swung their horses round and scattered across the plain, out of rifle range.

"Are the beggars going to clear off now, or not? Just like 'em to be afraid of one man. I'll——"

His thoughts were interrupted by something that gave him a mental jolt. Feeling in his belt for more cartridges, he found that there were only three left!"

"Lost the others during the chase!" he grunted grimly, his mouth set firmly, because he knew that if the Cheyennes did return to the charge he was in for a warm time. The moment would come when, the last bullet gone, he would find himself in the midst of the raging bloodthirsty Cheyennes, defenceless but for a clubbed rifle and a knife; and neither would be much use against foes who need not come near to do their work! But would they come at all?

His question was quickly answered. The dust cloud appeared in the distance again, and lying there on the ground, North could hear—almost feel—the pounding of hoofs, and he knew that the Cheyennes were coming on for another charge.

Having slipped in a cartridge, North lay there behind the exhausted horse, grimly waiting for the onrush of the foes.

Nearer and nearer came the dust cloud, louder sounded the beating of hoofs, and presently the figures of red men and horses appeared through the haze. The Indians yelled defiance, and North wondered why they did not fire. For himself he raised his rifle and took aim, and those Cheyennes, wonderful cowards, promptly swerved off, scared stiff almost at sight of that pale face taking aim at them. They saw their dead comrade lying on the sweltering prairie, and they liked not the manner of his repose.

They flew! And North chuckled to himself as they sped—chuckled because he had found a way which might

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mean life for him if he could strike terror into the Cheyennes without the expenditure of those last precious shots.

He realised that these men knew of his skill as a sharp-shooter, and he determined to play upon that string.

He made his horse get up, but his newly buoyed-up spirits sank when he saw that a ball had seriously wounded the beast, so that it was impossible to use it. In fact, it was so bad that it could not gallop riderless. The situation was serious, for North had intended riding back to his own men, and turning as if to fire every time the Cheyennes attempted to get within range. Now that could not be done.

"I shall have to foot it," he growled. "Come on, old girl," he said to the horse, leading it across the plain. He took the mare, wounded though it was, because it would afford some protection against the attacking Indians. He did not like to use his mare for such a purpose, though in this case there was nothing else to do if he was to save his life.

When the Cheyennes, from the safety of the distance, saw their enemy retreating, and from the manner of the retreat understood something, though not all, of his extremity, they howled at him, and putting their steeds at a gallop, charged down at him. North came to a standstill, and dropped behind his horse, when he judged necessary—which was when the Cheyennes were almost within range. The sight of the threatening gun cowed them again, as North had hoped it would, and they turned and flew.

Whereupon the highly amused white man set off

again on his weary march with his three cartridges still unexpended.

In such fashion did North cover no less a distance than fifteen miles—fifteen miles of dreadful journey over ground covered with cactus that tore his moccasins. Time and again did the Cheyennes rush madly down upon him, seeming on each occasion determined to get through, but every time North calmly prepared for defence and yet never fired a shot! His very grimness and deliberation struck fear into the red men, who turned tail after potting at him from a distance greater than the range of their weapons! They did not once dare to come within range!

The poor horse stumbled along, and, but for the fact that it might have been the only chance of saving his life had the Cheyennes plucked up courage to close in, North would have left it, knowing that the Indians would have tended it, or, if it was too far gone, mercifully put it out of its misery. North himself could not afford to use even a cartridge upon it.

The poor animal actually impeded North's progress, but the man did not mind that so long as he could keep going and hold off the Indians.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed to nothing after a weary while; "what's up?"

A few minutes before the Cheyennes had charged, and, after their courageous manner, retired; but this time they did not come to a halt just out of range. The dust cloud was getting farther away, and the beat of the hoofs getting less distinct.

"By all that's cowardly!" North exclaimed; "they're clearing off!"

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He was right.

That band of Cheyennes had been so utterly cowed by the man who did not fire at them that they had given up the game! Perhaps they were afraid that North's Pawnees were somewhere about. If that was their fear it was not unfounded, for very soon after North had lost sight of even that uprising cloud of dust, he came up with his own men who had been so exhausted that they had had to camp.

It goes without saying that they were overjoyed to see their leader. They had not been over anxious, however, as they had abundant faith in his ability to outwit any red men and to take care of himself.

Amongst the Pawnees were some who had not taken part in the chase, but had been met while on patrol; these were fresher than the others, and their horses were not exhausted. North, despite his own fatigue, decided that he would immediately go after the retreating Cheyennes, who would not expect to be pursued now.

"We go!" he cried to his fresh men, and choosing one of their horses, he led them out across the prairie in the direction taken by the fleeing Cheyennes.

For all the afternoon they held on, riding hard, and following the unmistakable trail left by the Cheyennes. Night came on, and because the trail was not plain enough to be seen by horsemen, two of the Pawnees dismounted and followed the trail through the darkness, keeping in touch with the riders.

On, on, on they went, the plains giving place to mountains, where it was not so easy to follow the marks, and, by daylight, the pursuers came to a little clearing, beyond

which stood a patch of cottonwood trees ; wreathing above the tree tops was a column of blue smoke.

Scouts went out to see who was encamped and came back with the news that the Cheyennes were there.

" We've got them ! " said North, and, without wasting any time, he led his men forward in double file, until they were so close that the Cheyennes heard them coming. Not imagining that the new-comers could be North's Pawnees, but thinking they were possibly white men, the Cheyennes rode out boldly to meet them, and received a nasty shock when they saw North.

Up rose the Pawnee war-cry, and, terribly scared, the Cheyennes, without even a show of fight, turned and fled, leaving seven of their number on the ground, caught in the first volley fired by North's men.

There ensued a grim chase then, and the Pawnees, whose horses were fresher than those of the Cheyennes, had things all their own way, and they did not give up the running fight until every one of the Cheyennes had been ridden down and the justice of the wild places meted out.

Then back to the Cheyenne camp, where they found a number of stolen horses, the effects of several soldiers, women and children, together with their scalps—these people had been barbarously killed by the Cheyennes some days before ; and, overjoyed at their victory, the Pawnees returned to their own habitation.

As was their custom after a victory, they held a scalp dance, and, according to custom also, the warriors changed their names. Carried away by their enthusiasm, they made North change his—and chose the new name : it was Pa'ni Le'shar, Chief of the Pawnees ; and considering that

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only one other white man has ever been given that name before (he was General Frémont), Frank North felt that he had obtained a very real hold on the Pawnees.

II

ONE of the most redoubtable chiefs of the Sioux during the mid-nineteenth century—how short a while ago it seems since the red men rode the plains in war paint and feathers—was Turkey-Leg, who led his braves on raids which were carried out with the utmost cruelty and ferocity.

Turkey-Leg was continually on the war-path, becoming a serious menace to law and order, and although the government of the United States endeavoured to capture him or kill him, he always managed to get away safely, until Major North met him.

The White Chief of the Pawnees took a little time off from his constant work of patrolling the plains, and with a number of his Scouts, went on a buffalo hunt. The sport was exciting, as it always was, and the buffaloes gave the hunters a rare run, causing them to break up into small parties, which were widely scattered.

North and a Pawnee made up one party, and while they were galloping madly after a pounding buffalo—a fine beast which the Major was anxious to bring down—rifle shots rang out, bullets pinged too close to the two men's ears for comfort, and dust clouds spattered up all around the horses.

"Tell those boys to look where they're shooting," North shouted to his man, thinking that it must be some of his Scouts firing at a buffalo, and pretty bad shooting, too!

The Pawnee raced off in the direction from which the shots had come, but North saw him suddenly bring his horse round in a narrow circle, and come racing back.

"They're Sioux!" the man cried. "Sioux under Turkey-Leg! We'd better run for it!"

While he was wondering what to do, further shots came whistling through the air, in such numbers that North knew that there was a large party of Sioux. To stay there in such circumstances was to court disaster, and, as the Sioux were safely ensconced in a ravine, there was no chance of the two men doing anything against them. Until his men could be gathered together North knew that it would be best to seek safety, and calling his man to follow him, he rode for some bluffs near at hand, followed by the Sioux.

It was a race for life, and North and his comrade won, being joined just as they reached the bluffs by C. D. Morse (North's brother-in-law) and half a dozen Pawnees. The bluffs offered some measure of protection for a while, but very soon it was discovered that the Sioux were working round so as to surround the little party and then rush them.

Just near was a shallow wash-out, at the head of a ravine where giant sunflowers grew, and the low edges of the bank would act as a shelter from Sioux bullets. Into this North led his men at a rush, and succeeded in getting in safely before the Sioux foes began rapid firing, which effected no damage, however, because the men lay among the sunflowers, and could not be seen from outside.

For some time the Sioux contented themselves with long range firing, and North's men, sparing their ammunition as much as possible, only fired when they were certain of hitting.

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In this fashion the little battle went on, and then, apparently getting tired of such tactics, the Sioux became bolder, and advanced.

They charged down on their horses, led by Turkey-Leg, who made himself foolishly conspicuous by carrying a large American flag ; and exhorted by him, his rascals rode right up to the edges of the wash-out, and emptied their rifles down into it. But Turkey-Leg swung about each time, just before coming into range, and rode his horse back to a little hill, leaving his men to do the fighting. Every one of North's horses were killed, and the position began to get too warm for comfort.

" Turkey-Leg's a mighty big coward ! " North muttered to himself, after one of the ugly rushes had been repulsed by rifle fire, several Sioux lying near the edges of the wash-out, grim tokens of accurate shooting on the part of North's men. " Look at the skunk now ! " Peering through their sheltering sunflower stalks, the men saw the chief sitting on his horse, and haranguing his followers, no doubt urging them to fight, while he looked after his precious skin.

" Something's *got* Turkey-Leg," one of North's white men said. " He wasn't always like that—he didn't always show the yellow streak."

" Anyhow, he's not doing so badly by his talking," said North. " Look at the beggars—he's making 'em mad, by Jove ! They're coming again ! Get ready ! "

The Pawnees and white men got ready, and as the Sioux, infuriated by the exhortations of their Chief, came swinging towards the wash-out, the rifles spoke—and several of them went tumbling to earth, to be trampled on by their comrades' horses. The charge was held up and the enemy

broke and scattered—to re-assemble round the hillock where Turkey-Leg sat awaiting them.

It was really ludicrous, despite the seriousness of the situation. Turkey-Leg raved and his followers lifted their rifles and shook them towards the ravine. The battle lust was being fed by the Chief.

"One time those fellows'll get us," North said grimly, "unless we manage to put Turkey-Leg out. We can't hope to hold 'em off too long, and the Chief'll incite 'em till they do finish us. I'm going out to see what I can do——"

And before his comrades could restrain him, North was slithering like a snake through the long grass, working his way along the bed of the ravine. So carefully did he go, that even his own men, who knew he had gone, could not see any sign of him. Not a blade of grass seemed to be moving. Yet North's men, versed themselves in the art of such warfare, knew that their leader was making his way towards some point from which he could with certainty attack Turkey-Leg.

But just where that point was, none of them knew until, even at the moment when the Sioux, worked up into a frenzy by Turkey-Leg, had raised their warwhoop again, and were charging down upon the ravine, the Chief at their head as usual, a rifle shot rang out above their cries; Turkey-Leg seemed to leap from his horse's back—his rifle clattered to the ground—his head, bedecked with various coloured feathers, dropped forward, and the next instant he had gone to the ground.

Up rose the cries of alarm, and the Sioux halted in their onrush, and, dismounting, gathered round their chief. Alarm gave place to consternation when they found that

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he was dead, and North, from the shelter of the dense patch of sunflowers, within rifle range of the Indians, smiled grimly as he watched them lift up their fallen leader and carry him off.

Then North himself wormed his way back to where he had left his company, who were wildly excited ; and gliding down to position beside Morse, said :

" Now we'll see what the scoundrels will do ! "

Then they all waited.

For some time the Sioux gave themselves up to bewailing their chief ; but another warrior taking his place, they eventually returned to the work in hand. But instead of pushing the fight to a conclusion, instead of making any more of those furious although fruitless charges, they contented themselves with desultory firing towards the ravine. It was evident that they were nervous, and afraid lest the hidden marksman, who had picked off Turkey-Leg, should appear at some other spot and " pot " at them.

For that reason they not only did not renew their attack, but began to withdraw, so as to get farther out of range, and eventually gave up the job altogether, scampering across the plain in a cloud of dust.

North never so much regretted having lost his horse as he did on that occasion. The demoralised foe would have fallen an easy prey to him, had he been able to follow. Still, he could not do anything but stand there and watch the fleeing Sioux.

" We'll get 'em some day ! " he said, grinning.

And " some day," in the course of one of the ordinary affairs between the Pawnee Scouts and the Sioux, North DID " get them " !

III

ANOTHER of Pa'ni Le'shar's exploits was the settling of accounts with Tall Bull, one of the fighting champions of recalcitrant Indians.

Tall Bull held his crude court in a village somewhere out in the wild places, whence Sioux and Cheyennes would ever and anon sally forth in war paint and feathers to harry peace-loving Indians or industrious whites. For a long time the powers that were endeavoured to find out just where the village was, but Tall Bull and his men were cunning as the fox, and left no trails behind them. When they fell upon a settlement, they wiped out whoever was there, and no man was left to bring them down.

Then the United States Government set Major North to work, and he, taking his famous Scouts out, together with a number of State troops, winnowed the prairie, and searched the mountains, seeking the hidden village.

For a long time not even North, who knew his plains as a gamekeeper knows his coverts, could pick up the trail of the marauders, but he did not give up; it was not in the North blood to cry off a task once taken in hand.

At last, the Pawnee Scouts made a grand discovery; some of them, out on patrol, came across a village near a place called "Summit Springs," and peering through the trees, they saw the notorious Tall Bull, whose name was hated throughout the country, whose crimes were too many to number, and too cruel to mention.

Back to the place where North and the rest of the expedition lay, went the Sioux, and the White Chief determined to strike at once, before Tall Bull could by any chance get to know of their proximity.

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In Indian silence the scouts and troops moved out of camp, and threaded their way, led by the men who had discovered the village. When they were within a short distance they swooped forward in one wild, nerve-racking yelling charge, which took the rascals by surprise, and carried the attacking party right through the village. Scores of Sioux and Cheyennes lay dead upon the ground; tepees were overturned, torn and flaming, set alight by the victors; and those enemies who had escaped death in that first onslaught grabbed up weapons and scuttled away like rats for any hole in which to hide from the just fury of the enforcers of law and order.

Ravines and "wash-outs" abounded in the district, and for these the fugitives made. After them went Pawnees, and troopers, and fierce and terrible were the hand-to-hand encounters that took place. Many a man bit the dust, many a Pawnee Scout died doing his duty, shot by some foe lurking in a ravine.

Then the intensity of the fighting died down, and the affair resolved itself into a relentless search for hiding foes, the Pawnees finding it no easy task to ferret out the lurkers, all the time exposed to the fire of well-concealed enemies. Several Pawnees were cut off in that way, and Major North himself ran a great risk of being so treated.

He and his brother were galloping across the prairie, having "cleaned up" one ravine, and were making for another point, when the head of a red man suddenly appeared above the side of a ravine of which they were ignorant, and before they knew what was happening, had fired, and ducked under cover again.

The ball whistled its angry music as it went between

the heads of the two white men, and Major North, quick to act, did that which he hoped would make the Indian show himself again, this time to his own disadvantage.

North suddenly reeled in his saddle, flung up his hands, and tumbled to the ground. Even as he did so, he whispered to his brother, "Take my horse, and gallop away like the devil," and the other, wondering what was in Frank's mind, calmly took the bridle of the riderless horse, turned about, and rode across the prairie at a rattling pace.

And the red man fell plump into the trap prepared for him! Hearing the sound of two horses galloping away, and having seen one of the white men tumble to the ground, Tall Bull, for the sharpshooter was none other than he, as North realised in that momentary glimpse, imagined that, one of them being wounded, the pair had made off for safety. It was too good an opportunity to miss, and Tall Bull hoped to be able to lodge a bullet in North, and so put an end to one of the bitterest official foes that the red man possessed.

He raised his head, and North, who had his rifle already levelled at the spot where Tall Bull had disappeared, waited tensely as he saw the headdress of the Indian appear above the rock; then, as the black hair came into sight, and the forehead showed red in the sunlight, the trigger finger crooked and pressed, and at the very moment that the red man's piercing eyes appeared above the ground North's finger finished its short course, and a shot rang out. Before the echoes had died away, Tall Bull was lying dead: shot clean through the brain.

North dashed over to make sure of his shot, and having seen that the dreaded chief was indeed dead, went up the

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ravine in quest of other Indians. He found, some hundred yards away, Tall Bull's pony, stabbed to the heart, killed by the Chief when he had realised that there was to be no escape for him, and had determined to fight it out where he was. Beside the dead animal sat the Chief's wife, waiting for whatever might happen to her. She knew Tall Bull, and trusted him to win out in the fight.

But Fate was against them that day, and when the squaw heard of her husband's death, she merely grunted, in characteristic Indian resignation !

SCRANY'S STRATAGEM

The Wonderful Escape of a Red Man from an Awful Fate

FOR many years the Muskoges and the Shawanees had been at war, and, as usual, prisoners fared very badly; so when it happened that a dreaded veteran Muskoge warrior named Scrany was surprised by a marauding band of Shawanees, he knew what to expect. The captors recognised him as one of their bitterest foes—one who had many Shawanee scalps outside his wigwam, and they lost no time in taking vengeance upon him.

A feast was spread, and Scrany, tied to a tree, watched his captors gorge themselves and work up a fine fever of excitement preparatory to the final scene in the festival.

"Sticks!" the Shawanee chief roared at last, and a dozen squaws went in the forest and gathered armfuls of twigs and branches, which they flung around Scrany, who, although he knew the end was approaching, stared stonily at them and showed no sign of dread.

"We will make you scream with pain and weep with terror!" the Shawanee chief told him, leering, and striking him across the face. Scrany merely glared and said:

"No Shawanee dare hit Scrany, the Muskoge, were his arms free! It is only cowards and the sons of cowards who strike a bound man!"

The chief winced before the quiet words of Scrany, but he knew that the captive was right: it would go ill

with any man who dared to insult him if he could strike back. Therefore, the Shawanee wisely refrained from releasing his prisoner, and shouted out an order which sent a couple of his braves dashing down upon the man tied to the tree. No gentle treatment did they mete out to Scrany; they unfastened the bonds that held his legs captive and skipped aside as the old man kicked out at them as the bonds fell away. Then they darted round the back and each grabbed a foot and bent it and held it tightly while another Shawanee fell to work with the bastinado. With swishing blows he beat upon the soles of Scrany's bare feet—beat them till the blood ran; but never a sign of the agony through which he was passing did the captive show, except that his teeth were firmly set and his eyes gleamed at the chief till the latter almost trembled before the threat they held; but he consoled himself with the knowledge that Scrany could never get free and wreak vengeance.

"Harder; swifter!" the chief yelled to the man with the bastinado: and the strong arms of the red man fell and rose, and the supple stick sang through the air and thwacked stingingly upon Scrany's feet. The agony was terrible, but the captive still preserved that tantalising silence which the chief would have given his tomahawk to have had broken with a scream of pain, a plea for mercy.

"Enough, enough!" cried the chief at long last, and the poor bleeding feet dropped to the ground: if the pain had been dreadful before it was much worse now, as the opened wounds gathered up the loose earth and pine needles dug deeply into the ploughed flesh.

But still Scrany kept silent.

"We will see what the fire will do!" the chief yelled,

and his was the torch that lighted the pile around the suffering Muskoge.

The smoke uprose and blinded Scrany, and then the flames leapt up about his legs, ate into the coarse coverings which fell away charred and tindered ; and as the branches crackled and settled down, more were heaped on. The flames licked Scrany's hands, and now and then a leaping tongue swept across his face, singeing his eyebrows and hair.

But still he said nothing, and the chief was growing angrier every moment.

" More fire—more fire ! " he screamed. " We'll make him howl for the death that shall not come till I will it ! "

" You are not only a coward, but as foolish as a papoose ! " Scrany said at that ; and a smile wreathed about his lips as he spoke. He was suffering terribly, but he disdained to show it, and knew that his bearing was making his enemy furious. " You think you can make Scrany, a warrior of the Muskoges, flinch ! But you cannot. Do not the scalps of a hundred Shawanees hang outside my wigwam, for did I not gain my glory in war against you ? Who led the Muskoges into battle against the Shawanees ? I, Scrany ! "

The taunted chief hurled a heap of branches upon the fire then, and danced about in wrath, but Scrany laughed till his enemy seemed about to fling himself through that circle of flames and cut him down where he stood.

" You are afraid of me, even now ! " Scrany giped him. " Even in death am I braver than the Shawanees. Even in death I am more skilled than they, even as I was when I led my braves to battle. Think you that I fear aught

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that you can do unto me?" He laughed again, and then went on. "Why, I know better than all of you how to inflict torture! I could punish myself worse than you can, and would, had I my freedom!"

For answer, the chief thrust a gun-barrel, red hot, towards Scrany's face, and held it there, the heat of it scorching Scrany's eyes till the pain was almost beyond human endurance.

But all he said was:

"Coward that you are, O chief of the Shawanee fools, you dare not unbind me! Dare not give me one of those red-hot gun-barrels that I might show you on myself how to torture a man till he screams for mercy!"

The Shawanee chief fell away, and looked from Scrany to the fire where the gun-barrels were lying heated.

"What say you, O Shawanees?" he demanded of his people. "Shall we let this old warrior free and watch him torture himself? He cannot escape!"

The idea appealed to the red men: it promised some diversion in torture, and with one voice they yelled their assent. Instantly Scrany's bonds were cut. As his enemies fell away from him, with one prodigious leap he was at the place where the gun-barrels were being heated, and had grabbed one in his hand; then, before the Shawanees realised what he was doing, he had plunged in among them, brandishing the red-hot weapon, thrusting it hither and thither at them, so that they raced from him as children run from a mad dog! Howls of pain escaped from their lips, and Scrany enjoyed himself in those few moments if he had never done so before. But he was not out for mere enjoyment, he was out for escape. His taunting of



"With one prodigious leap he had plunged among the Shawanees."
(see page 222).



the chief had been part of a plan which he had fashioned : his suggested self-torture had been in the nature of a last gamble for life : and he had won so far.

Fortunately for him the Shawanee camp was near a river—over which they had passed earlier in the evening—and towards this Scrany raced, hacking a way through with his gleaming weapon. He reached the bank of the river before the Shawanees had recovered from their surprise, and, without waiting a second to think of the danger, he leaped boldly off the bank, which there dropped sheer to the river far below.

He sank deeply into the water and the hot gun-barrel sizzled as he went. He came up a good way from where he had gone in, and heard the yells of the Shawanees behind and above him. They were silhouetted against the red glow of the fire, and he could see them dancing wildly to and fro, peering through the darkness which fortunately shielded him from their sight. But if they could not see they could shoot. Their muskets rang out above their yells, and the water splashed up all about Scrany who was swimming madly for the opposite bank. He knew that very soon the Shawanees would be scrambling down the bank and attempting to swim after him. He forgot the pain of his bastinadoed feet, the agony of his scorched legs and eyes, and cut swiftly through the water. Presently he heard a splash, which he knew was made by a pursuer. It did but make him strike out the more swiftly, at last reaching the bank, and scrambling up the steep side of it, sending the earth scattering as he went. Then, the top reached, Scrany dashed off into the darkness, knowing that with his start he could outrun his pursuers. He knew every

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inch of the way through the forest and ran like the wind—ran till he came to a bramble swamp through which he forced his way. He had little doubt that his pursuers would give up the chase then, for that bramble swamp was a terrible thing through which to pass. On, on he went, and at last sounds of pursuit died away. But, nevertheless, Scrany held on his way until he had forced a passage through the bramble—and came out, naked, lacerated, with his feet swollen and pain racking his whole body : but safe from his foes over whose discomfiture he could afford to laugh, although to do so reopened the blisters on his face and made his eyes run.

A TRADER AND THE RED MEN

Just a little incident out of hundreds that tell the story
of trade with the Redskins

DESPITE the fact that the Indians hated the white man—because they regarded him as an interloper who meant them no good—they did not disdain bargaining with him ; and, as the white men, realising the value of the pelts which the Indians collected, saw fortunes awaiting them, a system of trading was set up and a fur-industry established. The story of trapping and fur-trading is a romance in itself ; and besides the great fortunes made by isolated white men and by the large concerns such as the Hudson's Bay Company much more was done in the course of the trading. Actually, it was the fur-traders and trappers who explored the great west. In their intercourse with friendly Indians—sometimes it was during compulsory sojourn amongst enemy natives—the traders heard of wide plains where the buffalo roamed ; of forests where the fur-bearing animals lurked ; of vast inland seas ; of countries where the rivers gleamed with yellow metal. And so fired with ambition to further their trade, or to discover new lands, or to look out upon seas which no white man had yet seen, or to investigate the metal-bearing rivers, the traders pushed their way into the great unknown. Radisson, Groiselliers, Samuel Henry and hosts of others thus explored to the west and north and south ; and all the time carried on their trading for furs, bringing back rich harvests of pelts which found their way to Europe to

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grace ladies who little knew of all the dangers that had been run to bring the beautiful soft things from the wild places of America.

For dangers there were and a many, even when the trader allied himself with a tribe whose friendship he succeeded in winning. For often enough he had to help them in their fights with rival tribes. Often, too, he fought the red men who resented his coming, as, for instance, one named Bartle who fought the great Delaware Chief Custaloga. The Chief hated the palefaces with all the red man's intensity of hatred for the people whom he said did but bring trouble with them ; and he hated Bartle certainly as much as he did any other white man, if not more. For Bartle was a man who was not afraid of telling the truth, even when it was unpleasant.

For twenty-five years he had traded with the Delawares, the Shawanees, and the Wyandots ; traded fairly honourably (too often the traders were not such men !) and with the desire to uphold the honour of the palefaces among the Indians. Not that Bartle was a prig, nor squeamish when there was grim work to be done ; but that he was a true man who did not preach at the natives for the sake of preaching. Nevertheless, when a stranger in a strange country tells the natives that their ways are wrong, he is not likely to be regarded with affection ; and so Custaloga looked upon Bartle as an enemy, because the chief was not always straight dealing. Custaloga was wise enough, however, to know that crooked dealing brought its own reward in the shape of soldiers and he loved not the whites because they missed no opportunity of making further progress into his territory. Quite natural in Custaloga, no doubt !

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While, therefore, Bartle had made many friends, he also made many enemies, chief among them being Custaloga, and the result was that after many encounters with the chief, Bartle gave the Delaware country a miss for a while, contenting himself with trading outside the wild chief's sphere of influence. The time came, however, when the urge of good trading forced Bartle to venture into the Delaware country once more, and (it was in 1793) he left Fort Pitt in company with another trader named Jones and a Wyandot named Hochela. Eventually the three men reached the river Muskingum after having done good trading with various tribes, including a few friendly Delawares. Bartle's intention was to foot it along the river until they arrived at the Delaware villages, where they would take the chance of being able to do business.

The opportunity did not come, however ; for, after a few days' journey, Hochela, who had been sent on in advance to spy out the land, dashed back with the news that three Delawares—one of them none other than the redoubtable Custaloga—were even then slithering through the woods in the direction of the white men's camping place.

That that meant trouble Bartle well knew, but he did not realise that the trouble was coming as quickly as it did. Evidently the Delawares had picked up Hochela's trail, and, hurrying to make their attack before the pale-faces should be prepared, reached the camp almost at the same time.

They lost no time in getting to business ; with yells designed to throw fear into the hearts of the white men they revealed their presence in the woods, and fired as they

yelled. A shot snicked its way through Bartle's wrist, but not before he had fired as he saw the bobbing head-dress of a Delaware among the trees. The Indian fell dead at the moment that Bartle dropped his musket, and then Custaloga and his companion burst out of the trees and hurled themselves upon the traders. Standing there on the high bank, which fell away almost perpendicularly, Bartle and Jones met their foes, the former with tomahawk, the latter with a gleaming knife, while Hochela, with tomahawk, readily joined in the fray. Custaloga was a powerful brute, and agile; he marked down Bartle for his victim, and leapt for him with his tomahawk. Down whizzed the biting weapon—to fall upon Bartle's disabled arm, and to knock the white man to the ground. Like a loosed hound Hochela sprang then, and but for a swift movement Custaloga would have died earlier in the battle than he actually did. He parried the blow Hochela aimed at him, and then, slipping in under the Wyandot's guard, seized him round the waist and neck, wellnigh squeezed the life out of him as he struggled vainly for freedom; and, lifting him high above his head, flung Hochela into the river, where he plunged beneath the surface.

For a wild, brief moment Bartle, lying on the ground, saw that tragic happening, and then, realising that his own turn would come unless he bestirred himself, he sprang to his feet, knife in hand, and drove in at Custaloga. The steel bit deep, and Custaloga uttered a scream of pain as he spun round. Reeling though he was, he struck at Bartle with his tomahawk. The blow missed, and the next moment the red man, losing his footing, stumbled off the bank and with a scream went crashing to the shallows below.

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Meanwhile Jones was fighting for life with the remaining Delaware. Single combat this was, without friend to help either, and it was fierce and bloody while it lasted. Jones, torn by the red man's knife, was streaming with blood, while the Delaware was little better. At the moment that Bartle, panting from his own encounter with Custaloga, turned to see how fared his friend, Jones had the Delaware; his knife gave him the death-wound and the red man dropped lifeless—to yield up a scalp that the white man was not averse from taking. For scalping was by no means confined in those red days to the Indians; the palefaces had learnt the art of war in a hard school and one that required trophies to prove triumph.

Bartle, although he had not realised it during the fight, now found that his arm was broken, besides which the wrist was clean-bored by the musket ball; and Jones was in a parlous state. The situation was no pleasant one, and it meant that the trading expedition was at an end, since when the Delawares learnt what had happened every man of them would get on the trail of the palefaces to wreak vengeance for the death of their chief.

"We've got to go back," Bartle said grimly.

"We have," Jones agreed. "But," he added, "we'll have Custaloga's scalp to take with us!"

So they searched the bank for a spot where they could easily clamber down, and, finding it, worked their way along to where the two men had gone into the river. Hochela they found, his neck broken; Custaloga, still gripping his knife, was dead too. How he did it with a broken arm Bartle does not say, but he scalped his enemy, and then Jones pushed Custaloga and Hochela into deeper water,

and the survivors of the grim little scrap scrambled up the bank and went to their camp. As best they could they dressed each other's wounds, packed up their goods, saw to their muskets, and began a long, hard journey, at forced pace—a journey on which they had to do their best to hide their trail lest the Delawares should pick it up and track them down for the killing. For days they pushed on through the loneliness, taking care to avoid being seen by prowling red men, and at last they arrived at Farmer's Castle on the Ohio, where they were secure against attack from the Delawares who, so they learned soon after arrival, had discovered the body of the Delaware chief where it had drifted ashore not far from the scene of the fight.

As Bartle had known would be the case, the Delawares were furious and cried for vengeance; the whole tribe vowed to have the lives of Bartle and his companion in payment for the death of their chief. Indians coming in from Delaware country told of the vows made round the camp fires when the death-chants were raised; and told, too, of how the Delawares had sung of the tortures they would inflict upon the two palefaces if ever they fell into their hands. Bartle saw the commandant of the castle and told him the truth of the matter—how that the fight was provoked by Custaloga. The commandant realised that unless the matter was thrashed out and settled there would be no end of trouble with the Delawares. Resolved to do what he could to prevent it, he sent a Wyandot—friends with some influential Delawares—to the excited red men, to tell them how the affair had happened, and offering them presents in expiation of the death of Custaloga and in token of the friendliness of the white men for the

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Delawares, if they would but keep the peace. The Wyandot had a little trouble in convincing the Delawares, but succeeded at last ; the presents were accepted and the way seemed clear for Bartle to go trading in their country again if he liked. But he liked not. He knew the De'awares ; he knew that even the giving and acceptance of presents did not always mean that feuds were forgotten and hatchets buried ; so, as he said : " Jones and I kept away from the Delawares for more than a year afterwards."

THE HEROINE OF THE MERRIMAC

The Grim Story of Mrs. Duston, of Haverhill

ON the 15th March, 1697, Mrs. Duston, of Haverhill, in Massachusetts, lay in her bed, nestling in her crooked arm a wee morsel of humanity, just a week old. About the house were seven other children of the family, and Mrs. Neff, the nurse ; while somewhere in the woods Mr. Duston was getting about his work. Peace as serene as in the Duston home reigned in the other houses in Haverhill—but it was suddenly broken by the far-off shouts of Indians, hideous in the terror they inspired ; children scurried to their parents, women crouched in fear, men seized any weapon that was at hand ; for all knew what was about to happen ; the Indians were dashing down upon one of their murderous raids.

At the first cries, Mr. Duston sped like the wind back to his house, and, arrived there, began to get ready for defence. The thought of the danger of his wife and children nearly made him frantic ; had his wife but been well enough the whole family would have taken to the woods, hoping to escape while the Indians were attacking the various houses in Haverhill. But Mrs. Duston's condition rendered this impossible.

"Go, Tom, flee with the children," cried the sick woman. "Perhaps the Indians will have mercy on a sick woman !"

Never ! " cried Duston fiercely, but the whimpering

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of the children, and the entreaties of his wife, combined to make him waver in his determination to stay ; and at last, with a farewell kiss of the wife and the new baby, he sped from the little homestead and dashed off after the seven children, whose ages ranged from two to seventeen, and whom he had sent fleeing a few moments before.

Armed with his gun, and mounted on a fleet horse, Mr. Duston raced after the children, with the thought in his mind that he would take up one of them and hurry along with it. Yet, when he reached them as they sped in terror, he could not bring himself to save one while the others remained in danger. He chose a nobler way.

"Hurry, children!" he cried, as he brought his horse to a trot just behind them, and, seeing to the priming of his gun, kept a look-out against the pursuit. Presently, in the distance, several Indians appeared, and Duston realised that they had swung from the course they had been taking, and were bearing down upon the town from a point which would bring them just to the rear of him. He did not know—how was he to know?—that the red men did not total more than twenty; he imagined that those he saw were a small party detailed to cut him off. Without losing a minute, he fired, and a red man went tumbling to the ground. Instantly, the others let fly, and shots pinked up the ground about Duston, who, however, was not injured; neither were the children touched. Shot after shot was exchanged between Duston and the Indians, one or two of whom were now in hot pursuit; but the white man's firing was so accurate that the red men seemed to realise that he was more than a match for them, or else it was that they were anxious to get to the larger task of

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sacking the houses of Haverhill. Whatever the real reason, they presently swung about and made off for the town, leaving Duston and his white-faced, terror-stricken family to go whither they would.

The rest of our story concerns not Mr. Duston and his children, but his wife, lying helpless in the sick bed, her tiny infant blissfully unconscious of the danger. Mrs. Mary Neff, although she could have escaped, valiantly remained with her charge. So the blood-mad red men found them when they smashed open the door. With tomahawks raised, the Indians flung themselves into the room, and then halted as they saw the two distraught women. Some spark of humanity must have lived in the hearts of the redskins, for, instead of scalping Mrs. Duston and her nurse, and dashing the baby to the floor, they merely drove the sick woman from her bed, and made her crouch up in a corner, Mrs. Neff remaining at her side, while the Indians ransacked the house. When this was done, the red men brusquely ordered the women out of the house. Shaking with the fear of the unknown the two women stumbled outside, Mrs. Neff carrying the child, and poor Mrs. Duston, who but a brief while before had been ill in bed, bracing herself for whatever might be coming. She seemed to be imbued with wonderful strength, physical and mental. Whereas before the bare thought of having to walk would have unnerved her, she now made her brave way along, clinging, it is true, to her nurse's arm; and when, as soon as they were out of the house, the Indians set fire to it, she endured the ordeal of watching the what had once been a happy home consumed in the flames.

"Try to save the baby," Mrs. Duston murmured to

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the nurse while the red men were busy at their nefarious work. "Never mind about me; I shall be all right!"

For awhile Mrs. Neff did not budge, but suddenly, when she saw what seemed to be her opportunity, she slipped away, hugging the child close. But she had not gone far before she was noticed, and a red man dashed after her, caught her up, and snatched the child from her, although she struggled fiercely for it. Then, callous, cold-hearted, barbaric, the Indian killed the baby before her eyes, after which he dragged the nurse back to her patient, empty handed, and with a terror-filled look on her face. . . .

Mrs. Duston knew, without asking, what had happened, and her anguish was pitiful. Mrs. Neff knew she could not help her in that moment of horror, and she let her weep and moan till the storm of grief had spent itself, to be followed by a calm that was worse to look upon than the tempest itself.

So she remained for the rest of that day huddled beneath a tree, while the red men continued their pillaging of several other houses in the town, killing no fewer than twenty-seven people, and taking captive thirteen others who could not escape in time. As she watched, Mrs. Duston was planning—planning a vengeance that should be as terrible as the crime meted out to her. It seemed to her that the blood of the innocent babe cried out for vengeance; and she resolved in her heart that the cry should not be in vain, if she could but devise a means.

The cold winds of March beat from the north upon the sick woman, whose weakened body shivered; but with every hour that passed her soul gained strength of purpose,

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and when evening fell and the red men, having gathered their prisoners together, drove them forward into the darkness and the snow, Mrs. Duston nobly went on and on, though she could scarcely put one foot before the other. Twelve miles without stop the Indians marched their prisoners, or such of them as survived the terrible hours; some, who dropped in their tracks, unable to proceed, they killed out of hand, or left to die of exposure.

At last camp was pitched, but no provision was made for the captives, who had to compose themselves as best they could; there was no chance of escape, for the red men watched them all through the night. All too soon the time to be going arrived, and the prisoners were driven forward. Several days were now passed in hard travelling, and each succeeding day was worse than the former, so far as the insufficiently fed and sick at heart prisoners were concerned. After awhile, the Indians separated into various parties, each party taking some of the captives. Mrs. Duston and her nurse, together with a young lad named Samuel Leonardson, who had been taken prisoner eighteen months before, and had been trailed around country ever since, falling to the share of an Indian family consisting of two men, three women and seven children. The reason for the separation was to confuse any pursuers, who, seeing so many trails, would not know which to follow.

To the credit of the Indian family it must be said that during the days that followed they treated their prisoners with some degree of kindness, but the iron had bitten too deeply into the soul of Mrs. Duston for her to be placated by good treatment. One resolve found place in her heart, and that was to be revenged upon the red men. And her

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resolution gave her strength and courage ; not even when the Indians told her that on arrival at their village she and her companion would have to undergo that terrible ordeal of running the gauntlet did her heart fail her ; indeed, her determination was increased.

Mrs. Duston managed at times to get into conversation with Mrs. Neff and the boy, and she told them that it was her intention to endeavour to escape from captivity, and, in escaping, to take vengeance upon the Indians.

" We must kill them," she muttered fiercely. " Will you stand by me ? "

The other two instantly agreed to do so, although there seemed but little prospect of ever carrying out her plan.

Mrs. Duston was not in a hurry ; she bided her time. There were many things to learn before the attempt could be made, and one of these was—the way to scalp a man ! She did not know how this was done, and, apparently, during their long journey, the Indians had not had occasion to commit any acts of violence so that Mrs. Duston had never seen anyone scalped. She overcame the difficulty, however, by getting young Leonardson, who had been so long with the red men that he was almost one of them, to ask one of the Indians how it was done.

The Indian, imagining it to be only idle curiosity, and never suspecting the real motive, obligingly gave instruction in scalping, and thereby sealed his own doom.

Just over a fortnight after the raid on Haverhill the party arrived at an island in the mouth of the Contookook River, about six miles above Concord, New Hampshire.

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They camped here with some friends ; and at dead of night, on March 31st, Mrs. Duston and her two friends rose from their rough couches, and stealthily seized tomahawks. They had previously chosen their individual victims so that there should be no confusion. Only one, a boy, was not marked down for death, and they allowed him to escape. But all the rest, with the exception of a woman whom they severely wounded, were killed, Mrs. Duston putting paid to the account of the chief, and Leonardson dispatching the Indian who had shown him how to use the tomahawk.

It was grim, dreadful work for women, and only those who had suffered terribly could have carried it out. But Mrs. Duston and her friends, with the memory of more terrible things in their minds—the flaming house away back in Haverhill, the tiny baby dashed to pieces still before their eyes—were ruthless in their vengeance, and carried out their task.

The little camp was still and quiet now, except for the soft movements of two women and the boy, as they busied themselves putting into one of the Indian canoes what provisions and arms they could get in ; and then, having destroyed all the other boats so that they could not be pursued if perchance some other band of red men came along and saw the havoc they had wrought, embarked in the big canoe and set off down the Merrimac River. It was a journey filled with terrible possibilities. At any moment befeathered Indians might appear on the banks and arrows speed through the air, or musket bullets pink their way into the canoe or find billets in the bodies of the intrepid three. Yet they went on their way down the

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river, and eventually reached Haverhill; and with them they carried as trophies the scalps of the ten Indians on whom they had wrecked vengeance!

There was much rejoicing in Haverhill; it was felt that the deeds of these two women and a boy had done something to punish the Indians who had raided the town; eight houses had been ransacked and destroyed, and those who had defended them had been slain.

THE SACRIFICE OF BI-ANS-WAH

A Tale that Shows the Other Side of Indian Nature

THE fog that seemed to cling to Lake Superior and stretch out among the woods that lined the shores was both friend and foe to the Ojibways, that tribe of red men who pitched their camps nearly always on an island, because, having so many foes—the Sioux, the Foxes, the O-man-ee, and nearly every other tribe which came past the lake on hunting or warlike expeditions fell upon the Ojibways—*islands* were so much easier to defend than camps set in other places.

And during many a sanguinary conflict, begun when the sun was shining and the water of the lake gleamed, where it was not dyed with the blood of men, the sudden coming of a fog enabled them to snatch victory from disgrace, as, for instance, when four hundred Foxes, having floated down the Ontario in small bark canoes, landed during the night upon an Ojibway island, camped quietly without fires—as was the manner of Indians when on the warpath—and when morning came went scouting in quest of a village to raid or scalps to raise.

The scouting party slithered through the woods, darting from tree to tree, crawling full length through the leafy undergrowth. Presently sounds revealed the presence of some living thing, and in a little while their search was rewarded by the sight of four women wood gatherers.

The Foxes, true to their names, pounced upon their

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helpless victims, and, despite screams and attempts to escape, dragged them to where the Fox camp was pitched. The welcome given to the scouts was tremendous, and the woods rang not only with the cries of the unfortunate women, but also with the exultant war song of the Foxes.

Ordinarily the raiders would have maintained silence, but just before the scouts returned a fog had fallen upon the island and the lake, so that the Foxes, believing themselves safe from pursuit for that reason, gave vent to their jubilation. Four women captured were not to be laughed at; they were captives, anyway.

But, despite their noisy bravado, the Foxes were not anxious to remain long on the island. The fog had rendered it impossible to see just how many Ojibways were there, and, in order to avoid a possibly unequal conflict, the raiders embarked in their small canoes and made off across the lake, still shouting and singing, firm in the belief that the fog which made it difficult for them to find their way would also render it no easy task, even if at all practicable, for the Ojibways to follow them.

But away back on the island a man had witnessed the capture of the women, and, fleet of foot and hot with anger, he had fled to the fog-enshrouded village and given the alarm.

Instantly the place was alive with warriors, determined to exact vengeance not only for the outrage, but also to protect the women and children against an attempt on the part of the enemy to rush the village, which might take place at any moment.

The Ojibways moved off in the mist, threading their way through the familiar woods, guided by the triumphant

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cries of the Foxes. The Ojibways, despite their haste, reached the camp too late to force the Foxes to fight, and the lust for vengeance surging through them, they sent back braves to bring up canoes from the village, resolving to go in pursuit of the raiders.

Not scores, but hundreds of Ojibways embarked, maintaining a silence that was only broken by the splash of paddles in the water which the Foxes could not hope to hear, because of the noise they themselves were making as they went singing and yelling on the journey along the lake, still never dreaming that the Ojibways were following them.

Securely hidden by the friendly fog, however, the Ojibways sped after the raiders whom they could not see, but whose victory song served as a guide. Mile after mile the pursuers went, up the lake and into the Montreal river, keeping well in the rear of the retreating Foxes.

But when they were about a mile up river the Ojibways closed in. They had chosen their time well, for at that point the river banks were steep and rocky, and the Foxes would be unable to dash ashore. The Ojibways had determined to force their enemies to fight on the water, knowing that the light inland canoes of the Foxes would be no match against their own heavier craft.

The leisurely paddling changed, and the Foxes had all their hopes of getting away suddenly shattered as the Ojibway war song throbbed through the air. Then out of the mist there loomed the prows of the canoes, which crashed full into those of the Foxes.

The shouts of glory gave place to yells of alarm, for the Foxes realised that they were at a disadvantage. That

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first onrush of Ojibway canoes smashed several of the Foxes', while others were "sat" on by Ojibway crafts. Foxes were flung into the water, and began swimming to the shore they could not see.

But the Ojibways divided forces, and while some swept on after the rest of the canoes, the others remained behind and killed their swimming foes, after which they hurried on to where, as the hideous sounds proclaimed, a fierce battle was raging. Skilled canoeists as the red men of both parties were, there was some fine handling of craft, the one great aim of the Foxes being to avoid being rammed. Arrows sang through the air, aimed at unseen foes, and the choking gasp or the agony-filled cry of a stricken man was the only indication of the effect of the shooting. Tomahawks, used at closer quarters, laid low many a man. Hatchets crashed into canoes and ripped them to pieces. Scurrying Foxes smashed into the banks of the river and, caught in a trap, fought bravely, but, because the Ojibways outnumbered them, fought a losing battle.

The grim work of death went on for several hours, and the river was dyed with blood and dotted with swimming men, some of whom, even in their extremity, disdained to try to escape, and bravely attacked foes in a canoe, clutched the sides and scrambled aboard, to fight till cut down by superior numbers.

Every time an Ojibway canoe bore down upon one manned by Foxes, the first work was to make sure that the stolen women were not in it; but for a long while no sign of them was found, and the Ojibways began to fear that after all they would be foiled in their purpose, even though they absolutely annihilated their enemies.

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Suddenly, above the hideous sounds of men engaged in combat, came the shrill call of a woman—a call out of the mist farther up the river.

An Ojibway father, whose daughter was one of the missing women, held his hand even as he was about to hack at the fingers of a Fox who was gripping his canoe, which was one of those which had succeeded in getting to the rear of the Fox formation. It was his daughter's voice that sounded in the mist, and with a cry he urged on his paddlers, who sent the canoe slicing away in between the darting craft in which men were dying. It needed no further call to make these warriors go on their quest, and, exerting every ounce of their strength and keeping silent, they eventually saw the stern of a canoe looming in the fog.

Still they made no sound ; but they had been seen, and a flight of arrows came singing and whistling towards them. A man threw up his arms and died, another snatched the barbed missile from his hand, and another man seized the paddle, and still the canoe swept forward. Obeying instructions, the Ojibways did not let fly their arrows, for fear of wounding the woman or women of their own tribe who were no doubt in the canoe.

Instead they forged through the arrow flights, and, despite clever handling by the Foxes, crashed the nose of their canoe into the stern of the other. The latter shivered to the impact and seemed to be lifted right out of the water, to drop back again, two of the crew being pitched out. As the canoe righted itself a couple of Ojibways flung themselves into it, and, fighting madly, soon put an end to the resistance of the Foxes ; and there, in the bottom of the

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canoe, bound and gagged, lay two of the women whose capture had cost the lives of so many brave men.

The old chief, to his joy, found that one of them was his daughter, who, however, had been severely wounded by a Fox, who had struck her when, having managed to slip off her gag, she had given vent to the cry that had brought her father up.

Back to where the battle raged the Ojibways went, arriving too late to take any further part in it, but in time to share in the plunder.

The vengeance of the Ojibways was complete ; but very few Foxes managed to escape, and, moreover, the four women whose capture had caused the death of so many brave warriors were recovered. It was a victory-chanting band of braves which went back through the mist to the island in the lake.

It was the fog that brought disaster to the foes of the Ojibways on that day, and it was the fog that, on another day, brought woe to the Ojibways themselves.

It was during the hunting season, and Bi-ans-wah, chief of the Ah-awh-wauk family, had taken his braves to the hunting grounds, leaving only a few men at home to guard the lodges at Kah-puk-wa-ka, when the red women and children were startled by piercing, blood-curdling shouts. Before the men who had remained behind could do anything to prepare a defence, there broke out from the mist large numbers of Fox warriors, all in war-paint. They fell upon the Ojibways, slaughtering in all directions ; and lucky were the few who, aided by the fog, managed to escape.

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Two boys, youngsters who had not yet handled bow or spear in war, who knew nothing of battle, except such as this—which could not be called battle, but rather massacre—tried to run for it, but they were seen by several of the Foxes, who promptly followed them. The Foxes had noticed the boys come out of their chief's lodge, and, believing one of them to be his son, they determined to take them prisoners instead of killing them outright.

Fear lent wings to the feet of the young Ojibways as they raced through the fog with the Foxes hot on their scent. It was a hopeless task from the first, for the Foxes, who knew the neighbourhood very well, spread out fan-wise and headed the boys off towards a stretch of bogland. The youngsters sank up to their waists in the waterlogged earth, and the Foxes succeeded in reaching them. They dragged them out, and, passing through the ruined village on their way back, carried them off to their own camp.

And when the hunters returned, laden with game, they found the village destroyed and their women and children dead, except a few who, having escaped, had returned, and were sitting in the midst of the scene of desolation bewailing their homes.

Bi-ans-wah was angry, and his wrath was fearful to behold when he heard that his son, the boy whom he hoped to make as great a warrior as himself, had been taken prisoner by the Foxes ; for one of the youths was indeed the chief's son. Bi-ans-wah strode from the village, the very picture of vengeance, waving back the braves who strove to follow him.

"No," he told them quietly, "I go to the village of the Foxes alone."

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The Ojibways fell back before the light in the old man's eyes and watched him wonderingly as he went along the trail which the Foxes had made no attempt to conceal.

All through the day he went, and at last came within sight of the Fox village.

His heart almost stood still when he did so, for he realised that that which he had most dreaded was taking place. Fires lighted up the scene, and around them men danced madly, shouting frenziedly and shaking their weapons—men mad with the joy of victory, although it had been over women and children; for had not the spoils of war included the son of the proud old chief Bi-ans-wah, who had proved himself a relentless foe?

The Foxes were celebrating their success, and they were going to crown it by burning at the stake the priceless captive they had made.

Bi-ans-wah waited a brief moment. The circling Foxes broke away from the fire and showed the terrified youngster standing tied to the stake. Although the flames were gradually drawing nearer to him, he held up his head and his eyes looked fearlessly at his foes. The old chief, with pride surging through him as he saw the spirit of the Ojibways revealed in the youngster, stepped out of the gloom of the trees and into the circle of light through the dancing braves.

The sudden appearance of the apparition seemed to strike many of them into fixed poses, and, had it not been so momentous a matter to Bi-ans-wah, he would have been unable to resist giving vent to the laughter that came up for expression.

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But it was no time for laughter, no time for anything but a bid for his boy's life. And, as far as the Foxes were concerned, it was no time for laughter, nor for the inaction caused by the advent of this old man, this chief of their foes, who in so many a battle had proved himself a doughty warrior, and whose tale of Fox heads was as large as, if not larger than, any other's.

With shouts of joy at what they considered the deliverance of their dread enemy into their hands, the Foxes, recovering from their astonishment, made a rush for him.

Not a sign of fight did the old man give. He had, indeed, flung his weapons from him, and now, as they came towards him, he stood silent, with arms folded, his eyes fixed upon them, so that, wondering at his courage, they fell back.

No man raised a weapon at Bi-ans-wah then, no whistling arrow sped towards him, no man of the Foxes spoke; a deathly silence had fallen upon the whole camp. Perhaps it was that the Foxes sensed the meaning of the presence of the old chief as they looked from him to the boy who was still bound to the stake, with the flames licking towards him, but not so quickly now, since the Foxes had ceased heaping on sticks.

The tension snapped suddenly.

Bi-ans-wah spoke.

And what things he said! Never have the Foxes forgotten that drama set in the forest, with the firelight fluttering upon the rugged features of the old chief as, standing with his back to his boy, he lifted up his hand and said in a calm, quiet voice :

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"Listen, O Foxes who creep on villages when the men are seeking food, and who kill and steal squaws and papooses!"

Not a sign did the imperturbable red men show that they resented this address, and, for his part, although he knew that so much depended upon the impression he made on the Foxes, not for one moment was it the intention of Bi-ans-wah to cringe before them or to plead or to beg. He was there to barter for the most precious thing men—red men or white men—have.

"My son has seen but a few winters," he went on; "his feet have never trodden the warpath; but the hairs of my head are white, and over the graves of my relatives I have hung many scalps that I have taken from the heads of your warriors."

The Foxes waited, and, turning to the bound boy, Bi-ans-wah cried:

"Set free my son! Bind me in his place! Let the fire that was meant to burn him burn me, and send him back to the squaws. I, Bi-ans-wah, have spoken."

For a few moments the Foxes were silent; but the silence was broken by a sudden sharp cry from the boy at the stake.

"No, father," he cried; "no, it shall not be!"

"Heed him not, O Foxes," Bi-ans-wah said quietly. "I, Bi-ans-wah, of the Ojibways, have spoken, and I wait for your answer."

The answer did not come as quickly as Bi-ans-wah had hoped, because the Foxes, having first of all, however, stamped out the fire, held a council, now clamorous, now hesitant. Some were for agreeing to the suggestion of

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Bi-ans-wah. These were the men who had suffered defeat at the hands of the Ojibway chief, and now saw their opportunity to remove their chief enemy. Others were for doing what they originally intended to do, and also for killing the old man. These were the men who saw into the future and realised that to release the son and kill the father in his place was to send the former into the world with a hatred that would grow into a consuming fire and make him a more formidable foe even than the old chief had been.

But the "ayes" had it. The council broke up and came to where Bi-ans-wah still stood beside his son.

"It shall be even as you have said," the Fox chief told him, as he slashed the bonds that bound the boy to the stake.

For a brief moment the son clung to his father's hand, and then, with a low farewell that had in it no hint of terror or regret, Bi-ans-wah gave himself up to the Foxes, who, hounding the youngster away, bound up the chief.

And Bi-ans-wah's son was forced to be a spectator of the dreadful death of the father who had bought his life for him at the price of his own.

Then, when the last embers had died and the frenzy of the Foxes had worked itself out, the boy was sent back to his people. To them he told his story, and to far and near messengers went out, calling upon Ojibways to come to the war dance and feast.

And the warriors of the Ojibways went out to take vengeance for the death of their chief, went out determined that the Foxes should know the full force of the power and

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horror of war. Long and bloody was the war between the two tribes, and Ojibways, fired by the kind of enthusiasm that must have spurred on the Crusaders of old, swept through the country, laying low villages, strewing desolation everywhere, and so harassing the Foxes that they at last gave up the fight, retiring from the country round Lake Superior, and by various stages to the banks of the Mississippi.

THE "TONQUIN" DISASTER

A Tragic Chapter in Enterprise

THE *Tonquin* chapter of the history of paleface relation with the red men is a grim one. The vessel, commanded by Captain Thorn, left the Sandwich Islands in February, 1811, with a company of traders and emigrants who were in reality the vanguard of a colony that one, John Jacob Astor, was intending to form on the mouth of the Columbia River, as the headquarters of the Pacific Fur Company that he had founded. Astor had seen the wealth that other companies, such as the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company, had gathered, and he had set up his own to rival them. Being a good business man he had won over a number of the servants of his rivals, and so had skilled men in his employ—men who knew the ways of the Indians and the value of pelts and so forth.

In high fettle the traders came in sight of land, and, after some thrilling experiences, succeeded in making a landing and setting up a small fort. A little while later the *Tonquin* sailed away on a trading trip towards the north, leaving the settlers to their own resources and to await the coming of a land party that was forcing its way across the continent from Montreal.

And that was the last the settlers ever saw of the *Tonquin*. As she sailed away, dipping her flag in farewell salute, on that 5th of June, none dreamed that she was going to her doom, and that the white men aboard her were to fall

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victims to the insatiable blood lust of the red men away up at Vancouver.

Yet such was the case ; and here is the story.

Captain Thorn, despite the advice of Samazee, his interpreter, that the Indians on Vancouver were a treacherous lot, put in at a little harbour, named Neweetee. The ship had been spied by the natives on land, and a large number of canoes promptly put off to see what her business was. It was too late in the day for the *Tonquin* to do any trade with them for the time being, but Mr. McKay, one of the partners, anxious to establish friendly relations, turned a deaf ear to Samazee, and went ashore, to pay a visit to Wicananish, the chief of the Indians in the locality.

Wicananish received the trader effusively, gave him good entertainment, housed him well for the night, and sent him back to the *Tonquin* in the morning—to his death. Which happened thus :

Just before McKay returned to the ship, a number of canoes had pushed out to her, the two sons of Wicananish being the leaders in what was supposed to be a trading visit, but was really something much more sinister. Their canoes were laden to the brim with sea-otter skins, and Captain Thorn reckoned he was in for good business. He turned his ship's deck into a bargain counter—displayed blankets, knives, fish-hooks, beads, gaudy clothes and all manner of geegaws, seeking to tempt the natives into handing over their valuable skins. But the natives knew how to drive a hard bargain. At least, Nookamis, an old chief, who had done much business with English fur-traders previously, knew ; he knew that when the palefaces came out for pelts they would get them if they had to give up all

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their trade goods. So, Nookamis shrugged his shoulders, shook his grey head, and turned down every offer that Captain Thorn and his companions made. The rest of the natives naturally followed the example of their old chief, and doubled the prices that were offered for otter skins. Not a single skin would they part with for the exchange proposed by Thorn.

Thorn thought he knew the Indian character sufficiently to get what he wanted ; and he finally gave up all attempts at bargaining, leaving the redskins to do what they pleased ; to stay and barter or to clear off. They did the former, but the manner of it was sufficient to try the patience of Job—and Thorn was by no means a blood-brother of the Jewish optimist ! Thorn and his friends took no notice of the red men ; they thrust their hands in their pockets and strutted up and down deck nonchalantly, though inwardly bursting with rage at being so outwitted by the Indians. For their part, the red men began to pester the palefaces, and Nookamis especially distinguished himself by slyly exhibiting his best skins to the whites, praising their beauty and endeavouring to get the prices he had asked. Thorn gave him the cold shoulder, and none of the palefaces would have anything to do with the red thieves. Eventually Nookamis got angry : he realised that he had played too high, and that he would jolly well have to keep his otter skins unless he came down in price. That he was unwilling to do ; and so, playing his last card, he jeered at Thorn for a stingy, grasping fellow.

Thorn, bluff sailor man that he was, and honest too, saw red at that. He made a dive for Nookamis before that worthy had finished his tirade of abuse, and the next the

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old chief knew was that his face was being rubbed in the otter skin snatched from his hands ; and the next moment he was kicked down the ship's ladder into his waiting canoe. Thorn then kicked the rest of the red men's peltries about the deck, and was in such a passion that, not a little scared, the Indians dived overboard, leaving the precious skins behind them, but breathing vengeance upon the paleface for the indignity he had heaped upon them.

There was humour in it, although not a little danger, and the white men must have laughed as they saw their would-be fleecers scuttle ashore. There was, however, little to laugh at. Nookamis and Shewish, the latter a son of Wicananish, were not men to be treated so without seeking to get their own back. Samazee seems to have been very well acquainted with the character of the red men on Vancouver, for he told Thorn that the best thing to do in the circumstances was to weigh anchor and make off before the red men had time to hatch a plot of vengeance ; but the captain laughed at him. And Samazee groaned inwardly.

He did not give up all hope, however, of prevailing upon the captain to sail away, and when Mr. McKay, shortly afterwards, returned on board, having spent an enjoyable evening and morning with Wicananish, the interpreter enlisted his services. McKay, knowing something about Indian character, did his best, but Thorn merely laughed at him, pointed to his guns and vowed that they were sufficient to deal with any crowd of natives who might have the foolishness to make any attack on the *Tonquin*.

The captain of a ship is a little, but powerful, king ;

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and so the *Tonquin* stayed where she was during the king's pleasure: to her own undoing. True, that day passed without incident; no Indians came either to barter or to fight, and Thorn, still moody and angry, took no more precautions that night than he had taken before.

Morning came—morning and a canoe that slipped in alongside the *Tonquin*. She carried about twenty Indians, young Shewish being in command. When he pushed off from shore there were men aboard the *Tonquin* who imagined that she was the bearer of avenging natives, but as she approached the Indians were seen to be unarmed, and to have the canoe laden with otter skins; tokens, surely, that they were willing to let bygones be bygones and to trade, or try to trade, on something like reasonable terms.

Thorn and McKay were below, otherwise things might have turned differently. The officer of the watch—breaking the rules that had been broken several times before, namely that no Indians were to be allowed to come aboard—invited the red men to step up. He was satisfied that they were unarmed and were desirous of trading. Shewish and his comrades lost no time in getting on board, bearing their otter skins with them. Things began to move swiftly then. Another canoe slipped out from shore, and the red men clambered on board, followed by many others as canoe after canoe came up. The officer of the watch became scared, though there was nothing in the demeanour of the red men to arouse his fears; the thing that troubled him was that there were so many and that he ought not to have allowed them to come aboard. He therefore sent down for Captain Thorn and McKay; when they

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came on deck they found it swarming with natives and several canoes sweeping towards the ship.

One man only seemed to understand the significance, or at any rate the possibility of the affair ; and that was Samazee, who suggested his suspicions to McKay. The latter was alarmed, and advised the captain to clear the Indians off the ship, and to weigh anchor.

Again Thorn laughed at the fears of his own people, and, anxious to obtain as many pelts as possible, and believing that the red men were now eager to trade on decent terms, he intimated to them that his goods were there for disposal. The redskins expressed their willingness to trade, and a brisk traffic began. Clubs and knives seemed to be in most demand, and so long as a man got one or the other he did not mind how many pelts he gave ; which in itself should have been sufficient to awaken distrust, even in the mind of the obtuse Captain Thorn. At last, indeed, he did grow suspicious, and told off some of his men to weigh anchor and hoist sail, hoping that in the bustle of trade the red men would not notice it, and that he could succeed in getting away before they had time to carry out any sinister design.

But the redskins were wide awake ! They understood sufficient to know what the upgoing sails meant, and moreover, were left in no doubt, for as sail was hoisted, Thorn issued sharp commands for the natives to clear off.

The red men, led by Shewish, leapt to battle, brandishing clubs and knives. Down went the ship's clerk, a man named Lewis, who was in the act of bargaining a bundle of blankets ; a knife-thrust in the back tumbled him down the companionway. After him, McKay, whom a war-club

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knocked overboard, where he was killed by the red men's squaws in the waiting canoes. Shewish chose Thorn—and was at him with a knife. Thorn was quick enough to draw his clasp knife—the only weapon he had on him—and he caught the young chief on the bound, killing him instantly. The fall of Shewish was the signal for a fury of anger, and a number of red men sprang for the captain. Strong, brave, even if he was careless, Thorn knew how to fight; and his clasp knife took grim toll as he tried to fight his way through to the cabin where there were firearms. The odds, however, were too great, and, when he was almost at his cabin, loss of blood compelled him to come to a halt and lean upon the tiller wheel for support while he tried to hold off the encircling foes. A war club got him then—and after that knives buried themselves deep into his body before it was pitched overboard.

Meanwhile, all over the ship the fight was raging. The Indians, overwhelming in numbers, simply crushed down resistance, and all but four of the crew—who were aloft and making sail—were killed. There had been seven men aloft, and they had watched the scene of horror with terror, wondering when their own turn would come. One of them, taking all risks, scrambled down the rigging, hoping to succeed in getting between decks. Instead, in his hurry and terror, he missed hold and fell to deck, smashing on to several of the swarming natives, and being killed. Another, trying to do what the first had failed to do, died as a knife bit deep into his back while he was descending. Stephen Weekes, the third man to essay the foolhardy task, managed to reach the hatchway—only to come to his end when he had imagined himself likely to escape.

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By a miracle, the four others did succeed in reaching the cabin, where they found Lewis, who, although mortally wounded, had managed to crawl into the cabin. They lost no time in barricading the door, and prepared for defence against the attack they felt sure would come. Moreover, they took the offensive. Boring holes in the companion-way, they found they could fire along the deck ; and, having a fair supply of arms and ammunition in the cabin, they did not hesitate to use them. The result was wonderful. Those red men hopped and skipped about deck—those of them who did not drop to the boards, with bullets in body or brain ; and, as the fire increased, they dived overboard, sousing into the water and coming up again to clamber into their canoes, which went scurrying shorewards.

For a time, respite came for the men in the cabin. The ship was cleared of the red men, who ought never to have been allowed aboard.

All that day the palefaces remained on tenterhooks, taking pot-shots at canoes which made any attempt to move from the shore, and driving them back in haste. The white men dreaded the coming of night. But night came, and no Indians sought to get aboard ; perhaps they realised that the palefaces would keep a keener look-out in the darkness than in the daytime. Morning came again, and the *Tonquin* lay with her sails flapping idly in the wind ; and, on shore, the red men stood and watched. The interpreter, who escaped death because he was a native, and had been taken ashore by the red men when they escaped from the ship, told later how the villains were still eager for vengeance, but were afraid to venture because of the dreaded

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firearms of the palefaces. At last, however, they did dare to sally forth ; a canoe, bearing a few natives and Samazee, was sent toward the ship ; and, to the astonishment of the red men, no shots were fired. Instead, a white man appeared on the deck of the *Tonquin*, and made signs to the redskins that they might come on board. Wondering what it meant, and imagining, no doubt, that it betokened surrender, the red men in the canoe ventured to paddle alongside, and, as there still was no firing, they mounted to the deck. But the man who had invited them had disappeared.

No attempt was made to molest them, however, and in a few moments they were ransacking the merchandise that was on deck, and shouting across to their companions on shore. In a little while many canoes swept out and it was not long before the *Tonquin* was filled with red men, eager to reap the harvest of their grim work.

And then, the end. There was a shattering roar—the *Tonquin* seemed to be torn asunder—there was a great leaping flash of flame—a great volume of bellying smoke ; men soared high and dropped lifeless on the shattered deck or into the sea ; the *Tonquin* had blown up.

Samazee escaped and, with a number of fortunate natives, managed to reach the shore, all in great dismay at the catastrophe that had happened. The *Tonquin* had been blown to pieces and had disappeared, carrying with her scores of the redskins. Those who survived gave themselves up to mourning ; and the death-chants rose and fell as the natives gave vent to their sorrow and anger.

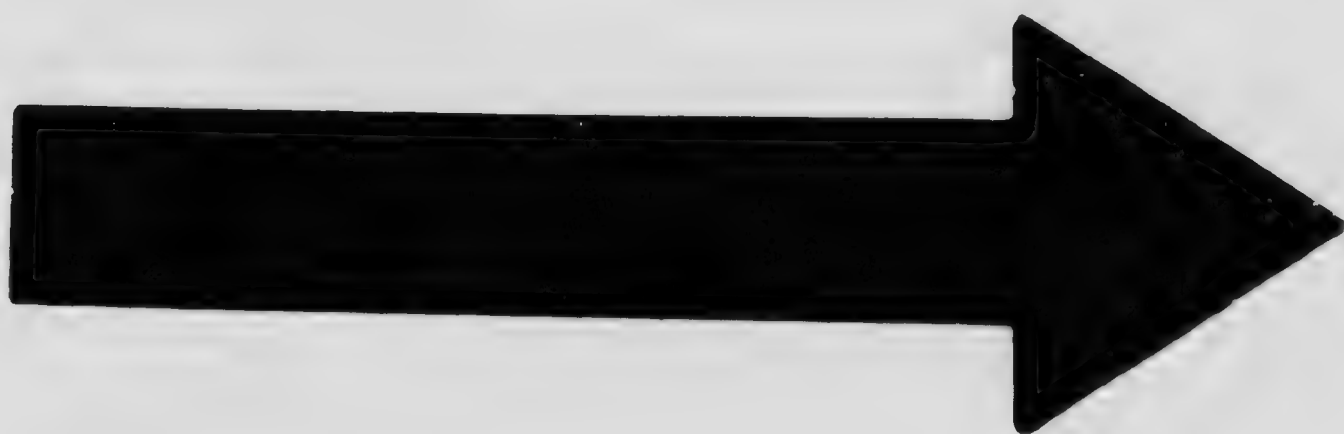
Anger that grew into a fury of rage when, shortly afterwards, some of their fellows came into the village, with four

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captives—four palefaces. They were the four men who had escaped from the rigging of the *Tonquin*; and, so the interpreter told the latter, they had succeeded in getting off the vessel when Mr. Lewis, the ship's clerk, knowing that he was doomed anyway, had decided to blow up the ship after enticing as many natives as possible on board. They had got into one of the *Tonquin's* boats, but had been unable to get out of the bay; and while, exhausted from their labours, they had been sleeping in a small cove where they had taken shelter they had been captured. Better for them had they died with Lewis, for they were treated barbarously, and died in awful agony at the hands of their infuriated captors.

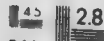
And that was the story that Samazee told the settlers at Fort Astoria when, some time afterwards, he succeeded in making his way thither. The settlers themselves were in a sorry pass; they had been expecting the *Tonquin* to come back—longed for her to do so, in fact, because her men and weapons would have been welcome to enable them to hold their own against the natives who surrounded them. The red men in the district were hostile; they hated the palefaces, and were bent on doing their utmost either to make them pack up and quit or else to kill them out of hand. When the news of the affair of the *Tonquin* reached the Indians around Astoria it served to add fuel to the fire of the redskins' anger, and they gathered in strength to take vengeance.

But for the ingenuity of Mr. M'Dougal, who was in command of the fort, there would have been a quick and sad ending to Astoria. M'Dougal, however, hit upon a stratagem; he knew the red man's horror of smallpox—a



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disease which a few years previously had ravaged the coast north and south of Columbia, and was supposed by the natives to be in some way connected with the coming of the palefaces. M'Dougal, therefore, sent messengers to the chiefs of the hostile tribes, inviting them to a conference, and when they came, wondering what was afoot, M'Dougal jumped to his feet and harangued them.

"Your countrymen," he said, "have destroyed our vessel, and I am resolved on vengeance. The white men among you are few in number, it is true, but they are mighty in medicine. See here"—and he produced a small bottle, which he exhibited before the wondering red men—"in this bottle I hold the smallpox safely corked up. I have but to draw the cork and let loose the pestilence to sweep man, woman and child from the face of the earth."

That did it. Those red men, chiefs all of them, and full of dignity, forgot their high places, and crowded round the paleface, beseeching him not to loose the pestilence. M'Dougal played with them, harried them, touched the strings of their fear, and for a while would say neither yea nor nay to their entreaties. Then, when he considered he had sufficiently cowed them and had put the fear of the scourge deeply enough into their souls, he graciously promised that the bottle should remain corked—unless the red men gave cause for it to be opened!

So, M'Dougal, henceforth known among red men as the Great Smallpox Chief, won the Indians to peace, and was able to get on with the organisation of his colony, so that when the land party arrived in the following February they found the settlement in existence and not, as had been feared from the reports that had been gleaned on the way,

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devastated by hostile Indians. That journey from Montreal lasting eighteen months, has a story of its own and belongs to the great history of North America ; unfortunately it does not belong to this book of the redskins, although in the course of the great trek there were several encounters with the Indians. As for Astoria, it did not flourish to the extent that had been hoped, despite the heroic efforts of its founders.

THE RED MAN'S RUSE

A Siege that was Raised by the Besieged

THE camp of the Skidi war party, pitched in the shelter of the high bluff known as Court House Rock, on the North Platte River, was peaceful enough; too peaceful, for, although the braves were on the war-path, they had neglected to take precautions against surprise.

The calm of the place was suddenly broken by terrible yells and the singing of befeathered arrows; then the alarmed Skidi, jumping up and seizing their arms, saw a band of Sioux coming down upon them like the wind for speed.

Many a Skidi bit the dust during those first few moments of the conflict; and their comrades prepared for a stern defence against the oncoming foes, who were in far superior numbers. For a long time the battle continued, marked by the usual ferocity of such encounters.

And at last the Skidi, brave though they were, and resolute in their defence, realised that the Sioux were too much for them. Here and there a man, less courageous than his fellows, broke away from the fighting mass and tried to flee; but a Sioux warrior would cut him down as he ran. The leader of the Skidi urged his men on to fight to the very limit of their endurance, but it was evident that there could be but one result of the conflict, if it were waged at such close quarters: the Sioux must win.

Even in the midst of that terrible fighting Running

Bull, the Skidi chief, managed to tell his men that he had formed a plan by which they might yet escape.

"Up the rock we will go!" he said. "And——"

"But that were no easy thing to do!" exclaimed a brave. "See; the face of the rock is as smooth as the ice in winter, and so steep that no man may find foothold. How, then, can we go thither?"

"Fight, and follow me!" commanded the chief. "I, Running Bull, know how!"

With a terrific rush the Skidi swept towards the rock, and, led by their chief, fought their way round the foot of that forbidding bluff, wondering, each man of them, how they were to scramble up the side which had been smoothed and polished by the wind and rain of centuries, and which held no clefts for a man's foot, no projections that a man could seize.

But the chief knew what they did not know. On the far side was a way, narrow, steep, and dangerous, up which a man who dare take risks might climb, and he knew that his braves would take that risk when once he showed them the way.

With the Sioux hard on their heels, the Skidi at last came to a standstill beneath the frowning bluff, and the chief, pointing upward, cried:

"That way safety lies. Up!"

So, while he and a few of his chosen followers stood and kept at bay the Sioux who had halted momentarily in amazement when they realised what the Skidi were doing, the rest, one by one, sprang to the precipitous rock.

It was no path that stood out before them—merely one tiny section of all that square-shaped rock, on which here

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and there a man might spring for a ledge or snatch a precarious hold on a starved bush. The warriors leapt up when this was possible ; at others they pantingly hauled themselves from one projecting piece to another ; and the Sioux arrows were singing their sibilant song of imminent death, biting deep into the rock and quivering there, or else glancing off and falling to the depths.

And all the time, down there at the bluff foot, was the Skidi and his rearguard, fighting gallantly and holding off the yelling Sioux, who realised that they were in danger of being robbed of their prey. Then the chief, looking up, saw that the last man he had sent had reached the flat tableland of the rock summit ; and the time had come for the rearguard to bethink themselves of safety. Some of them, however, had crossed the great Boundary and would fight no more battles ; but the others, at a word from their chief, began one by one to slip up the rock-face and to make their perilous way to the top. More fiercely now did the Sioux attack, but from the summit the Skidi showered their arrows, so that the enemy could not close with the chief, who eventually sprang for safety himself ; and at last, those of the Skidi who were not lying dead or wounded on the reddened ground below were gathered on the tableland, safe from their human foes, but faced, as they realised almost at once, by a foe as remorseless as they ; for they carried no food, and the plateau was barren of growth and water. Starvation awaited them.

And from below came the mocking laughter of the Sioux, who also had realised that their enemies had escaped death for only a brief while.

" We cannot climb the rock," the chief of the Sioux

told his warriors at the war council that was held ; " and there is no need. The Skidi, who would not stay to fight, can be subdued by starvation. No man of them can come down, for is there not only one way down ? And can we not keep watch on that ? " So began the siege of the rock on which the Skidi had sought refuge. Day dawned and dragged to its evening, and the sun beat down hotly upon the Skidi, whose bodies were alive with the fire of thirst, and were fast weakening through lack of food. Inured to hardship though they were, the Skidi found the terrors of the siege almost beyond endurance ; some indeed gave way, and went out in their madness. . . . The rest clung grimly to love of life, buoyed up by their chief, who, for all his apparent hopefulness, was yet in his soul suffering torment. He knew that down there on the prairie lay the noblest of his young braves, and that unless the unexpected happened, before long the rest would die, and their bones lie on the rock, testimony to the disgrace of Running Bull, who had led his men to disaster. That—or he would have to surrender to the waiting, watchful Sioux, who, past-masters in cruelty, feasted before the eyes of the dying Skidi.

Yet, Running Bull knew that to have remained down there would have resulted in death or capture for every one of his men, and he had done his best to avert that.

Eagerly the chief sought a new way down the rock, although he knew that no man had ever yet found but one way up and down—the way by which he and his braves had ascended, and which was now guarded by the Sioux, so that a 'possum could not have moved down without being seen.

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He explored every yard, almost every inch, of the edge of the cliff on the side not watched by the Sioux, seeking he knew not what ; and then next day, when hope seemed fruitless, and death or surrender unavoidable, because his people could not hold out much longer, he noticed what seemed to him like a gift from Ti-ra-wa. It was merely a tiny point of rock sticking up out of the earth.

Running Bull fell on his knees and scraped at the earth ; then pulled out his knife and began to cut away the soil round the rock. He found it hard work, and yet he kept at it—not merely that night, but for several succeeding nights, toiling till even his tough hands were sore and the blade of his knife was worn down. He had formed a plan, wild in its audacity, so wild that he would not tell his braves about it until he had tested the likelihood of its success ; to hold out to them hope that was not unlikely to be shattered was too cruel for Running Bull, and so he worked quietly, when the million eyes of heaven only were there to see him.

At last he had completed the first part of his task. He had cut away the earth round the point of rock, and laid bare the base of it. It was as far round as a man's body, and stood up, forming a projection which Running Bull fondly hoped would provide the means of salvation for the Skidi.

Something more remained to be done, however, before he could tell his hungry, thirsting, almost maddened braves, who were bearing their sufferings with the quiet, grim calmness that characterised them. The chief stole secretly to where his men slept—safe, as they all knew, from attack by the Sioux, who realised that they could not achieve



"He hung there, with a dreadful drop beneath him" (see page 260)



their ends without risking their lives ; and, moving quietly from man to man, he took every lariat he could find, carried them all to the spot where the rock-point stood solid out of the earth, and then tied them into one long rope. Testing the knots and finding them secure, he flung the rope round the rock and let it fall, double, down the sheer face of the cliff. The white light of the moon showed him what he had scarcely dared to hope : the rope touched the ground at the foot of the cliff.

Tense with excitement now, the chief proceeded to test further his plan yet. Drawing up one end of the rope he made a loop, placed his feet in it, and drew the loop tight, so that he could not slip ; and then, seizing the loose hanging length of rope, held on to it while he swung himself over the edge of the cliff ; and hung there, 'mid earth and sky, with a dreadful drop beneath him.

Down he went, slowly, carefully, a fierce exultation possessing him as he realised that he could undoubtedly outwit the relentless Sioux who were gathered on the other side of the rock.

He reached the bottom at last, and then, reversing the process, hauled himself up. This was more difficult, but he succeeded in doing it, and then, convinced of the workableness of his plan, he roused his men and took them to the spot.

"That way lies safety !" he told them, explaining what he had done. They were all eager to go, but the chief was adamant.

"Not to-night !" he ordered. "The dawn is nigh, and this is work for the night."

So, perforce, the Skidi went back to their places on the

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side up which they had climbed, and, for fear of arousing suspicions, they remained there in full view of the Sioux.

At last, night fell.

One by one, the youngest first, and following in that order, with the chief himself the last, the Skidi looped themselves into the rope, and swung dizzily into space, descending as swiftly as was possible with safety. As a man reached the ground below he stole off through the shadows and melted into the gloom of the night, and in due course they all met at an appointed rendezvous.

And, camped beneath the Court House Rock, the Sioux kept their patient vigil, never dreaming that their enemies had disappeared; and to this day the Pawnees say that they know not how long the Sioux remained there; they think, these Pawnees, that it was until the Sioux believed that the silence of the summit betokened the death of the Skidi!

BRADY'S GREAT LEAP

The Yarn of a dramatic Race for Life

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY commanded a company of rangers whose work was to hold the red men in check and prevent atrocities on settlers. Naturally, the Indians were no friends of his and lost no opportunity of scoring off him.

Once, when dozing beside his little fire, during a lonely trapping expedition, he felt himself seized, and before he could make any resistance, was bound and trussed ready for roasting! After making him run the gauntlet, the Indians proceeded to erect a big bonfire, with a stake in the centre to which he was to be tied. While this was being done Brady's arms were unbound, and he was placed in the middle of a yelling, dancing horde of savages, who circled round him taunting him with the fate in store for him.

Knowing that death by horrible torture awaited him, Brady disdained to show any sign of fear.

In the midst of the death-dance, one of the squaws—a chief's squaw—stepped out of the ring of howling red men, and advancing towards Brady, hurled a taunt at him. She was carrying the chief's young son in her arms, and Brady, maddened by the taunt, and forgetful of everything else except that here was a chance of escape, snatched the child from the woman, and flung it into the flames.

Quick as lightning the whole of the Indians broke their circle and rushed to pull the youngster out of the fire

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At the same time Brady made a rush for liberty, dashing headlong to the ground an Indian who tried to stop him. A dozen others set out in pursuit, as Brady took to the woods and raced for life through the thicket.

Presently he was running up a steep hill, and in a little while found himself at the top, where he was an easy mark for the Indians, and he knew it. He at once dropped on his face, and the next minute a shower of bullets sang over his head. Then before the enemy could reload he was on his feet again, passed over the crest of the hill, and was scampering down the side of the steep ravine.

Realising that their victim had escaped them, the Indians gave up the chase, and Brady eventually reached a settlement.

For that little incident Brady determined to have revenge, and when some time afterwards he was placed in command of his rangers and told to hunt up a band of warriors who had raided a settlement, it was with a good deal of satisfaction that he set out on the trail.

When he arrived near the Indian encampment, he found that although the red men were expecting him, and had posted spies to keep a good look-out for his coming, they had been unable to resist the temptation of a buffalo hunt.

Brady thought he had an easy task before him, but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the spies given the warning, than the sport was forgotten and the more serious business of war began. Unfortunately, the Indians outmatched the whites by five to one, and the result was that the latter had to beat an undignified retreat.

"Each man shift for himself," said Brady to his men, and suiting the action to the word, he set off. The white

men scattered in all directions, but the redskins, resolved that Brady should not escape them this time, paid no heed to his companions in flight, but concentrated their attention upon him.

Hour after hour they hunted him, sticking to his trail with unerring judgment, and at last they had him cornered. They had surrounded him and forced him to the bank of a river, knowing that to escape them he must take to the water, knowing also that if he did, he would present an easy mark for their guns.

Brady realised that if he kept to dry land there was little likelihood the red men would fire at him, because they wanted to take him alive. He, therefore, kept out of the water, and put every ounce of energy he had left into a race for a spot where the two banks of the river were but twenty-two feet apart at torrent. Brady knew that his one chance of life lay in the small possibility of his being able to leap across the yawning gulf.

Difficult and improbable though it was, Brady meant to try; after all, it was better to fall into the torrent and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below, than to fall into the hands of relentless enemies who were quickly gaining upon him.

With one last spurt he raced towards the precipice, came within a few inches of the edge, and—leaped!

And missed!

Twenty-two feet is no short distance to jump, even when one is fresh, yet Brady, half-exhausted by his long race for life, only missed by a few inches. As luck had it, however, he fell on to a narrow ledge just beneath the edge, and as he fell he clutched at a shrub growing on the side of the ravine. After hanging on to this for a breathless moment,

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Brady pulled himself up and up until he was on top of the precipice, scurrying across the few yards of ground that separated the edge of the yawning gulf from the steep hill.

Brady's leap had taken the Indians by surprise. They had not looked for such a thing, and they yelled in rage as they realised that their foe had escaped their vengeance! The only consolation they had was in the thought that he had either been drowned or dashed to death on the rocks below. One by one they crept to the edge of the cliff and peered down, expecting to see his mangled body being tossed hither and thither by the raging waters.

But there was no sign of him below. Suddenly one of their number espied him half way up the hill-side. With a shout he called attention to the figure of their foe, and in a moment a dozen shots sped across the chasm. Only one went straight to the mark, and that hit Brady in the hip, though, fortunately, not wounding him sufficiently to make him stay in his flight.

Even then the Indians did not give up the chase. Afraid to emulate Brady's great leap, they made a detour to a place where they could swim across the river, and then followed Brady's trail—a trail of blood.

As for Brady, his wound, which, in the excitement of the moment had not impeded his progress, was now becoming extremely painful and making him stiff. The one thing in his favour was that the wide circuit the Indians had been compelled to make had enabled him to get well ahead. Hard upon his heels, however, he could hear the Indians coming, and at last reaching a small lake, he dived in, swam under the water as long as he could, and came up on the farther side of a large tree that had fallen into the water.

Brady's Great Leap

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Knowing that the Indians could not be far away now, Brady decided to stay in the water for a while.

It was well that he did so, for in a short time the Indians appeared on the scene, searching along the shore for signs of the fugitive. It was a vain search, for although some of them actually stood on the trunk under which Brady was hiding, they found no trace of him, and, thinking at last that he must have been drowned, eventually gave up the chase, angry at having been baulked of their vengeance.

Waiting until he was sure that the Indians had departed, Brady, stiff and cold, crept out of his hiding place, and finally reached his settlement in safety.

"FOR THE BURNING—

The Story of a Narrow Escape from a Horrible Death

JOHAN GLOVER, of Virginia, was kidnapped by Indians when he was eight years of age, and spent fourteen years of his life as a slave to various Indian tribes. He became almost one of themselves, and it was with some difficulty that he was prevailed upon to forsake the natives when a chance was offered him. Eventually, however, the inducements of his friends won the day, and Glover returned to civilisation.

At twenty-nine he acted as a guide to an expedition against the Indians. After a conflict with the red men, the whites decided to retreat in order, but the Indians, realising the intention, suddenly returned to the fight, breaking their ranks. The mounted white men rode off as fast as their horses could carry them, trampled down those who were on foot, and left the wounded on the field, caring not who perished as they themselves escaped.

Glover was in the rear tending the horses when the retreat began, and by the time he had finished his work the main body of the army had passed by; but he caught them up, and very soon found himself near to the front ranks.

Glover's misfortune came when, with half a dozen other men, he found himself in a morass, from which, do what they would, none of them could disengage the horses. They could hear the enemy closing in upon them, and

quickly dismounting, they left their horses to sink and tried to pass through the morass, in which they themselves sank waist deep. Step by step they plodded, inch by inch they sank, but at last the morass was passed.

Staying for neither drink nor food, they tramped many miles through the long dark night, until they were caught in another morass, and had to rest till dawn lest they became engulfed. Daybreak brought with it new dangers, and they had to keep a sharp look-out for Indians, who would be certain to pick up the trail.

The thing they feared came to pass on the second day of their flight. Famished and thirsty, they sat down to partake of a scanty meal, and almost immediately they saw a band of Indians coming towards them. Leaving their baggage where it was, they fled into some neighbouring bushes, while all the time they could hear the cries of the searchers. At last, however, there was silence, and the little band returned to their encampment, gathered their baggage, and once more set out.

The end came the next day. Without warning, the Indians, who had picked up the trail again, suddenly opened fire from the seclusion of dense bushes. Two of Glover's companions fell; the others fled in all directions. Two of the guns were useless through being soaked in coming across the morasses, and although Glover knew that his was all right, he dared not use it, because he felt sure that immediately he came from the shelter of the tree behind which he had hidden, he would be shot down.

As he stood there watching, an Indian seemed to rise out of the ground, and, presenting his gun, called upon Glover to surrender, assuring him of his safety. Glover

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threw down his arms, as did two of his companions, who also were told there was nothing to fear.

One of the captors was a native who had known Glover during his long captivity, and, calling him by his native name, said :

" Mannucothee, you are a dog for coming to war against us ! "

Then, having secured their captives, the Indians set out on the trail, and in three days Glover and his friends found themselves in an Indian town. During the journey they had been well treated, but as they approached the town the Indians changed their attitude. Moreover, the inhabitants came out in a hostile body to meet them. Armed with tomahawks and clubs, they surrounded the prisoners, calling them names, jeering and howling at them, and beating them.

The culmination came when one of the prisoners was seized, stripped to the skin, and blackened over with coal and water.

Glover knew what that meant ; it was the sign of death. The man was to be burnt alive !

Scared by the strange preparation, the man called out to Glover :

" What are they going to do ? "

Glover started to tell him, but was interrupted by the Indians, who, in their own language, forbade him to explain to the doomed man. To the latter, they vowed no harm was meant.

The three men, led by their naked companion, were then made to run the gauntlet to the council house. Men women and children surged around them, beating and

striking them; the warriors fired powder as they ran, all making the naked man their chief object. Yelling wildly, beating their drums, they raced after the fleeing man; hacked at him with their tomahawks burning holes in his body with the plugs of powder fired at him, and crippling him with blows from their clubs. So terrible was their onslaught that when the man reached the council house he was nothing but a mass of bruises.

The victim's one hope was that upon arrival at the council house he would be left alone—according to the Indians' promise; but even as he laid hands upon the door he was pulled back and subjected to further beatings. The terror-stricken man now took courage and determined to sell his life dearly. He ran in amongst them and tried to seize tomahawks and clubs, but after a few minutes' struggle he was overpowered and carried away. Then, once more the attack began, and after an awful time of agony, death came to his relief.

The same treatment was meted out to the rest of Glover's companions, Glover himself being reserved for attention later on.

The next evening a council was held, to which Glover was summoned. Here he was subjected to a close examination as to the whereabouts of the white troops and the condition of the war between Great Britain and the States. The information he gave them did not seem to please them, and he was thereafter subjected to all manner of indignities. Things grew more serious when an old enemy of his, named George Girty, a white man, arrived, for soon after this man came, a number of Indians went to the hut where Glover

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was living, put a rope round his neck and prepared him for—burning !

Stripped of his clothes, bound and blackened in the usual way, Glover was led into the town, beaten with tomahawks and clubs, and then tied to a tree for several hours. In the afternoon he was taken to another town two miles away where the living sacrifice was to be made.

He was bound to the stake and surrounded with piles of wood ready for lighting. Then, amidst mad shouts of triumph and dancing round the pile, the wood was kindled. Round and round the burning pyre the red men danced, yelling their war-cries, while there, in the midst of the flames, stood the victim, praying for rain to quench the fire.

There seemed little hope that rain would come, for high above him the sun shone clear, and there was not a breath of wind. Yet suddenly, as if in answer to his prayer, the wind rose and blew a hurricane, and the rain fell in torrents. For a quarter of an hour only the storm lasted, but that was long enough, for the flames never reached the man at the stake ; the rain quenched the fire, and also, apparently, the inhuman enthusiasm of the natives, who cried :

“ We'll leave him alone till the morning, and take a whole day's frolic in burning him ! ”

But they were not done with Glover even for that day, for, loosing him from the stake, they made him sit down, and began to dance around him, beating and kicking him as they circled round him.

There is an end even to the revels of blood-maddened Indians, and, tiring of the war-dance, a chief approached the half-fainting Glover, saying :

“ Are you sleepy, Mannucothee ? ”

"Yes!" said Glover.

"Here," said the chief to three of his companions, "take him away and look after him till the morning." Then, laughing grimly, he turned away, leaving Glover to his thoughts of the morrow and what it was to bring.

So, with arms bound at the wrists and above the elbows with thongs that bit deep into the flesh, and with a rope round his neck, Glover was led away to a blockhouse and tied to a beam with just sufficient rope to allow him to lie down on a board to sleep—if he could, and he wanted to!

Then began a long and wearying night. Hour by hour the four men—prisoner and guards, sat in the smoke-filled hut, Glover puzzling his brains over his helplessness and coming festival of fire.

"How will you like to eat fire to-morrow, Mannuco-thee?" asked one of them.

Glover held his tongue. A great hope buoyed him up, and that was that the three guards would soon drop off to sleep, but as the tedious hours dragged by it seemed that the men had resolved to keep their vigil faithfully. At last, about an hour before dawn, two of them lay down, while the third, lighting his pipe, once more settled himself to continue watch.

For half an hour he kept it up, but then growing weary he too lay down, and in a few minutes Glover's heart leaped into his throat; the man was snoring! It was now or never, if he meant to escape! Turning himself over on his right side, Glover managed to slip the cords from his left arm, leaving them dangling on his right. He was free except for the rope round his neck.

At that moment one of the warriors awoke and got up.

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With his heart thumping in his breast, Glover lay expecting that he would be examined and the loosened thongs discovered, but to his great relief, the Indian only stirred up the fire, and then lay down again.

Waiting until he thought the Indian was once more asleep, Glover began the task of undoing the rope round his neck. The rope, made of buffalo hide, was as thick as his thumb and as hard as iron, and though he worked at it for what seemed an age it would not yield to him, and he gave up in despair.

It was now daybreak, and, realising that the next few minutes must decide his fate, Glover frantically made one more attempt on the rope. Putting his fingers between his neck and the rope, he pulled fiercely. The knot gave! It was but a noose with several knots tied over it; and he had wasted precious time over so simple a matter!

But it was no time for useless regrets. The warriors still slept on, and stepping over them carefully, fearing that every movement would cause them to jump up in alarm, Glover made his way out of the house. Naked and blackened, with the thong still hanging to his right arm, he tore like a madman through the town, into a cornfield close at hand, without being seen.

Once outside the town Glover's first work was to untie the bond round his right arm, now swollen and black, and causing intense pain. Then, seeing some horses near by, he captured one of them, and, snatching a piece of old rug from the fence, threw it upon the horse's back for a saddle, using the rope from his arm for a halter. Setting the horse at a gallop, Glover rode hour after hour, until he had covered seventy miles. Then his horse failed him, and he had to

abandon it. Luckily for him the Indians either missed his trail or did not trouble to hunt for him.

For four days he tramped through the country, finding no food except a few wild berries, and often feeling so weak that he thought he must give up in despair. Over hills and across rivers he made his way, and at last fell in with a man who knew him, and gave him a lift to the place where his friends were gathered.

THE "SPIRIT" IN THE WOODS

How a "Ghost " was laid by a Gallant Man

BOTH sides were wise in enlisting the services of the red men during the War of Independence, because every one of the red men knew the country, and, versed in the craft of war as fought in their own country, they were able to harass the white armies and carry on work which would have been impossible to ordinary troops. Where a white army would find it impossible to go, the Indians went; where the paleface companies could not approach without giving alarm, the red men could go and pounce before ever their presence was suspected, and not all the close watch kept was of much avail against them. They would hang upon the skirts of a marching army and cut off stragglers; they would lurk in the forests in their hundreds and snip off the heads of advancing columns; they would sally forth in a dozen different ways and make life unbearable for the disciplined soldiers. Cavalry was no good against them—they were as fleet as the hare; they knew every likely place of security to which they would bolt after some daring exploit, leaving no trace behind them.

Both sides suffered great losses by this Indian warfare, and it became necessary for armies to protect themselves by outposts flung far out beyond the encampments, often into the woods, and these posts of honour were indeed posts of danger. Solitary sentinels kept their lonely vigils—until a creeping silence in the night engulfed them.

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This kind of thing happened night after night to the sentinels of an English regiment that was the vanguard of a main army operating, in the year 1779, against Americans and Indians. A certain justifiable dread hung over the men, who saw something mysterious in the continual disappearance, without sign or signal, of the men posted overnight ; the guard, going out to relieve in the morning, found no one to relieve, and, except that on one or two occasions there were a few drops of blood on the ground, there was no sign of any foul work. Some there were who vowed that it was treachery—that the sentries were deserting ; others asserted that it was the work of the red devils.

After the guard had been removed in this fashion several times, the whole regiment—every man of which knew that his own turn to keep watch would come in due time—began to regard the affair with terror ; it was too uncanny for white men. At last the Colonel himself, fuming with anger, unable to make up his mind whether his men really were deserting or whether they were being trapped by lurking foes, went with the relieving guard—and found that the sentry had vanished. The Colonel knew the nervy condition of his men and debated whether he should give up the policy of leaving but one man on guard and replace him with a whole company. Consideration told him that, it being essential to discover the explanation of the disappearances, it was likely to be accomplished by continuing the same procedure, and he resolved to carry on. He told the company so ; and the man whose turn it was to go out to the mysterious loneliness, trembling, yet with splendid courage, told his superior officer that although he

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would prefer to lose his life with greater credit, yet he would do his duty.

"I will leave no man against his will!" the Colonel said; and at the words a man stepped out of the ranks and volunteered to take the post perilous.

"I will not be taken alive," he assured the Colonel. "At the least alarm you shall hear of me. Not a leaf shall fall or a bird chatter but what I will fire my musket."

The Colonel assured him that though the whole regiment turned out a dozen times it did not matter, even if there were nothing to turn out for; and the man, shaking hands with his friends, took up the appointed position while the company marched back through the woods to the regimental headquarters.

What happened up there in the dark stillness? This:

The sentry, as level-headed as he was courageous, knew that his comrades had not been swallowed up by the earth, that living hands had seized him out of the night, and that the worst he had to expect was a sudden spring of some lurking red men. With the dense pall of the trees above him, and the keen night wind whistling through the forest, he stood at his post, musket in hand, peering into the darkness, listening with tense ears and a little rushing of pulse at every crackle of leaves. After about an hour of such tension he heard something that thrilled him through, and, peering out, saw, after a little difficulty, what it was that had caused his alarm. He laughed at himself for being a nervous fool, for, instead of seeing—what, he told himself, he would not have heard anyway—an Indian, he saw merely an American hog, nosing in among the carpet of leaves, seeking the nuts on which it fed. The taut nerves

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relaxed, but the sentry did not cease being vigilant. In a way, however, the presence of the pig was comforting, for it meant that the forest was not so lonely as it had seemed! He watched the animal as it moved about, the while he listened for other sounds that might spell danger. How long he watched the pig the man did not know, but suddenly, as he marked its apparently aimless wanderings, it struck him that there was not really so much aimlessness as there had appeared to be. For the hog was, by a circuitous route, making for a small coppice in the rear of the watchful soldier.

At the first rush of suspicion that all might not be well, the soldier was about to fire when he held himself in, with the thought that he would not risk the baiting of his comrades for having called them out for no other reason than that a pig was food hunting. Nevertheless, he watched the animal—watched it and became more than ever convinced that all was well, until, of a sudden, something happened that changed the face of matters. The pig was almost on the edge of the thicket when it gave a curious spring—a spring that the man realised no pig ever could have made; and on the instant, ridicule or no ridicule, he fired; the hog sprang again—a death spring this—then dropped to the ground, and lay stretched out, groaning with pain.

With a leap the sentry was over at it, and, turning it with his foot, the while his ears were trained for a surprise attack, he saw that which made him want to laugh for all the nerve strain of the last hour. The pig was no pig, but merely a skin inside which was hidden an Indian. His hands and feet were artfully concealed, and, as the soldier

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could vouch, his movements were perfect. Even as he died his lifeless hands dropped the tomahawk and dagger with which he was armed ; and the soldier, straightening up, seized the skin and began to haul the dead weight behind him as he went to meet his comrades who, he knew, would be coming out to see why the alarm had been given, expecting, no doubt, to find their sentry dead.

A clamour of voices in eager questioning, a thrusting of the camouflaged red man forward, rounded off the incident, and revealed the manner of the disappearance of the previous sentinels ; after which that regiment posted no more solitary guards out in the forest ; they had learnt wisdom, realising that the cunning of the red man was too great for them to risk the lives of brave and much-wanted men.

THE LURE OF THE WOLFSKIN CAP

The Red Men were cunning, but their paleface foes were just as cunning; and James Harrod, a pioneer, with Daniel Boone, taught them something in the art and craft of war

JAMES HARROD was one of the big men of the Boone settlement down in Kentucky; big physically, and big in the stature of his courageous mind. He was a dead shot, a mighty hunter, and a great hater of the redskins and all their ways. Harrod looked at things from the point of view of a hunter: he liked hunting, gloried in the chase of big game, and—maybe unreasonably—did not see eye to eye with the Indians who looked upon him and his fellows as intruders to be kept off if possible. Harrod was not for being kept off; therefore he was an able lieutenant to Boone in his endeavours to set up a white man's paradise in the red man's land. Harrod, like Boone, was a lover of lone hand quests, in the course of which he often ran into hot corners, and only by his ingenuity and courage succeeded in getting out.

It wasn't as though he merely went into danger unknowingly; more often than not he deliberately set out with the knowledge that he was in for a strenuous time! As, for instance, when, returning from a lonely hunt, he found the settlement at Harrodsville in a serious situation as regards food. The Shawanees had been playing Old Harry with the settlement while Harrod was away—Boone also was absent, being 'way up at a place called the

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Licks, salt-making with several of his men. The Indians had rustled cattle, killing a good deal of what they had not taken ; they had driven in the paleface hunting parties, and generally interfered with things ; their very presence threatened to make them more unpleasant still in that the settlement was on the verge of starvation. At any rate, the white folk had little or no meat, and did not dare to go out a-hunting for it.

Harrod grinned when the men told him what had happened, and, taking command right then, suggested that a number of them should accompany him to the nearest depot that he had left during his journey back, where there was plenty of meat cached. This seemed too much like doing what they had not been anxious to do before he came, and the settlers hung back ; there was little or no enthusiasm ! Harrod perceived this at once, shrugged his great broad shoulders, slung on his hunting kit, swung his rifle over his back, told the women to cheer up, and promised to bring them back some meat at any rate, then went off on his own.

All that morning he saw no signs of game, but many signs of Indians—fresh marks, too, which told him they were none too far away. All this was very disconcerting, of course, but nevertheless, there behind was the starving station and somewhere in that great wild was meat. Harrod resolved to find it. He found it, sure enough ; in the shape of a small herd of deer which he picked up in the early afternoon. What Harrod did not know about wild life was not worth knowing, and it did not need a second glance at the tiny herd to tell him that a little while before they had been frightened by some-

thing. They looked startled, and were evidently still on the look-out. Harrod decided it was up to him to keep a good look-out too. So far there had only been the ground signs of the proximity of Indians; here was something besides, for that the deer had been frightened by red men he had not the slightest doubt. Therefore, he watched—scanned the ground for moccasin tracks, noted the broken twigs in the undergrowth, and came to the conclusion that the Indians were very near.

That meant danger for him, for as sure as he pulled the trigger of his weapon the lurking red men would pounce on him. Nevertheless, the station wanted meat; Harrod had come to get it, and it was here, ready for the taking. One thing was in his favour, and that was, that while he knew there were Indians about he knew that the Indians did not realise he was there, because they were taking no precautions to hide up their trail. They were following the deer, and were in front of Harrod, which meant that if the latter pushed on after the game which he could still see, he might run into his foes at any moment. Still, he went on, following the deer for several miles, anxious to get into position whence he could obtain a good kill. The joy of the chase was upon Harrod then—the joy of the chase and of Indian hunting. He could not see the red men—did not know where they were; but with all the things that might happen present in his mind, he took care to keep himself under cover as much as possible. There was no tree or bush that would serve as shelter which he did not take advantage of; no hummock that he did not explore carefully lest the hither side concealed foes. It was like a spell of bush-fighting, that tracking

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of deer and red men ; and it suddenly developed into the real thing.

A deer whistled—two rifles rang out close on his left, and Harrod dropped to earth, where he lay as quiet as a mouse and as still as a scalped Indian, wondering whether the shots were for him or the deer. After a while, he ventured to peep round the tree behind which he was hiding—and got the answer to his unspoken question in the shape of a rifle bullet that whizzed through the heavy mass of black hair that hung over his shoulders. That bullet, which came from the right, seared along his neck, and a little deeper furrow would have spelt death.

Harrod went to earth and stillness again, and remained so for, it seemed to him, hours. He made no sign, neither did the Indians. Unfortunately for Harrod, although his tree was ideal from the point of view of cover, it was all wrong from the point of view of a man who might want to take a pot-shot at any enemy if the enemy showed himself, inasmuch as the bottom of it was surrounded by bushes about three feet high, and it was impossible for him to fire without putting his head above them. And since, as the last shot had shown, the Indians were not in a similar position and had the advantage of him, it was by no means desirable to risk doing anything of the kind. Therefore Harrod adopted a stunt of the Indian fighter. He set up a commotion among the shrubs as though he were getting restless and preparing either for a wild dash or for a shot—a manœuvre which he knew would attract the attention of the Indians—and then, pulling off his wolfskin cap—which piece of headgear had gone into many a scrap and was well known by the red men—placed

it on the ramrod of his rifle, and hoisted it gradually, carefully, and just the right height, above the bushes.

Things happened then; three rifles rang out almost simultaneously, so closely timed in fact that it needed the trained ear to distinguish them; but the report of them had not died away before there arose the death-scream of a man. It was the Indian on the right. Harrod, knowing the direction of the man, had watched while he played his trick, and the whirl of smoke from the man's weapon gave him his mark. Harrod fired a second after the man's rifle had been emptied at the lure.

Down again among the shrubs, and for a long time silence reigned, until Harrod, chuckling to himself, essayed the trick once more. It called the Indian bluff, but only of one of them, for the red men had profited by the dread lesson and knew that if they both emptied their rifles they would be defenceless. Still, although his ruse had this time drawn but one fire, it had at least told Harrod what he wanted to know, namely, the exact position of the two enemies. Previously, he had known their direction but not their location, because he had been too busy watching the Indian on the right who had had the advantage of position over him. Now, he peered through the lacing shrubbery, watching the spot whence the shot had come; and presently, he saw a red man's arm as he thrust home his ramrod, Harrod got him on the second—got him in the heart.

This was too much for the third Indian to stomach, and he began a hasty retreat. Harrod fired at him, but, although the shot did not kill, yet Harrod always believed that it found a billet in the red hide of the foe. It was not

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that the red man was scared of one man. Harrod knew differently from that. What the Indian believed was that as two men had been killed—he had seen them with his own eyes, for three bullets had passed through one man's cap, and a fourth through another!—there must be several other white men still in the bushes. Which was the impression that Harrod had wished to create, and he chuckled to himself as he lay there waiting for the fleeing Indian to disappear. After which he went and dressed the deer that the red men had killed for him; and so Harrod took home, after all, the meal so badly needed. The people were naturally highly delighted—and, perhaps, in their joy, scarcely understood the significance of the holed wolfskin cap that Harrod had so much difficulty now in keeping on his head.

REDSKINS' GRATITUDE

Even the Sioux, ferocious and warlike as they were, had their virtues ; this is the tale of a Red Man's gratitude

MORE often than not the stories of the redskins deal rather with their treachery than with their gratitude, and the trappers and traders who had much to do with them scarcely ever trusted them, or at least kept a sharp look-out for trouble even when trouble was the last thing to be expected.

It is said of one Indian, for instance, that he went up to a settler's shanty and begged food and drink, and received it ; and, even while reaching out a hand to take it stabbed his benefactor. Of another that, being cared for by palefaces when he was well-nigh frozen on the trail, he, without any word of thanks left when fully recovered, and led a party of braves in an attack upon the little township, in which he had seen evidence of rich booty.

And so one might go on with story after story of base ingratitude. Maybe we have so many stories handed down on those lines, because too often the whites were interested to exhibit the worst side of Indian character ; but, on the other hand, it is admitted by many of the old travellers and explorers and traders that there were some good Indians at any rate ! That, generally speaking, the palefaces had no very high opinion of the redskins, however, is clear from the manner of the telling of tales of the " other side " of Indian character, since there is nearly always the ex-

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pression of surprise, and even those who themselves have benefited have admitted that they were agreeably surprised at the turn of events !

As, for instance, a trapper named Griffin. Like so many of his comrades of the wilds, Griffin was hated by the Sioux in whose country he was often found a-hunting, and he lived with his gun in his hand and his eyes and ears always alert for foes. It was often a case of touch and go, frequently a case of being as merciless as the red men themselves, and it was counted almost a criminal weakness, even by himself, when, one day, after having had a nice little scrap with a couple of Sioux, killing one of them, and wounding the other, he took the latter with him to his cabin, bound up his wounds, nursed him until he was restored to health, then gave him back his gun, put him in a canoe—and sent him off to his own people !

Madness, stark madness, and Griffin well-nigh blushed when, sitting with other trappers around camp-fires telling yarns of the wilds, he mentioned the little matter. It was like casting pearls before swine, was the general verdict on any story that concerned kindness to red men.

Griffin, however, had cause for thankfulness that he had cast his pearls before such a "swine." Three years after his moment of weakness, he went off on a lonely fall hunting expedition along the Minnesota River. He paddled his canoe as far as the head waters of the Pomme de Terre, where he pitched a camp, taking care to keep among the oak scrub, since here and there on his journey he had picked up news of large bands of Sioux on the war-path. Actually, he was pleased that it was a case of fair-sized parties, since it would be an easier matter to avoid them

than if there were numbers of small parties hanging around. Nevertheless, after having rested awhile, Griffin went on a little reconnoitring expedition, first to make sure that there were no Indians in the immediate vicinity, and, secondly, to see if there were any signs of fur-bearing animals in sufficient numbers to warrant a stay.

He satisfied himself that for a considerable distance around there were no red men, and was pleased to find signs of furs—signs which promised a decent season. Therefore, Griffin set about preparing for the work. The first thing necessary was to set in a store of food, and so, one day, he went off with his gun over his shoulder to track down a deer. Fortune was with him, for when he turned towards camp that evening, he had a deer hide slung over one shoulder and a saddle of venison over the other.

And, on the way, he dropped into trouble. He was almost blithe when he started out and had forgotten all about red men, or at least, as nearly as a lonely man could in such circumstances. Therefore he received a pretty bad jolt when, half-way to camp, he topped a ridge and saw a large band of Sioux coming up the other side, effectually cutting off his route. Griffin had only a momentary glimpse of them, but he was able to size up the situation. The Sioux had evidently been on a buffalo hunt, for their ponies, which they were leading, were all laden with meat and hides. As there were forty red men—whom, at that short distance, he recognised as belonging to the village with which he was not particularly friendly—Griffin realised he was in for it, if they had seen him. He dropped like a plummet to the ground, hoping to be able to wriggle off a little, and, under cover of the ridge, make his getaway.

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Disillusionment came swiftly; there uprose a terrific war-whoop, and he realised that the Sioux had spotted him, quick though he had been to fall to the ground. The trapper plumped for discretion rather than valour, and went slithering down the ridge for all he was worth, having slipped his saddle of venison to lighten himself. Down the side up which he had come he raced, heading for the belt of trees from which he had issued a little while before. He had seen, when he sprang up as the war-whoop rose, that the Sioux had left their ponies and were romping up the ridge face on foot, and, as they were no more than two hundred yards off, Griffin believed that he had little chance of escape. That, naturally, only made him sprint harder, and he trusted that by the time the Indians reached the top of the ridge, he, having the advantage of descending as against their ascending, would be able to increase the lead he had got. If he could do so, and reach the belt of trees, he felt that there might be some chance; otherwise—well, he was in for it with a vengeance.

So, Griffin pelted down the ridge and when he reached the plain, looked back quickly to see how he had fared. Sure enough, the red men had not topped the rise yet, and the paleface sprinted off across the prairie, heading for the trees. Came, a few minutes later, the reports of muskets, and he knew that the Indians had reached the top. As, however, he had increased his lead to well nigh a quarter of a mile, Griffin was feeling a little bucked with himself, and was not at all unhopeful of slipping away to safety.

When, however, he glanced behind again and saw that a bunch of red men had flung their blankets away and were running almost naked, with no weapons but their knives,

the trapper realised what a handicap a twelve pound musket is to a man in such a race. Still, there was no question in his mind of discarding his weapon ; he would surely enough need it, since the wood was a couple of miles away and he knew the fleet-footedness of the Indians would enable them to overtake him.

It was not a case of hauling up and taking pot shots at the pursuers ; that would only bring the end sooner, since a man cannot shoot a dozen foes at once. His only hope was that he might be able to keep sufficiently in front of his enemies to enable him to reach the wood belt in which, with the night falling, he might be able to dodge the red men.

Griffin ran as he had never run before—and, when about half a mile from the trees, looked back again ; his pounding heart gave another leap as he saw that his pursuers were all gaining, especially one of them, a fine-looking savage who was well in the van of the red men.

The trapper decided on the death of that man ; a ball from the heavy hunting musket would put a stop to his progress in the race. Griffin, however, knew that he must steady himself a little and gain breath before he dared turn and take aim, for to miss was to court disaster since the running red man would be upon him. Therefore the trapper slackened down a little, and when he did so the Indian, seemingly because he believed he had the paleface now, put on an extra spurt. By this time, Griffin was almost on the edge of the wood ; then he turned sharply, threw up his musket and took aim. Even as he did so the Sioux shouted something which almost staggered Griffin. waved his hand towards the wood, and said :

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" White man, no shoot. Me heem frien'. White man no stop ; Injuns no ketch heem ! "

Poor Griffin almost reeled in astonishment, and then wanted to shout with the joy of it all, for—wonder of wonders—this fellow was none other than the one whom he had tended after having wounded him ! The trapper, with all the paleface distrust of red men, could scarcely believe it to be a fact that this Sioux was intending to show gratitude, but there was at least the slender chance, and, without a word, Griffin spun round and went hell for leather towards the woods, followed still by the red man—and also by the other Sioux who were coming up at a good pace.

The trapper staggered in among the trees and found the young Sioux almost on top of him. He turned swiftly, half expecting a knife thrust, but, instead of giving it, the red man said, quickly :

" Paleface save Injun ; Injun save paleface. Paleface hide, heap queek. Injun run by ; no ketch."

Still amazed, Griffin needed no second bidding. There was no time to express his thankfulness, and off he went again, making for a thick clump of undergrowth that he had spied. Arrived near it, he leapt into the air, and came down right in the centre of the growth into which he burrowed himself until he was lying on the ground ; the while that the young Sioux, yelling like a fury, as though he were still hot on the track of the fugitive, went crashing through the wood.

Griffin could not make head or tail of it. He half suspected it to be a cunning ruse of the Sioux to lull him into a false sense of security and then to pounce on him. There-

fore the trapper drew his knife and lay there, waiting for what might happen.

What happened was that the young Sioux continued his career through the forest and the others who had been close behind him came pushing their way in and followed him. Griffin lay doggo, scarcely daring to breathe, and certain, not daring to move ever so slightly lest the least rustle betray his hiding place. By twos and threes the remainder of the pursuers reached the wood and took the false trail until Griffin judged that they must all be there. And all of them went forward, except one fellow—a fat little chap who had evidently found the pace too swift for him. At any rate, he pulled up on entering the wood, and stood panting for breath as he leaned against a tree not above twenty paces from where Griffin was lying! Griffin found his fingers itching on his knife hilt; it seemed a splendid chance to account for one of his enemies. A shot, too, would be easy, although, naturally, it would bring the other red men chasing back. Griffin, after a serious thought, decided to stay where he was and to take no action; for one thing, he felt in honour bound not to do anything that might get his unexpected friend into trouble. If he killed the fat fellow it might quite easily be that the others would suspect treachery on the part of the befriending Indian, and that would be fatal to him! For another thing, the fat man might conceivably be the youngster's father—and it would be a sorry return for the help given to kill a friend's father.

Therefore, Griffin contented himself as best he could with waiting for the next thing that was to happen. He was not a little worried that the old Sioux might take it into his

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head to have a prowl round on his own account, and, as Griffin judged it, there ought not to be much skill in tracking needed to pick up the trail. Fortunately, the Sioux did nothing of the kind, and when in due course the others came back and held a little council of war, it was too dark for them to do much in the way of trailing in view of the fact that they themselves had made a mighty mess of the trail! Griffin gathered from their conversation that they were badly disappointed and not a little surprised at the paleface's escape. The trapper would have chuckled over their chagrin if he dared! He didn't, however; he lay still and silent and listened to their growlings and then to the sounds that told him they were going away—to his heartfelt relief.

He waited long enough for them to get well away and then, mourning a little over the lost saddle of venison, he set off on a wide detour that finally brought him to his camp in the oak shrub. Discretion again won the day; and, packing his kit in his canoe, he shoved off into stream and put as good a distance as he could between him and the hostile Sioux, choosing another and less risky hunting ground for that fall.

He never saw his Indian friend again, but he no longer blushed when he told the story of his weakness in having cared for a foe, even though he were a red foe!

RED MEN IN THE GREAT WAR

THE paleface brothers across the great sea called—and the red men answered. They flocked to the Star-spangled banner and shipped for the blood-stained fields of France, knowing nothing of the grim scientific barbarism that out-rivalled anything that happened in the long-gone past when white men and red fought in the wastes of the North-West. They went, probably, with the urge of the past in them, and with little inclination to be disciplined, but they wrought well and valiantly—fought and died, and proved their brotherhood.

There was Silas Samuels—an un-Indian sounding name that, but Silas was nevertheless a Choctaw of pure blood. He hailed from Oklahoma, and joining the 312th Infantry, went with it to Europe, where, as he said, he “walked all over France, fight a lot, but plenty food most of the time.” With the red man’s adaptability, he worked into the scheme of things, and, indeed, the red man’s instinct served him well on occasions when he went forth on raids—as, for instance, when he led a party over the top on a midnight swoop into a German position. Samuels and his men crept over the shell-torn terrain as silently as though they were following a scarcely-seen trail in the wild west; pitch dark was the night—except for the war-lights that spluttered and broke along the line.

Samuels moved like a wraith, with his men trailing behind, all dropping to earth as lights soared above, and they

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lay as still as the dead men they impersonated until the murk came again. Then on once more—to burst upon the Germans before the latter knew that there was any enterprise afoot.

Fighting then, fighting that was of the kind that Samuels loved, because it was fighting between man and man, as his forbears had fought, and not the mere killing in which the paleface delighted.

Red work was done there in the German trench, until the enemy, having had enough of it, threw down their arms, and surrendered. But, before Samuels could lead back his victorious little band and their living trophies, the German artillery got to work. Shrapnel and gas shells smashed over and made what seemed an impenetrable barrier. The leaping death-fumes and the spraying bullets held greater terrors and dangers than all the Germans in the cleared-up trench, yet the Choctaw marshalled his men and prisoners and went back, because to stay was to court disaster, since foes were coming up to strike men who, so it seemed, could not get beyond the wall of death.

The Americans moved forward, but Samuels had work to do before he went with them. A German, who had lain doggo, came up out of the darkness and the Choctaw found himself in battle again. Trench knife in hand he was upon the enemy, with a guttural growl that, had the foe but known, was like to that with which many a red man had flung himself on enemies caught unprepared in the deep forests of the west. The Choctaw's knife did swift work and the German finished his course before ever the returning Americans had reached the danger spot.

Samuels caught them up as the barrage shifted and

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enveloped them. It was a case of going forward quickly—and yet keeping the captives. In the break of the Very lights Samuels saw the death—and worse—that came to many of his men; men who pushed on till they dropped, choking, gasping, unfortunates whom the gas had got. Some of them, choking still, went on, and between their racking sobs, mouthed at their captives, who, scared men that they were, rushed forward, not daring to go back, because safety lay really in getting beyond the barrage; to go back meant meeting the hell of an American barrage that was being flung over to hold the attempted counter-attack.

Fourteen Americans died from the gas in those mad few minutes, and three others dropped to the ground, as the shrapnel got them; but the Choctaw shepherded the remainder of his flock, and took them to the trench whence he had brought them, and, when they answered the roll-call, they had with them fifteen prisoners.

The Choctaw, red man like, gloated over his trophies, and in his broken paleface language, spoke of the joy of that great adventure.

It was the voice of the artillery that bit deepest into his soul, and he knew no other thing with which to compare it than the voice of the wide vastness to which he belonged.

"You know the cannon," he said to one who asked about the white man's war. "Guns never still on our front. They roar all time like Thunder God in the mountains. When German guns talk it is just like battle of good and bad gods!"

It was the "Thunder God of the Mountains" that got Samuels in the end. It was during his fourth trench

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raid, made this time through a barrage put down to hold off the small band of warriors. Shrapnel snicked into his leg, and he knew that he was no use until he had been patched up. Behind lay the dressing station and he walked—or rather limped—back to it, where he demanded quick dressing that he might rejoin the red workers out where the shell flashes leapt.

Instead of which he received a first dressing and orders to go away to hospital. That was one incident—and there were others, later.

Back in his prairie and foothills, Choctaw had learned all there was to know about stalking; and what he could do with a rifle when it came to bringing down a deer as timid as a mouse and fleet as a bird, he could do with a rifle and a Hun. So—as so many of these red men were—he was turned into a sniper. Several times he went out among the heaps and camouflaged himself until he looked like a piece of landscape, and, with an Indian ingenuity, baffled the Germans in their attempts to locate the unseen sniper. He accounted for several Huns, and he was very pleased about one little affair. He had gone out in the night hours, and crawled a dangerous way over No Man's Land to inspect a shell hole which, so it appeared, held a German sniper. It was work that suited him down to the ground—and it was *all* on the ground! An inch at a time—with long waits between the inches—with Very lights making it impossible to move, a Thunder God making himself a nuisance because one never knew where the thunderbolts were going to fall next; and, of course, if the sniper were in that crater, then he would have his eyes open for any signs of an enemy coming to rout him out. The

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Choctaw knew that—but he also knew the way of getting somewhere without being seen. And he got to the shell hole all right, which was one part of the job done. The next was more ticklish, since shell holes are mostly treacherous, shifting things that do not allow one to move about freely, because the rubble thrown up has a way of giving under foot. The red man, however, managed even that, and although it took some time, he thoroughly explored the crater and found—nothing; there was no sniper there.

Samuels decided that it was a good place for a sniper, nevertheless, and installed himself. The rubble-heaped lips of the crater provided excellent cover and quite as excellent peep-holes, through which the silent red man gazed, watching Fritz's trenches, none too far away. Not that much could be seen in the darkness, though the keen eyes of the Choctaw, when they got used to the blurr that ought to remain unchanged, were equal to the task set them. He noted every hazy indistinctness and with his red man's instinct, knew that something was wrong when a protuberance appeared at a certain point, that had not been there when he had last looked in that direction. The Choctaw fired on the instant—the protuberance sprang up with a scream, then tumbled back—and Samuels knew that he had had a bag.

After which he lay as quiet as a stalking panther until another chance came—and again still until the place became too warm for comfort; then he slithered back, just before dawn, to the trench that he had left.

It was but natural that the Sioux nation—those valiant if terrible fighters of the days gone by—should send their

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braves to the war ; and it was but natural, too, that there should be Clouds among them. The Clouds were the great ruling family in the old days. Joseph Cloud, the hereditary chief of the Sioux—a youngster of twenty-five years, a farmer and a horse dealer in peace times—joined the 121st Machine Gun Battalion. He got his wound that took him out of the war sooner than he wanted to go, at Château Thierry, where the Mad Marines of Uncle Sam fought to save Paris when the Hun tried to smash through. Cloud had been over the top before that great day, and he hadn't a very high opinion of German fighting qualities. As he put it—" We went over the top at one o'clock in the afternoon, and the battle raged a long time. We drove the Huns before us. They won't fight unless they're running. My forefathers gave the cavalry better battles than the Germans gave us ! "

Not all the span of years can perhaps altogether eradicate instinctive urging ; for it is said that Cloud, when describing his experiences, " rather dolefully admitted that there was no time to lift any German's hair." However, the main thing was that the Huns were got going ; and on that 4th of August, 1918, the American infantry, with the machine guns coming up in support, were sweeping along in great waves, striving to get past the leaping barrage being flung over by the Germans. As Cloud said, " their guns were thundering to beat the band," but the Yanks got through the barrage and swarmed into the little, shell-racked woods. The Sioux found himself with a bunch of comrades trying to make headway in face of a murderous machine-gun fire coming from the immediate objective, and, Indian like, Cloud (he was carrying ammunition) used every bit of cover that he could

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find. Then on again, to drop into hiding once more a few yards nearer the trench. Good going it was, in the circumstances ; good going if grim, and the first wave reached the trench : without the Sioux. For, a few yards away from it, Cloud had gone down with a crash. He struggled up again and tried to keep going, only to tumble to earth, with the knowledge that he must lie where he was since his foot had been broken.

" I had tried to get up," he said, " for I didn't want the boys to know I was hurt. But I had to lie in a shell-hole until I was helped back to the lines."

They got him back—a red man proud to have been in the big fight side by side with paleface comrades.

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